



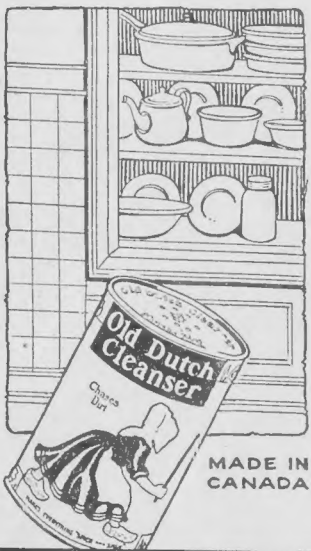
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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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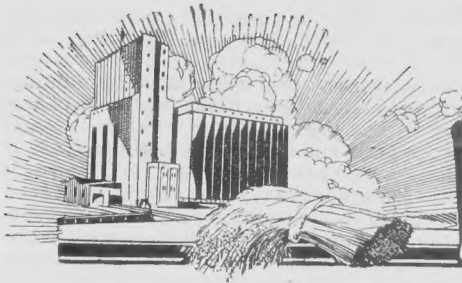
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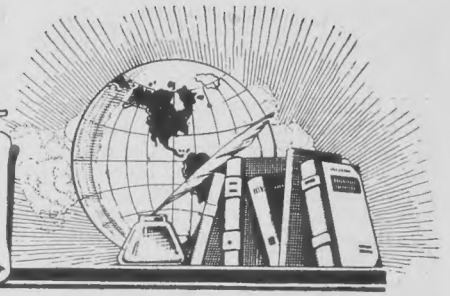
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EDITORIAL



Motherhood

IN all lands in all ages, men have delighted to honor certain days and certain people. Thus we have great Christian festivals, national holidays, days of thanksgiving, of mirth, of exultation. To all these there has been added by consent of the civilized world the Mother's Day, a day of sweet remembrance, of gratitude and deep devotion.

There is something wonderful in mother love. It is found even low down in the scale of created beings, and it increases with the development of species into higher orders. In the human family infancy is prolonged and this necessitates lengthened care of the young by their parents. Out of this grows affection without which the world would be indeed a cold and cheerless place. "It is affection that keeps the world in tune."

Now, affection is natural to mothers. It is lacking only in unusual circumstances. The lure of wealth and fashion, the drive of poverty and distress, the birth of new affections and affiliations may in some cases cause mothers to deny the claims of nature, and they may neglect, ill-treat or spurn their offspring. But this is unusual. The most lovely thing in this old world is the unflinching certainty and constancy of mother love. Be it cottage or palace, be it the crowded quarters of a great city or on the solitary reaches of the endless plains, where there is a baby in the house, he is assured the love of her who brought him into being, and though as years advance he may lose his self-respect and the respect of his fellows, the mother will still be his friend ready to excuse his misdeeds and to extend to him loving forgiveness.

It is kindly providential that the mother of the family stands in the peculiar relationship of chief counsellor to the child in his early years. As a rule woman is stronger than man in all the gentler Christian virtues, and these rather than the military virtues of the old Romans and Spartans are needed to keep the world right. For though courage and endurance are necessary to every man and are nationally a great asset, they lead to no permanent good unless they are exercised towards right ends. It is true beyond dispute that the Christian beatitudes set forth the fundamental virtues, and these are best illustrated in woman-kind.

Because the mother has by nature the position of authority in the family and the nation, she should be careful to use her influence wisely and should recognize her great responsibility. Whatever may arise she must not forget her privileges and duties as mother. To teach, to guide, to lead—these are her duties, and they demand the exercise of patience, wisdom and unceasing love. No one has a right to become a mother who is not willing to pay the price in sacrifice. Nor is the sacrifice great. The reward of a child's affection, a child's trust is more than everything that wealth and social splendor have to offer.

The fact that mother has God-given opportunity does not relieve the father of his responsibility. There are a thousand ways in which he can lighten the burdens of his partner, and if he is worthy of fatherhood, he too will be a leader and a teacher in his own home.

The greatest work in the whole world is the training of children—the education of a family. Both parents must assume responsibility. All over this land there are homes where the parents neglect their duty and children grow up wild. In other homes each tender plant is cared for lovingly, and the home-garden is a thing of beauty. That country is much blest which has the best homes, and the best homes are those that have the best mothers—and fathers.

A Change of Policy

POINCARÉ loved France more than he loved his own soul. He sought her glory more than he sought the peace of the world. The French people realized this, but it did not make them blind to the fact that fervor without good judgment is not always dependable. So they deserted their leader and put in his place a millionaire socialist, who will no doubt reverse policies and attempt to restore order in Europe by methods more peaceful and the display of a spirit that is more unbending. That which killed Poincaré was his unbounded self-sufficiency, his belief in his own judgment. No one can blame him for refusing to believe in the promises and declarations of Germany, nor can anyone blame France at any time for fearing that the future will bring a war of reprisal. Yet it is plain, even to the French people, that the method employed to secure satisfaction from the beaten foe was not that chosen by this man who differed in his opinion from all the rest of the world. With his aims and fears we may sympathize but not with his methods of attaining the ends he had in view.

Again the H.B.R.

THE objection to the building of the Hudson's Bay Railway still continues, and the reason for opposition is more apparent than ever. Montreal is afraid that it will be side-tracked. In the early days of this railway, little was said because in its isolated self-satisfaction, Eastern Canada never thought there was anything to the West. It did not mind a few millions spent on railroads. Party machines had to spend some money somewhere and this was evidently a good field. But now that the West appears as the granary of the Empire, and now that its production is so vast and its markets so constantly growing, Quebec and Ontario have awakened and they realize the calamity that should befall them were trade to take other channels. We may as well strip away all pretence and state the facts. It has never been shown that navigation of the Straits and Bay is an impossibility. The matter was settled years ago before the construction of the road was undertaken. The idea of neglecting a promising venture after nineteen-twentieth of the work has been accomplished is sheer madness.

It is quite possible that the building of this road may hurt Winnipeg just as really as it will hurt the Eastern cities. If the new route lives up to its promises there will be a complete revolution in trade. The centre of distribution will shift westward. We all know that, but what of it? As it is now Western Canada cannot make good. It is too far from the world market. It pays too high a toll in rates. The only hope is in getting an easier way to Europe. As soon as the way is opened the West will grow as never before, and then in due time the East will benefit from the expansion. But under present conditions there is nothing to hope for, either for East or West. Montreal newspapers cannot silence us on this matter, for they do not understand and they are past understanding. If the route is as absurd as they picture it, why the great fear they manifest? They are not afraid the route is impracticable. At heart they are not opposed to spending another million or two to make a trial, but they are desperately afraid the thing will work to their undoing.

Afterglow

H. H. FARISS

Just o'er the hills she's gaily hiding,
Sweet Afterglow, twin sister of the
Dawn,
Still but a child, a maiden sweet,
confiding,
More beauteous far than rosy,
blushing Morn.

One splendid star shines on her dusky
bosom,
The crescent moon gleams softly in
her hair,
What witchery lies in her dark eyes'
splendor,
While glow-worms flash their lanterns
here and there.

Nearby, within the willows' swaying
branches,
A whippoorwill pours forth his love
in song,
The cricket's chirp makes glad the
meadows
And owls call to their mates the
whole night long,

Clouds and birds and bees are flying
homeward,
The drowsy flowers are nodding to
and fro,
For one sweet hour we know your
witching magic,
Twin sister of the dawn—sweet
Afterglow.

The Gospel of Doing

HERE is a little story from real life that teaches the lesson we all need to learn. The way to develop goodness is not through preaching, but through acting. There is nothing that is impossible to people who only begin to do things. But here is the story:—

"One morning in the early part of last October, one of my Boy Scouts walked into the office and handed me the appealing note," states R. F. Myers, Principal of the High School of Council Bluffs, who was Scoutmaster of the troop. "It was from an old woman, lonely and needy. During the day I went to her little three-room cottage to learn more of her case. I found her sitting in an old rocking chair. Her right arm and left leg had been amputated because of blood poisoning. Her only means of moving about was either by jerking the chair on one side and then the other, or by dragging her body along the floor. She told me of her seven months in the hospital and of her anxiety to get back home, where her sister had promised to live with and care for her. But the sister had gone away, leaving her alone and with little to eat. In fact, I found only half a loaf of moldy bread and some pancake flour. She was in dire need and I immediately secured food and coal for her.

"At the next meeting of Troop Two I told the boys of my experience and asked them what we could do for her. After discussing the situation, they decided to pick two Scouts to visit the home each morning and evening. These boys were to carry in wood and fuel, secure food, and report other needs. During the entire winter months, the troop kept up this work systematically, reporting at each weekly meeting. On two different occasions the whole troop met at the old lady's home, cleaned up the house, cut a big pile of wood and took care of all her needs.

"It was an inspiration to be present at a Scout meeting," continues the Scout leader, "and hear the boys of 12 to 14 years of age planning to render service to one in need, and I assure you that with the regularity of the Scout meeting every Scout who had been designated to serve on a particular day during the past week was questioned as to his charge's condition when he was last there. It was a great opportunity for a good turn and resulted in uniting the troop for a common cause as nothing else would."

And so this is the story for all schools and all Scout organizations, and all Churches

The Exposition, the Empire and the World

THE greatest fair in history is opened at Wembley. Its cost is estimated at \$200,000,000. Thirty million visitors are expected. But the exposition is not out of scale with the interests it represents. Behind it is an Empire of thirteen and a quarter million square miles with a population of nearly four hundred and fifty millions. And it is growing. Yet with its great resources, actual and potential, it is doubtful if the English temper will break with the tradesman's point of view which is the world point of view. As the New York Times says:—

"To the extent that trade transcends frontiers the English people will probably continue to feel that even an empire of thirteen million square miles is not enough elbow room. King George struck this note when he declared that 'no nation can isolate itself from the main stream of modern commerce,' and that the expansion of imperial trade and the establishment of imperial security must go hand in hand with world development and world peace.

"Englishmen have for years been concerned with the problems of imperial unity, and even survival, arising out of this unparalleled growth. Changes of moment have indeed been going on within that vast structure of Empire, but they have not been changes affecting the essential nature of the bonds that hold the Empire together. Somewhat academic is the solution which would substitute for the British Empire the title of British Commonwealth of Nations. The facts remain the same. Wherever in the Empire a population arises sufficiently qualified, by numbers and capacity, to rule itself, it attains the status of equal partnership in the Empire; and the indications are that India will not be the permanent exception. After all the discussions of the academics, and in spite of Dominion claims to the final symbol of sovereignty, which is separate diplomatic representation, the bonds of the Empire, as Mackenzie King of Canada said only the other day, consist in the sense of historic unity and common welfare."

SPIRIT LAKE

A NEW SERIAL

By *Arthur Heming*

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

IN SILENT expectation they sat outside the conjurer's lodge. A dry leaf, falling free, rustled audibly down. The leaping of a fish broke the placidity of the lake. At last from within the lodge shrilled forth a loon's unearthly call, sent echoing back by the forest and the lake. The door-skin flapped aside, and out sprang the naked form of Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer. He leaped upon a boulder and stood with his tawny limbs wide apart, his right arm outstretched towards the sky, and his head thrown slightly back. Crowning his loose hair was a leather cap, decorated at the front, on the back, and on either side, with the heads of an eagle, a loon, a crane, and an owl, and with an eagle's tail spreading fan-like behind. In his right hand he grasped a medicine bag and a drumstick; with his left he held a drum. He stood motionless. The smokers among the men, women, and children squatting before him, puffed away at their tobacco—all save a boy of six, who withdrew his pipe from his mouth and held it aside while he refreshed himself from his mother's breast.

Still the conjurer kept his pose. The Indians, knowing why, threw another skin upon the heap of "presents" before him. Perhaps it was enough. Wab-ud-ow would see if the gifts were sufficient to persuade his good spirit to help him to drive out the evil spirit, that had entered into Mi-na-ce. With his arms still outstretched, he slowly bowed to the north, to the east, to the south, and to the west. The door-skin flapped again as the conjurer disappeared within.

The Indians leaped to their feet and began to dance around the medicine lodge. Faster and faster they circled about it. Louder and louder they drummed and shouted. Wildly and more wildly they whirled about. An ear-piercing noise as of hissing steam was heard from within. From the top of the lodge dense volumes of vapor rose and floated away among the overhanging branches. Above the din swelled the cries of wolf and eagle, owl and bear, fox and loon; and then, as though in chorus, sounded all the voices of the forest. Amid the turmoil strange utterances of unknown men were heard. The lodge began to rock and sway and the dancers grew more excited than ever. Presently, from sheer exhaustion, they dropped out of the dance one by one, and the discordant sounds from within gradually died away.

Another flap of the door-skin, and again out bounded Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, beating upon his drum with frantic gesticulation. His body reeked with perspiration and his eyes were widely dilated. Suddenly he stopped. "My brothers," he whined, "it is bad news I have to bring you. Mi-na-ce, the daughter of Standing Wolf, must die. Even now she is about to walk upon the spirit path. I, Wab-ud-ow the great conjurer, may yet save her life, but only if her friends and relations open their hearts to give more presents and thus secure the power of a good spirit to help me to overcome the evil one within her."

Again he waited. More skins were thrown upon the pile. He waited still. An old gun was handed forward and tossed upon the heap. It was enough. He bowed again to the four points of the compass, dived into the lodge, and resumed the interrupted ceremonies. Again the Indians drummed and shouted and danced.

THE lodge was oval-shaped, about ten feet long by seven wide and eight high. The upright poles were of poplar interwoven with willow. All the wood was green. A deerskin tent was draped about the poles. Inside the enclosure burned a fire from which heated stones were rolled into a hole in the earth close beside a large "rogan"—birch-bark vessel—of water for producing steam. The conjurer skipped about the semi-nude, recumbent figure of the sick girl, imitating, as he moved, the calls of the birds and beasts of the wilderness. Louder and louder grew the din, while the lodge shook more violently than ever. Again the hissing of steam was heard, and once more the various charms in the medicine-bag were brought into play. Then the door-skin flapped open, and Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, appeared.

"My brothers," he cried, "it is better news that I bring. My spirit says that Mi-na-ce may yet recover, but only on condition that the friends and relations of Mi-na-ce dissuade her father, Min-gin-e-co-po—Standing Wolf—from going to his hunting-grounds at Spirit Lake; and persuade him to hunt upon the lands of his wife's family instead.

"Many years ago," continued Wab-ud-ow, "when Standing Wolf was but a young man, he avenged his father's death by killing the great grizzly bear, War-sa-ka-chark—The Mischief Maker. When War-sa-ka-chark died, his spirit roamed about for many years in search of a body worthy of it; but all in vain, until at last it found a great gray wolf, into which it entered. Now that wolf has grown greater still in size and strength, and my good spirit tells me that this formidable beast has found the hunting-grounds of Standing Wolf, and is even now living there for the sole purpose of avenging the death of War-sa-ka-chark, who was killed among the Big Hills that stand in a distant land, beyond the Athabasca, even beyond the River of Peace.

"My spirit tells me also that if Standing Wolf goes to his hunting-grounds this autumn, he will be torn to

pieces by the Spirit Wolf; for upon it neither his knife nor his axe will avail, from it his bullets will glance aside. "Do you wish Mi-na-ce to live? Do you wish Standing Wolf to live also? Then, my brothers, do not let him go to Spirit Lake. I have spoken."



Standing Wolf

pieces by the Spirit Wolf; for upon it neither his knife nor his axe will avail, from it his bullets will glance aside. "Do you wish Mi-na-ce to live? Do you wish Standing Wolf to live also? Then, my brothers, do not let him go to Spirit Lake. I have spoken."

The throng grunted their approval. The conjurer bade them carry out the girl. Kindling a small fire beside her, he squatted down, seized her arm, and sucked it violently. After innumerable flourishes, he withdrew something from his mouth. He then explained that, with the assistance of his good spirit, he had mastered her evil spirit, and that he had taken the demon from her in the shape of a small frog. He held the tiny frog in his outstretched hand.

After all had examined it, he cast it into the flames. For three days and three nights the women took charge of Mi-na-ce, and in relays crooned incessantly beside the ailing girl.

STANDING WOLF was a Saulteaux. The Saulteaux are the greatest fur hunters in Canada. They are a branch of the Ojibways. The Ojibways are the most important and numerous tribe of the formerly great Algonic, or Algonquin, family. They were called Saulteaux by the early French fur traders who came upon them at Sault Ste. Marie.

This name is still applied to those Ojibways, of late years separated from the main body of their people in the neighborhood of Lake Superior and the Lake-of-the-Woods, who have migrated as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and as far north as the Mackenzie River. The Saulteaux are the most intelligent, the most provident, the most stalwart, the most cleanly, and the bravest of all the tribes in northwestern Canada. They have travelled farther, have adapted themselves more readily to strange places, and have assimilated with strange people more freely than any other Indians except the Iroquois.

The Saulteaux are equally resourceful whether living on the Plains, on the Barren Grounds, in the Mountains, in the Strong Wood Country, or on the shores of the Big Lakes. Their thoughts and their habits are more elevated than those of other tribes. Among them are many noted conjurers and medicine-men; and they possess an unusual knowledge of primitive surgery and of healing and toxic herbs. Their language is full, expressive, idiomatic, musical, and poetic. Their oratory is studied and their harangues are vigorous, eloquent and picturesque. Their actions are measured, stately, and dignified. They are slow to speak, quick to act. Never do they forget an insult or an injury; seldom do they allow it to pass unavenged.

When Standing Wolf returned from his journey, upon which he had acted as guide-in-chief to the Fur Brigade, he was besieged by his relations and friends and warned of the fate that would surely befall him

should he venture that winter upon his hunting-grounds at Spirit Lake, which for the last three years he had refrained from visiting, in order that the game and fur animals might increase. Being a wise man, he listened to all and said little. Being a brave man, he determined not to be turned aside. Being a suspicious man, he came to the conclusion that Wab-ud-ow must have some personal reason for uttering such a prophecy; and, being an astute man, he pretended that he would go only as far as the grounds of his wife's family, and hunt there all that winter. Although in his inmost heart he believed the words of the medicine-man and dreaded an encounter with the Spirit Wolf, nevertheless his courage overbore his fear.

THE hunting-grounds in the possession of the Indian tribes of "The Strong Wood" zone—that broad belt of timber which crosses Canada from east to west—has been for centuries subdivided and allotted, either by bargain or battle, to the main families of each band. In many cases these hunting-grounds have remained in the undisputed possession of the same families for generations. Usually they have natural boundaries, such as hills, valleys, rivers, or lakes; usually, too, they take the form of wedge-shaped tracts, radiating from common centres. From the intersection of the converging boundary lines, the common centres become the hubs of the various districts. The district hubs mark convenient summer camping-grounds for the reunion of families after the arduous work of the long winter hunting season.

The tribal summer camping-grounds are not only situated upon the natural highways of the country—the principal rivers and lakes—but also mark excellent fishing stations. There, too, the Indians have their burial-grounds. Often these camping-grounds are the summer headquarters for from three to eight main families; and each main family may contain from five or six to fifty or sixty hunting men. Inter-marriage between families of two districts gives the man the right to hunt on the land of his wife's family as long as he "sits on the brush" with her,—is wedded to her,—but the children do not inherit that right; it dies with the father. An Indian usually lives upon his own land, but makes frequent excursions to the land of his wife's family.

In the past, the side boundaries of hunting-grounds have been the cause of many family feuds and the outer boundaries the occasion for

many tribal wars. The past and the present headquarters camping-grounds of The Strong Wood Indians lie one hundred and fifty miles apart. The praise bestowed upon the pioneer fur traders for the excellent judgment shown in choosing the sites upon which trading posts have been established throughout Canada, has not been deserved; the credit is really due to the Indians. The fur traders erected their posts or forts upon the tribal camping grounds simply because they found such spots to be the general meeting places of the Indians, and not only situated on the principal highways of the wilderness, but accessible from all points of the surrounding country, and, moreover, the very centres of excellent fish and game regions. Thus, in Canada many of the ancient tribal camping-grounds are now known by the names of trading posts, of progressive frontier towns, or of important cities.

Upon one of these ancient camping-grounds on the beautiful shores of God's Lake, in the very heart of the wilderness, stands a square stockade enclosing a cluster of poplars that shade a small clapboard log house. There, in charge of the Post, lives a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Beyond a little lawn protected by a picket fence stands the storehouse, with a trading room on its lower story and a fur loft above. Behind is seen a number of shanties, then a large building in which dog sleds and canoes are stored. Farther away is a large open shed under which the big six-fathom canoes are built; then a few small huts where some half-breeds live. With the exception of the factor's house, all the buildings are of rough-hewn logs plastered with clay. Two small cannons, mounted upon dilapidated carriages, guard the flagstaff planted near the big gateway, whose arch is decorated with seventeen gaudily painted letters spelling "Fort Determination." Around the sweeping bend of the lake is a village of teepees, in which the Indian fur hunters and their families spend the midsummer. Crowning a knoll in the rear stands a quaint little church with a small tin spire capped by a cross. On the hill in the background the time-worn pines sway their shaggy heads and softly whisper to this the first gentle touch of civilization in the wilderness.

ON a clear, sunny September morning, when an early frost was quietly loosening the rich autumnal mantle of the trees, and a gentle breeze was leisurely strewing it in tiny, rustling fragments of brown and red and yellow to form a new carpet for the forest, a score of Indians and half-breed trappers were unloading freight from a couple of six-fathom birch-bark canoes down at the Company's landing. Eager men and boys were good-naturedly shouldering packs and hurrying away with them to the storehouse, while a number of idlers were lounging around and applauding the bearers with the largest loads. Over by the log huts

a group of Indian women squatted in the shade talking to the half-breed interpreter's wife. In and out of the lodges dirty, half-clad children were romping, and savage dogs were prowling in search of food. The deerskin or canvas covers of most of the lodges were raised a few feet to allow the breeze to pass under. Women and children in little groups idly reclined in the shade or smoked and chatted the hours away. Here and there women, more industrious, were cleaning fish, mending nets, making moccasins, washing clothes, or standing over steaming kettles. Many canoes were resting upon the sandy beach, and many more were lying bottom up beneath the shade of the trees.

That morning a half-breed servant, who had been on the lookout, observed three dark objects with glittering silver wakes on the lake, and ran to tell Hu-ge-mow, or the Master—the Hudson's Bay factor—who took down his telescope to examine the shimmering waters.

"Ou, aye! I hae them noo," he said. "I doot it'll be Waub-o-geeg, or, mebbe, Ma-mong-e-se-da. Na, it's no they. It might be thon deevle Wab-ud-ow; but it canna be his femly wie him, an' yitt I ought te ken yon stroke."

After a pause the factor broke forth again:—

"Guid preserve me! I sud ha' kenned them afore it's Min-gin-e-ca-po's outfit, comin' aifter their advances."

When Min-gin-e-ca-po, or Standing Wolf, had landed, the Indians about the Fort went down to greet him as he stalked up to the gateway, where he was welcomed by the factor. Together they strode to the store, while Standing Wolf's family pitched camp upon the beach.

Upon three sides of the trading room there was a U-shaped counter; and in the middle of the intervening space stood a fireless box stove. On the shelves and racks upon the walls, and from the hooks in the rafters rested or hung a conglomeration of the goods proffered in trade to the wilderness people. There were flints and steels, tobaccos and candies, guns and axes, frying pans and pain-killer bottles, calico dresses and copper tea-pails, Hudson Bay blankets and colored beads, excellent tea and sowbelly. It was, on a small scale, a department store with the departments all jumbled together, except the millinery section. This last, a late addition, was contained in a large lidless packing case, against the side of which stood a long steering paddle for the clerk's use in stirring about the varied assortment of white women's ancient headgear, should a fastidious squaw request to see more than the uppermost layer.

Standing Wolf stood long in silence. At last he began to speak slowly in the Saukteaux dialect, although he could have spoken in English:—

"Hu-ge-mow, I will make big hunt this winter. I am going to a land where moose and caribou, bear and beaver, marten and mink, are plentiful. Accordingly, I want liberal advances. Hu-ge-mow knows that I always pay my debt."

"Ou, aye!" grunted the factor, "an' hoo will ye manage to mak' sick a big hunt? There's no sae muckle fur at the Caribou Hills, an' I canna unerstan' wat for ye went there last winter. Noo, if ye were gaun on yer auld groons on Speerit Lake, that wad be deerferent an' I cud afford to be a deal mair jinerous."

"Ah, Hu-ge-mow does not know! How could he? But if Hu-ge-mow will keep it to himself, I will tell him," replied Standing Wolf.

"Well, fat is't? I'll no say ony-thing."

"It is this way," Standing Wolf went on, "Wab-ud-ow has made bad medicine. He declares that if I hunt at Spirit Lake, I will die. But I am not afraid of either Wab-ud-ow or his words. Therefore, I go to hunt at Spirit Lake, even though his bad medicine kill me."

"That's guid," replied the trader, "I'm gled to hear't; but look oot for yon deil Wab-ud-ow."

"Then the Master will be liberal?" questioned Standing Wolf.

"Aye, weel, I'll no be haird on ye," grumbled the factor; "fat is't ye want?"

Being a trader of great experience, Factor Mackenzie treated the Indian generously, and by way of the customary peace offering, gave him gratuitously a plug of tobacco, a paper of matches, quarter of a pound of tea, half a pound of sugar, two pounds of flour, and half a pound of pork. An Indian invariably asks for twice as much as he expects to get; the trader, in turn, advances to the hunter goods to the value of about one third of his average annual hunt.

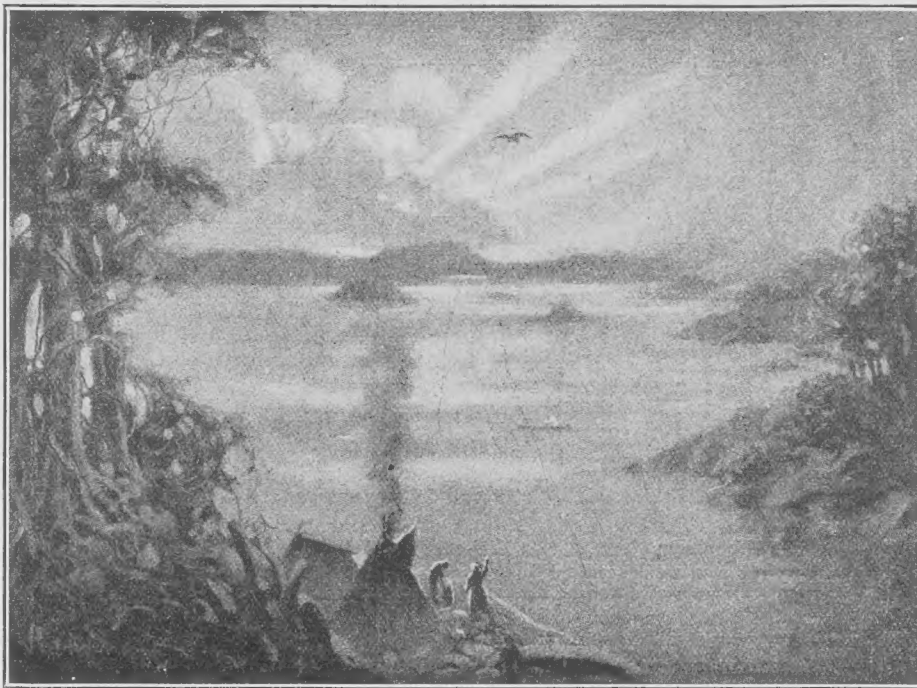
As soon as Standing Wolf had learned that the factor would give him credit to the value of one hundred "skins," he went off to consult his family. A "skin" is equivalent to one dollar in the Mackenzie River and Hudson Bay districts, but represents only fifty cents in the region of the Athabasca.

On his return, Standing Wolf was accompanied by his eldest son Wa-pis-tan, or The Marten, a lad of fourteen; and by At-tick, or The Caribou, a sixteen-year-old adopted boy, whom he was teaching the ways

of the hunting trail. The trader handed him one hundred marked goose quills—the equivalent of that number of skins. The Indian divided the bunch, giving twenty to At-tick to hold in reserve for ammunition, tobacco, and hardware; and twenty to his son to keep for buying an outfit for his mother and sisters. He then began to trade; but long before he had procured all he wanted, his sixty quills were exhausted. He then drew the twenty quills held by At-tick, but they were not enough. He subtracted ten from his wife's twenty, but even these were insufficient. Then he took five more, and finally the remaining five. Still he lacked many things which he considered essential.

AS THOUGH in deep thought, the hunter stood with his arms folded and with a look of depression on his face—for the Indian, when he chooses, is just as good an actor as the white man. The factor, taking compassion on him, pitched ten more quills upon the counter to the evident delight of Standing Wolf, who thereupon finished his trade, at least for the time being. Altogether, he had purchased a muzzle-loading gun, two pairs of trousers, two shirts, a suit of underwear, six assorted traps, twine for nets and snares, tea, tobacco, powder, gun caps, bullets, shot, files, knives, axe, pails, frying-pan, matches, candy, soap, needles, thread, belt, and waistcoat.

Then Standing Wolf began to lament that there was nothing for his wife or his daughters unless he lent them both his shirts. By this time the wife had appeared upon the scene. Together they persuaded the trader to advance her ten skins' worth of goods. Holding out both hands with all the fingers extended, she began to bargain for her advance. First, she chose a three-point blanket worth five skins; and, when it was handed her, closed the five fingers of her left hand, and dropped it. Next, she decided upon a three-skin piece of print for a dress, and closed three fingers. Finally, picking out a neck shawl, she closed the other two fingers, and dropped her extended hand. Just then the baby began to cry, and the mother remembered that they had nothing for the papoose. After a good deal of talk, the trader handed over five more quills, which returned to him in as many minutes. Then the squaw whispered to her husband that they had nothing for the boys. The hunter then told the trader that he must have something for At-tick; but the trader protested that he had already been too liberal. The Indian replied,—



They pitched their camp upon a sandy beach where Lonely River lost itself in Spirit Lake.

"Well, if you are niggardly, why, never mind, the goods are yours."

It dawned upon the trader that the Indian had him in a tight place; for, should he displease him, he would trade his winter's catch to the free trader, or sell his prime furs to the opposition, and bring only his common furs to the Hudson's Bay Company; or, perhaps, he might keep the Company waiting several years for payment.

"Weel, hoo many things mair div ye want?" grumbled the trader.

"The boy," replied the Indian, "can kill at least twenty skins' worth of—"

"Hoot-toots, mon! I'll gie him ten," impatiently replied the factor.

When the boy had finished, the trader put his book under his arm, and went to the door in the hope that the Indians would leave; but still they lounged about, with never a thought of the open door. For the last hour the trader had been telling all his funny stories, endeavoring to keep the Indians in good humor. Now, however, his blood boiled as he thought of the advances he had made, and yet he was afraid to tell them to go. A couple of hours earlier the Indian might have been kicked by the trader without resenting it; but with his

advances in his possession, he felt independent and ready to take offence at the merest trifle. At last the trader hinted that it was growing late, and the Indians agreed with him, but made no move.

"Weel, are ye no daen yitt? Fat is't ye want the noo?" roared the exasperated trader. Haughtily the Indian replied,—

"Here is my son; there is nothing for him, and yet he can kill as much as At-tick."

It was finally decided that the factor should give The Marten advances to the extent of ten skins, and open an independent account for him. Before doing so, however, the factor harangued the boy, telling him that his father was not only a great hunter, but also an honest man, who always paid his debt. Now The Marten's name was to be placed upon the Company's books; he, too, should strive to become a famous hunter, so that, even after he was dead, every one would point to his name, and say what a great hunter he had been. He advised him to choose wisely, because from henceforth he would be personally responsible for everything he bought, and must pay "skin for skin" (the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company).

To begin with, the boy chose a trap. That pleased the factor mightily, and he told the lad that he was glad to see him buying an article so useful. Next, he picked out a silk handkerchief; then, two printed flannel shirts, some scented soap, a box of pomatum, a silver ring, a pipe, some tobacco, and candy. As the boy picked up his "outfit" and moved to the door, the trader glared angrily at him on account of the worthless things he had chosen. After a moment's hesitation at the door, the boy returned, handed back the trap, and chose instead some ribbons, braid, buttons, and a mouth organ.

While waiting for his son, Standing Wolf remembered that he had neither flour nor grease. Once again the trader had to surrender. Then the thought struck the Indian that he had bought no medicines.

"You know I am not very strong, and I may fall ill," he said. "My wife—she is not very strong, and she may fall ill, also. My boys—"

But the trader, glaring at him, cut him short with—"A' richt! This'l dae for yir innerts, I've nae doot," at the same time handing him some salts, peppermint, painkiller, and sticking-plaster—the usual stock-in-trade of the wilderness medicine-chest, supposed to be able to cure everything that can befall a bushman.

At length the hunter perceived that it was getting late. On taking leave, he remarked that Standing Wolf's heart was now pleased; that he considered the trader to be as good as an Indian, and that he was now going to work hard to make a big hunt and bring all his furs to Hu-ge-mow for the Great Company.

The following day, Noo-koom, the mother of Standing Wolf, and his remaining children received their advances; then the women set out upon a begging expedition, visiting the trader's wife as well as the priest and the nuns. The hunter and his family spent that evening in gossip with their copper-colored friends.

WHEN the sun appeared next morning, it shone upon dense clouds of mist that rose from the lake, twisting and turning as they mounted skyward. A gentle breeze struck them, and they went rolling along the shore, up the bank, over the stockade, in and out among the buildings, until at last the Fort was entirely enveloped, and, along with the highest hills, blotted from the scene. Nothing but a great, mysteriously moving shroud of pearly gray remained. Then the sun, gaining strength as it rose above the trees, struck the clouds of cold, gray vapor with all the power of its dazzling rays, and dis-

solved the mist into ghostly forms of silver gray that danced aimlessly hither and thither. As these thinned out, the Fort gradually became distinguishable, and stood high above the misty wreaths, like a fairy castle without foundation. Far down below, where the moat of the castle should be, three silhouetted forms of darker grey silently floated in space. Presently, as they began to shape themselves into definite forms a fourth figure joined them. It was Wab-ud-ow, paddling alone in his canoe. He had overtaken the three canoes of Standing Wolf's party as they were leaving Fort Determination.

"Quay, quay!" sung out the conjurer.

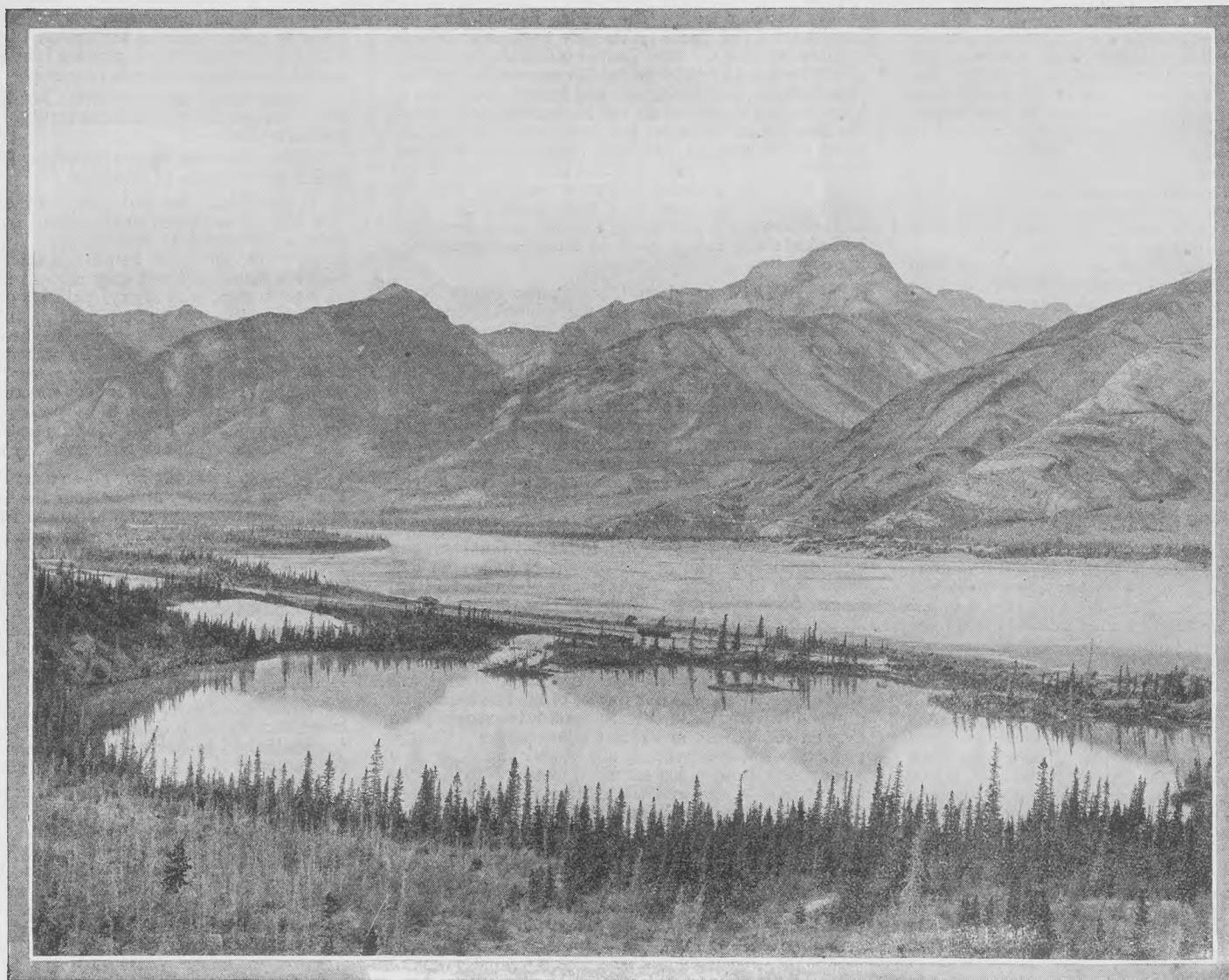
"Quay, quay!" replied the hunter. Then the canoes bunched together.

"I have come to bid my brother farewell. Which way do you go? To Caribou Hills, or to Spirit Lake?" questioned Wab-ud-ow.

"To Caribou Hills," answered Standing Wolf. "I have no desire to die just yet."

"It is well. I am glad my brother is not going to Spirit Lake, for I have not forgotten the terrible thing my good spirit revealed to me that I might warn you from a miserable death," said the conjurer.

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Entrance to the mountains. Interlaken—Jasper Park

THE NORWAY OF AMERICA

By

LILLA NEASE

MY pal looked up from his paper and said in the most dolorous accents, "I just wish we could both go to Europe." "Well," I replied, "drop your hunting trip and go."

He gave me such a look of mingled disgust and contempt, as would have taken the crimp out of any ordinary woman's sails; but I knew what I was talking about. Crossing the ocean was a remote contingency with us, for we were still in the "Cash and Carry" stage of existence; but hoped some day by strict economy and industry, to attain to monthly bills and a limousine. It behooved us then to take our holidays near home, so I said quietly:

"Why not visit the 'Norway of America'?"

"Where's that?" he growled.

Now I had not been studying time-tables and railroad literature for nothing, so I said:

"Why not travel on the Canadian National through our wonderful Rockies, till we reach the ocean and in the fiord and islands of the North Pacific behold, as the booklet says, 'A replica of its Norwegian prototype.'"

Which all goes to explain why a few weeks afterwards we were ready to leave Calgary for Edmonton, on the first stage of our continental trip. I was so tired the night before leaving, that I was afraid that we would oversleep ourselves and miss our train, but I had reckoned without my host. I was awakened at three o'clock by the sound of many voices and the honking of automobiles, and had a confused idea that at the last moment all our brilliant plans would be shattered; and then I remembered that it was the first day of the duck season. Happily my pal slept through it all, or, I am sure he would have jumped out of bed, donned his hunting togs, grabbed his gun, rushed to some lonely slough and let the travelling world go by.

I felt a degree of safety when we were camped at the station about an hour ahead of time, so we wouldn't be left.

At last the train pulled out at nine o'clock and although I was prepared with magazines and a good novel to wile away the time, they did not enter into the scheme of things. The harvest—the won-

derful Western harvest was on, and the fields of standing and cut grain were a sight for untiring eyes. We gazed and gazed and still the wonder grew at the magnitude of such a crop—the salvation of many a farmer if he could get it marketed satisfactorily.

Standing beside their cars we saw hunters who held up tantalizingly the results of their morning sport. I rejoiced that my pal had neither a gun or a dog and when we passed Elnora, the scene of one of our hunting trips, a good dinner helped to dispel all longing for this annual outing. We reached Edmonton at eight o'clock and made the change to our sleeper, all eagerness for the morning that would bring the second lap in the journey.

Edmonton to Prince Rupert

WE were asleep when the train pulled out of Edmonton and I think there could be no grander sight than the awakening in the morning to such a vision of delight, as the mountains capped with a rosy mist, and the many peaks connected by walls of rock, looking like huge ramparts around a fortified city; the pine-clad hills and the peaceful rivers beside the swiftly gliding train.

One seemed to have entered a new world. It was Sunday and I fancied that the author of "Vestigia" must have felt the spirit of such a day when he wrote:

"I took a day to seek for God—

And found Him not; but as I trod

By rocky ledge, thro' woods untamed,

I saw His footprints in the sod."

My pal and I were full of enthusiasm, the beauty of all was so appealing; and we kept saying over and over again, "We are glad we couldn't go to Europe. Just see what we would have missed."

Soon we were brought down to things mundane by the summons, "Last call to breakfast" and we made all haste for tourists must eat and I am

sure the beautiful view from the dining car added fresh zest to the morning meal.

What did we care if rolled oats were 25 cents a dish, baked apples 30 cents, tea 20 cents, not to mention the appalling price of bacon and eggs? We waded in irrespective of the fact that we had two days of a journey ahead. The magnificent scenery had gone to our heads and our tip to the waiter was most magnanimous.

We sought the observation car after breakfast and found the conductor there—and will I ever forget that conductor? He would put life into the dulllest party that ever boarded a train. Not that we needed enlivening; for he paid us the compliment of being the most congenial crowd he had ever had charge of. No European guide could surpass in charm of manner this conductor; and long before we came to points of interest he regaled us with tales—some of which may have been fabricated, but they served their purpose—that prepared us to enjoy to the limit any sight that lay before us. We gazed on the totem pole at Jasper with profounder interest, for we knew its exact measurement, 40 feet high and about 3 feet through at the base, and we had by heart the history which it tried to impart to us. How we thrilled with expectancy as we neared Mt. Robson, the monarch of the Rockies, towering 13,068 feet, its peak surrounded with soft, clinging clouds! How the spirit of adventure was aroused within us when we gazed on Old Hazleton and were told that it was from here the Trail of '98 began! We were under the spell of his word pictures long before we looked down on Bulkley Canyon, lying 300 feet below, or gazed on that strange phenomenon, known as Bulkley Gate—a wall of solid rock, 200 feet in height and 8 feet thick, except where the water has worn through the thickness in process of years.

He led us through the Indian village of "Kitwanga," meaning "People of the Rabbit," warning us at the same time not to turn back. After we had seen totem poles galore, Indian tombs, the mission church and school, we understood the reason of this warning; for there was the train waiting for us at the other end.

When we reached Prince Rupert, he chaperoned

Continued on page 34

When Knighthood was in Dutch

By

EDITH G. BAYNE

HE sat on the edge of his boarding-house cot-bed, his head in his hands. From time to time profound groans issued from him. He had turned his pockets out and they sagged forlornly and dramatically as though in mute sympathy with his predicament.

His mother had made him promise that under no provocation short of accident or serious illness would he borrow money. She had given him a fair allowance, with the stipulation that no advances were to be drawn, and he knew she would adhere to the strict letter of the law. And here he was, sound in wind and limb, and broke! Not only was he broke, with the next allowance three weeks away, but he had invited the Only Girl to dine with him to-night at six thirty and it was now past five.

There was no hope of succor from any source and only his inborn integrity prevented him from temporarily borrowing the gas fixture in order to raise the wind. This college life was a complicated and harrowing business.

Big Ben boomed five-thirty and the boy started, looked blankly around the bare, little room, and relapsed into the depths of despair again.

The girl and he were just at that fragile stage of the friendship—it hadn't begun to savor of real intimacy yet—where a clumsy move might mean disaster. She liked him, but she hadn't yet run her fingers through his hair. When a girl runs her fingers through a fellow's hair—he sometimes dreamed that she did do this.

Well, this was likely the end. He'd have to carry a broken heart and be known as a woman-hater all his days. Already he felt aged and weary. Nineteen coming. The Only Girl was the niece of the dean of his college—and he'd have to play the piker and break a date with her! Just when things began to look jolly and promising. If only the mater hadn't extorted that promise! If only—

But suddenly he sat up. Over his face dawned a happy grin. How often when shadows are darkest a sunbeam dances through!

Our freshman uttered loud yelps of joy and rushed over to his little trunk. Flinging the cover back he began to paw among the contents like a terrier at a rat hole. Shirts, collars, ties, papers and miscellany showered the room, and at length a battered tin tobacco box was unearthed. It had a home-made slit in the top and was rather weighty. He shook this box with glee and it responded with heavenly chinking sounds. He hugged it to him and danced and whooped ecstatically up and down the room a few times, then tumbled the contents out on the bed. They made a respectable pile.

This was the Copper Trust. It was the life-line a kindly fate had thrown out to him when he was about to go under for the third time.

A year ago—a favorite young cousin—a heated argument on man's and woman's little extravagances and arising out of this a mutual agreement to bank all the coppers that came their way and compare the totals when the year was up! Heaven bless his little cousin Betty! The Copper Trust amounted to some four dollars odd.

Our hero sang and whistled as he dressed

He was again a staunch believer in the best of all possible worlds, again an optimist with good reason for opping. He filled his right-side coat pocket with the precious hoard and sailed forth listing heavily to port, but light of heart once more.

From five friends in turn he endeavored to swap his bullion for bills. Nothing doing. "The fellows" were mostly all broke, too. They'd been betting on the ponies and heavy financial casualties had resulted from the races this afternoon.

Big Ben struck quarter-past six. The boy hurried off to meet the Only Girl, using a class-mate's flivver which he borrowed without by-your-leave. (Nothing was too good for this august occasion).

On the way to the select little cafe the boy seemed to have numerous errands into tobacconists', drug-gists', and garages, yet out of every shop he emerged wearing a disappointed air. Laughter floated out after him.... The girl wondered, but asked no questions.

In the last shop the boy saw the broad blue back of P. C. O'Brien, terror of the town's petty pilferers.

"Yep. They're a slick lot, them slot-machine thieves," the cop was saying to the salesman. "But I caught one of 'em in the very act last night, and there's others—"

The boy backed away from there—hurriedly.

At a cosy table for two the boy and the Only Girl spent a delightful hour discussing a satisfactory menu and becoming momentarily more intimate. The gossamer curtain of reserve that had been between

them till now melted quite away. And after the coffee there was time—and money enough, the boy decided—for a movie.

It was during dessert that the boy saw that this was one of those places where you settle the bill at the table. It was a shock and it removed what remained of his appetite.

The awful moment arrived. The waiter placed the bill by the boy's plate and "stood expectant by."

"C-c-can't I pay at the desk?" faltered our hero. "Pay here," said the waiter, calmly.

The boy looked across at the Only Girl. He looked up at Pierre standing there with his little silver salver. He gulped. Then he straightened up and said:

"Awright. But whatcha holding out *that* dinky little dish for? Fetch a soup-tureen!"

And with a brave, though wan, smile the lad went over the top.

Chink—chink—chink—into the dish dropped the coppers one by one, our hero keeping count earnestly, Pierre nodding gravely after every fifth coin. Pinker and yet pinker grew cheeks of the girl, but the boy was too busy to glance her way. Yet well he knew that being made conspicuous and ridiculous in public was the one thing the Only Girl could never forgive. (The room seemed all eyes and titters).

When three hundred coppers had been paid out the boy rose. Once more he plunged his hand into his pocket and brought up a handful of coins. These he tendered to the waiter with the air of a prince bestowing largesse, then with a swagger he gave his arm to the girl. They walked out and away from those amused stares, heads up. Of such stuff are thoroughbreds made.

On the way to the door the boy considered three modes of self-destruction. He saw tomorrow morning's headlines in the papers: "Mysterious Death of Bright Young Student"—"Freshman Pays for Dinner in Coppers, Then Suicides." He decided on drowning.

Out on the street they paused. He could feel the girl's hand tremble on his arm. He bowed his head and awaited the deluge. She removed her hand.

"M-m-make it quick and merciful," he begged in a hoarse whisper.

She was silent. Once or twice she swallowed hard, and at last she drew a long breath.

"Well!" she said, and stopped.

"G-go-on," he whispered.

"Of all the nasty, brutal, insulting, mean, horrid, cruel, wicked, atrocious, vile—"

"I deserve it all!" he interjected from the depths of self-abasement. "You can't make it too strong."

(She was certainly using up adjectives!) "—and insufferable forms of hazing this is the *worst*! Those horrid sophs! Wait till I tell uncle."

The boy drew a long breath. Suddenly his heart felt like a balloon.

"Please don't. No need to bother your uncle," he said hurriedly. "I—I—it was nothing. Only cared on your account."

"You're the bravest boy I know!" she said softly.

They got into the car, and choosing the shortest route through the city streets, he turned onto a country road. The gentle rattle of the car and the occasional twitter of a sleepy bird were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the soft spring twilight. One by one the stars appeared, and a pale wisp of a moon slipped from the deepening blue of the western sky. The lad had removed his hat to cool his poor hot head. He stole a sidelong glance at the girl. She smiled gently back. So he hadn't been in Dutch after all! She reached over suddenly and ran her fingers through his hair.....

His dream had come true.

Once more he plunged his hand into his pocket and brought up a handful of coins. These he tendered to the waiter with the air of a prince bestowing largesse.



The Dog of Abdul the Rugmaker

By BERENICE BOUCK

CROSS-LEGGED in his window, weaving, sat Abdul the ancient, and from the open doorway a scrubby, tan-colored dog looked in upon him. Blinking and intermittently wagging his short tail. Well did the dog know that if he so much as stepped over the doorsill a sharp kick or a blow would be his reception—for Abdul being a Mohammedan regarded the canine race as only a little higher than the offal in the streets—but the little brute, with the persistent devotion of his kind, had attached his entire affections to this bent old man and wouldn't be driven away. He heeled him constantly in the street and slept at night on his doorstep.

Another son of the prophet passed by.

"Peace be to thee, Abdul," he called in greeting.

"And to thee, Hassyn Sulai," returned the old man, looking up and nodding briefly.

"How goes the rug?" asked Hassyn.

"Very well—very well," said Abdul, displaying the toothless gape that passed for a smile.

Hassyn shook his head, smiled and went on. Abdul's rug was a byword. How long he had been working on it none knew, but all said it would never be finished—that he didn't want it finished, for then he might have to sell it, which he couldn't bring himself to do. Abdul was a true artist—he worked for the love of the work and gave no thought to the price his rug might bring.

Nothing remained now to Abdul but his art, for as the years descended on him like the snows of winter his strength had ebbed until at last he was no longer able to wield the pick-axe with the sewer gang. He could no longer labor but, praise be to Allah, he might work. He would create beauty. The fingers that had itched to hold the needle while forced to grasp the spade-handle were at leisure now and Allah was good. He continued to grant him eyesight and skill.

So all day long the old man sat in his window, a small aperture curtained with cobwebs, and he wrought upon his rug, weaving patiently, slow stitch on slow stitch till the sun dipped down below the jagged line of roofs opposite and dusk filled the room.

What did Abdul live on? He subsisted by the odd sales he made in his tiny bazaar—for one side of his room was by way of being a curio shop. Grand ladies sometimes came to look over his stock of necklets, scarabs and bracelets which were "taken from the tombs of Egyptian kings" and not infrequently they made a purchase.

THE next person to greet Abdul was a large man wearing a blue uniform. He had once before made a call on the old weaver and his business this time was the same as before. He endeavored to impress upon him the necessity for being a little less cruel to the cowering cur at the door.

"If I have to speak again about this you'll get a summons," said the officer.

"Effendi, I had only been to the corner store for lentils for my humble dinner and the cur—always he slinks at my heels! I thought to chase him away from the little ones, the children of the unbelievers next door, who are afraid of him. I raised my foot—"

"And gave him a vicious kick," supplied the cop. "I saw you."

"But he is a dog," whined Abdul, "and I am a son of the prophet!"

"I don't care who or what you are," returned the officer. "You'll treat the dog right or take the consequences."

Abdul grew meek. He moistened his thin lips, rubbed his bony hands together and made a deep salaam.

"It shall be as thou sayest, effendi," he promised.

After supper came Hassyn Sulai to smoke with him the nargileh pipe. Together they would sit and smoke till the water in the glass jar of the pipe bubbled and they had both entered into a state of somnolency. They talked chiefly in monosyllables. The Armenian and Greek neighbors dismissed the pair with a shrug.

"Mahomedans," they said, "but the old one makes really fine rugs," they would qualify. They supposed he worked at many rugs, never suspecting there was but the one.

Now Hassyn was a much younger man than the weaver. He was fifty or so, strong, handsome, upstanding,

in the very prime of his life, and snugly prosperous. He had been in turn dragoman, tourist's guide, tent-maker and peddler, and was now part owner of a little fruit shop. To Abdul he sometimes brought a gift, and this evening he laid a package of dates before him.

"May thy days be as the sands of the desert," quoth the elder, gratefully. He opened the packet and began to munch the dainty in a voracious, toothless way.

Hassyn's eyes went at once to the rug.

"How long will it take to finish it?" he asked, abruptly.

Abdul cast an indulgent glance at the other. He shook his head.

"Hassyn," he said, "surely thou knowest a thing as beautiful as this is never finished!"

The younger man made a gesture of impatience.

"I want the rug," he said, "and will pay well for it."

"It is not for sale," said Abdul. "I will not take baksheesh for that which is my very life!" His voice quavered and grew shrill. "I am no barterer. I am an artist!"

"Of course—of course," the diplomatic Hassyn agreed. "But, I am to be married."

Abdul displayed the gaping cavity of his mouth and again vented a harsh cackle.

"It is as I expected," he wheezed. "Which is this—the third or the fourth?"

"She comes out from Syria next month," said Hassyn. "Her name is Zaida and she is the child of a friend of my youth. Her beauty is as the pearl—"

ABDUL drew long on the pipe and closed his eyes. Once he, too, had known a beautiful wife. She had been buried these many years under the palms, with her face toward Mecca....

"She will require a beautiful house," Hassyn continued, "and I should wish for her first of all a fine rug. I am not rich, but neither am I poor. I will be generous—"

"Talk not of thy generosity!" Abdul cried harshly. "Are there not rugs elsewhere—in the shops—"

"But not like this rug," said Hassyn, quietly. He laid a fat, be-ringed hand on the lovely thing. His eyes narrowed and he looked around at the old weaver with a strange, crafty gleam in them. "Thou

miser!" he said with a low, unpleasant laugh. "Suppose some night the rug is stolen? There must be many who long to possess it."

"But who," said Abdul in his pitiful whine, "would rob an old man of his only treasure? And besides, the work is not completed," he added.

Hassyn laughed shortly.

"Thou deceivest thyself," he returned. "The completion is a very small matter. Almost any good weaver could imitate thy stitches—and take the full credit for the work. It is so nearly finished. Have a care. I have warned thee."

The dog drew the attention of Hassyn at this point and he reached for a heavy stone doing duty as a door-stop.

"That," he said with an oath, "looks like the brute that snarled at me the other night as I passed here on my way home from the house of Ibrahim, the gold-beater."

But before he could fling the stone Abdul had reached out and clutched his arm.

"Stay thy hand, Hassyn Sulai," he besought him in alarm. "Already I have been threatened with a summons because I have been seen to—push the cur out of my way on the streets. He follows me like a shadow, curse him! Think thou that it can be an omen?" he asked, fearfully.

"If he must sleep on thy doorstep," returned Hassyn, "the least thou might do is muzzle him!"

"He is no property of mine. I am a son of the prophet." The old man's hands worked agitatedly. He leaned over and in a cackling whisper added: "But he shall bother thee and me no more. This very night I shall put him out of the way ere I sleep."

He sent a long look of hatred at the dog, who regarded him affectionately and thumped the doorstep with his tail.

"This very night, thou sayest?" Hassyn repeated, as one whose thoughts were elsewhere.

"This very night," nodded the old man.

"I must be going," Hassyn observed presently. "I have many matters to attend to in the next few weeks."

ABDUL'S eyes closed and he continued to smoke long after his friend had gone. Perhaps he also dreamed a little. It may be that he saw himself across the desert or strolling through

the teeming bazaars in some great city of the east. He had been strong and handsome and desired of many women. At times he had been almost rich—if he had not been a wanderer and a spendthrift—and his raiment costly. He could see himself in the native galabeah of red and yellow cloth with the white turban and the pointed red shoes that turned up at the toes. And he could see the women—the young women—in their yashmaks, their eyes smiling.... Ah, the years, the years! He had been young and now he was old....

"Kismet," he sighed. "It is the will of Allah."

It had grown late and Abdul was chill and stiff when at length he rose. A great weariness was upon him, but remembering his determination to kill the dog he brought forth the slender, carved knife that always he kept hidden beneath the flooring.

But when he sought for the cur he was not to be found.

"So be it," he muttered with a shrug, as he fastened the door. "Tomorrow will do as well."

AS the old man slept, moonlight filtered through the cobwebs at the window and fell in pale glory on the rug. It had no uniform design. The colors were as those of Jacob's coat and the charm of the wonderful thing—where did it lay? One might have said in the coloring, another in the pattern. Abdul himself knew not. The rug was part picture and part story. Into its rich, warm velvetiness Abdul had woven the tale of his life. First, there was the dawn on the desert, representing his birth. In due order followed palm trees and a river and the hut of sun-baked mud bricks that was his earliest home. There was the well where his mother drew water and the stars in a desert



Suspension Bridge over Capilano Canyon, B.C.

Continued on page 73



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

ANNE'S MELODRAMA

By S. G. Mosher

ANNE MORRISON had red hair and the artistic temperament. The natives of Brown's Point, the hamlet on the Bay of Fundy where she passed the first seventeen years of her life, considered red hair an affliction, and made no secret of their opinion; but they were inclined to admire the girl's ability to "speak a piece" or even "make up a piece" of poetry about some local event.

When ambition drove her to New York, Anne was amazed to find that the judgments of her birthplace were completely reversed. Art students of Greenwich Village called her hair Titian or "pure Venetian gold," and begged her to sit for them. A poet, as yet unknown to fame, wrote some formless, rhymeless verses, in which he likened Anne to a young tree, graceful as a birch, tall as a pine, framed in glowing clouds of winter sunset. But she was never asked to speak a piece, and the stories and verses which she sent out to magazines returned with unflinching regularity.

Discouraged, Anne turned to the stage, and for two years made a precarious living in the chorus of a succession of musical comedies. When not rehearsing, her mornings were spent in the offices of theatrical agents, where she waited in vain for an opening on the legitimate stage. At length an agent frankly explained that her looks were against her.

"Say a star's redheaded—she don't want another dame with bright hair in the cast. Say she ain't—well, it's ten to one she would like to be, and she's taking no chances of being outshone by a minor character. Besides, m'dear, you must be six feet tall?"

"Only five feet ten inches," murmured the abashed Anne.

"That's four inches to the bad," the agent assured her, as he lit another cigar. "You're tall as most leading men, and much taller than some of the best. No actor wants to play love scenes with a woman taller than himself—makes him look silly, see?"

"I thought of character parts—" Anne began. "Character parts call for experience, general experience, and where are you going to get it? No, that hair and your height make an impossible combination. Might get over either separately, but both together—take my advice m'dear, and chuck the whole business."

In the end Anne took his advice, but not before her health had broken down from insufficient food, combined with late hours and worry about the future. Members of the "profession" ever charitable to those in distress, paid her hospital bills, and later sent her to a sanitarium in the mountains. Here she had time to think, and her native good sense asserted itself. She was tired trying to keep up appearances on a small salary, of living in unheated rooms lit only by skylight, of selecting the cheapest dishes on the bill of fare of third-rate restaurants, or, worse still, of trying to satisfy her healthy young hunger with ten-cent meals at the automats.

Yet she must look to the city for her living. She had no relatives, and no property save the house at Brown's Point, which she could not sell. In the darkest days of her illness she had thought of going back to the Point, and trying to live on her few acres. She remembered a spinster, known to everybody as "old Aunt Belle," who had so lived for many years. But restored health brought restored courage and ambition. When she went back to the city Anne soon found a place in the chorus again but she spent no more days in agent's offices. Instead, she went to a business college, and set herself to master shorthand.

The musical comedy ran all winter, and when it closed in May Anne found a position as a stenographer. After a year of commercial experience she secured a position in the office of famous theatrical magnate, finally becoming his private secretary. So ten years passed quietly in her leisure time Anne still wrote stories, and still failed to sell them.

One evening she went to the theatre with a dramatic critic of her acquaintance. The play was a frank melodrama and she was amused by the tense interest with which the audience watched the development of the threadbare plot. When at

the close of the fourth act, the villain got his deserts her companion applauded as loudly as anyone.

"A play like that is worth a ton of this psycho-analogical stuff," he commented, as they walked uptown together.

"Why, it was just a melodrama," Anne said. "In real life such things don't happen."

"Perhaps not. But such plays make a wide appeal, because they help people to forget their own troubles and worries for a little while. They take us out of ourselves. I wish I could write a play like the one we have just seen."

"I should think it would be easy to write a much better one," Anne said, stubbornly.

"Why not try?" her friend laughed. "If you succeed, you'll have more money than you can spend. The public is eager for romance, however improbable."

Anne laughed and changed the subject, but the next day she began a melodrama. It seemed to write itself; it was enthusiastically accepted by the first manager to whom she submitted it, and almost immediately produced. Its success was immediate and abnormal. "The Moving Finger" ran for two years in New York; then road companies took it all over the country, and later, in a screen version, it reached even to the borders of the Arctic Circle.

IN the first days of her success, Anne resigned her position, took a comfortable apartment, and spent most of her waking time in finding safe investments for her royalties. Then she wrote another play, which was promised production in the coming autumn. After that, the vague dissatisfaction that had been troubling her for some time crystallized into active rebellion. At breakfast she startled Estelle Sinclair, who shared her apartment, by asking if she realized that they were two squirrels in a cage.

"We have a very comfortable cage, at least," Estelle laughed.

"I'm tired of comfort," Anne exclaimed. "My mind is getting woolly. I want to get back to nature; to meet real people again."

"In other words, you are looking for romance and melodrama," said Estelle.

"Melodrama? I hate that word, and in any case it has no connection with real life. I have decided to spend the summer at my old home in Nova Scotia. Want to come?"

"Is there a good hotel?" enquired Estelle.

Anne laughed. "You reach the place by a drive of fifteen miles in a stage coach from the nearest small town. I'm going to live in my own house, if the roof doesn't leak too badly to be mended. It has fourteen rooms and no bath."

Estelle shuddered. "Don't the people bathe, then?"

"There's the sea, and they all have washtubs. It's not too late to plant a garden, and I shall fish and pick berries, and try to write something real. I shall

only take a small trunk, and wear my plainest and oldest clothes."

"What about a maid?" asked Estelle. "Will you take Olga, or trust to picking up somebody there?"

"Neither—I mean to do my own work."

"But, Anne, you can't live alone in a big country house like that," Estelle remonstrated.

"Why not? Remember I am thirty-two. Brown's Point will consider me middle-aged, and it is probable that old school friends will congratulate me on still possessing my own teeth."

"I've heard of primitive places like that, and I would like to visit one long enough to study some of the queer types," said Estelle, who was a character actress. "But I'm afraid I couldn't stand a whole summer of it. I may join you in August, if you stick it out so long, which I rather doubt."

ON a rainy afternoon in May the mail stage brought Anne to the Point. Eben Moose, the postmaster, stared at her.

"Ain't you Jim Morrison's girl, Annie?" he asked. Anne admitted her identity. "I've come home to stay for awhile," she said.

"That so? Couldn't make a living in the city, now you're getting along in years? Well, I guess you'll find your place sort of run down. S'pose you know Mrs. Green has the key."

Anne, feeling depressed in spite of herself, by the postmaster's remark that she was getting along in years, started to walk the half mile that lay between the post office and the Green place. It was raining steadily, the roads were very muddy, and her suitcase seemed to weigh a ton. Still, she had come home, and in a few days she would get in touch with her old friends and neighbors. It would be pleasant to meet real, simple souls again.

As Anne waited for Mrs. Green to open the back door in reply to her knock, she smiled as she remembered the awe which that lady, in her capacity of Sunday-school teacher, used to inspire in her childish heart. Suddenly, Mrs. Mahala Green's stern visage appeared in the doorway. She was holding the door open about a foot, and looked as if she might close it again at any moment. She looked disapprovingly at Anne's serge suit, wrinkled by the long ride in the rain, and her expression changed to a frown when her eyes fell on her muddy shoes. The thought of such shoes tracking mud over her kitchen floor made Mrs. Mahala Green shudder.

"I don't know what you're selling, but I don't want none," she said, beginning to close the door.

"But don't you remember me? I'm Anne Morrison," said Anne, setting down the suitcase to rest her tired arm.

"No, can't say as I do," Mrs. Green replied, letting the door open a little more. "You're a lot thinner than Anne used to be. Of course I ain't seen the girl for nigh twenty years, and we're none of us getting any younger or better looking."

"Didn't you get my letter, then?"

"Oh, I got a letter signed Annie Morrison, saying you was coming home, and would call for the key,"

the old woman admitted. "Of course, anybody could have writ it, though."

"I can prove my identity by showing you some letters and receipts," said the now exasperated Anne.

"Oh, 'tain't necessary, I guess," Mrs. Green said at last. "Ain't nothing worth stealing left in the house, anyways. I'll get the key."

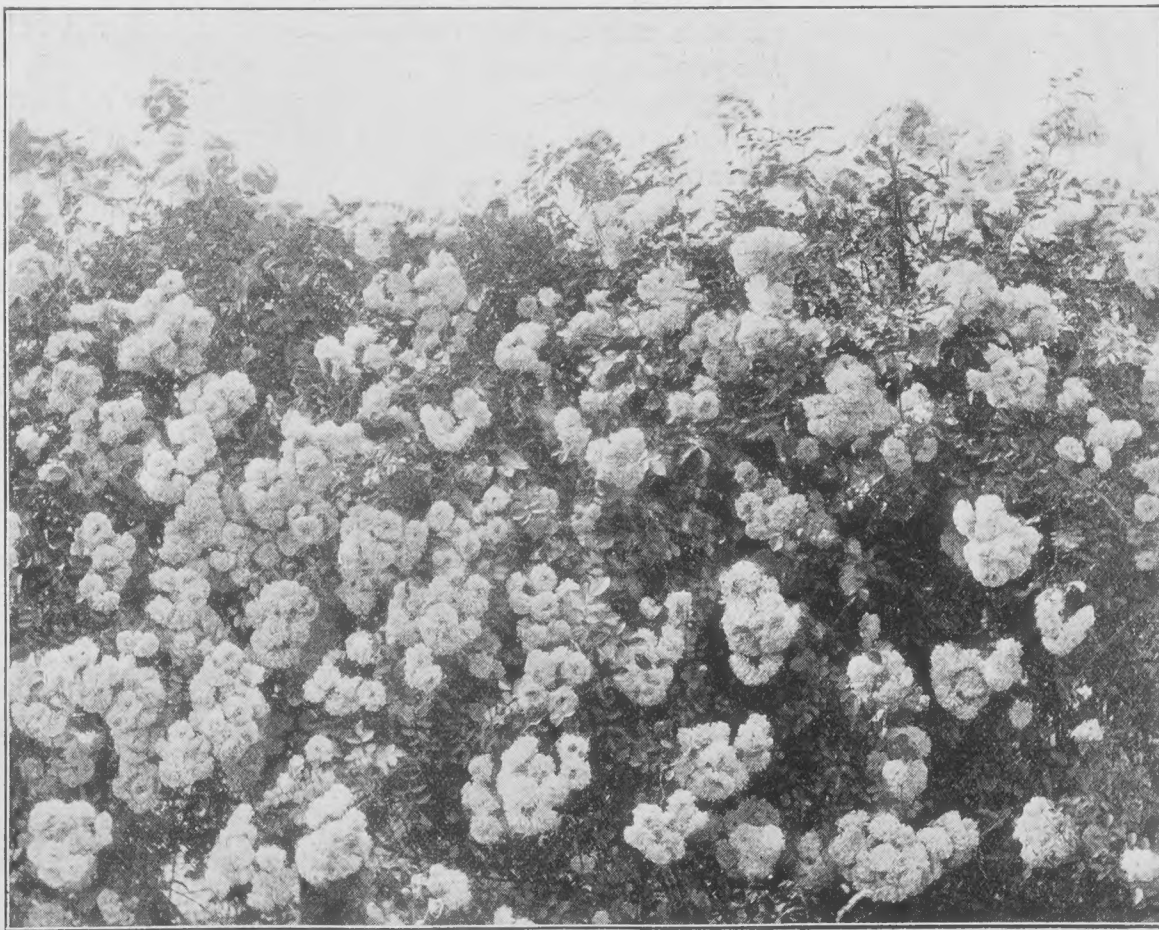
With that she disappeared, shutting the door firmly. Anne reflected that Brown's Point was not likely to kill the fatted calf in honor of her return.

"Here's the key," Mrs. Green said, sticking her head through the door. "That roof leaks a lot, but I guess some of the downstairs rooms will be dry. Good night."

Anne prevented the final closing of the door by the simple expedient of setting her suitcase in the opening. "Could you lend me a few matches?" she asked, "I have just remembered that I have none with me."

Mrs. Green reached into the pocket of her cotton dress, and produced three matches,

Continued on page 66



June roses



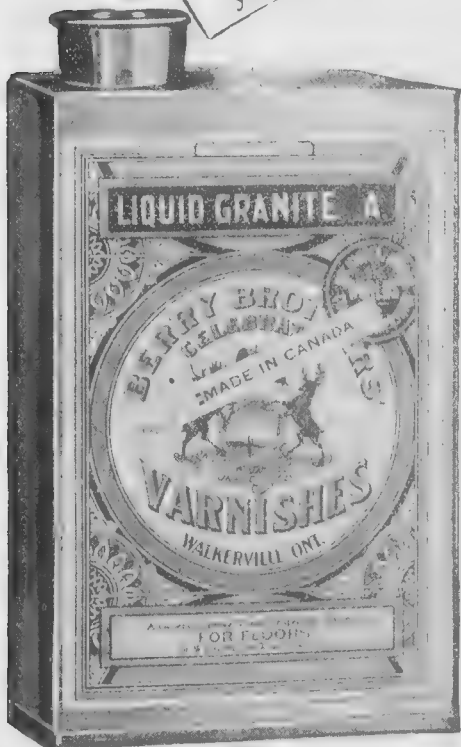
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FLOOR VARNISH OF DISTINCTION



MARTHA Curtis, sitting on her front porch, busy with the darning and mending which seemed to mount to enormous proportions each week, looked up with a smile in answer to Dr. John Harper's cheery greetings as he paused for a moment's gossip on his way home from the Post Office.

Dr. John, as he was affectionately called by all the townspeople old and young, had been a tower of strength to her, a firm rock amid sinking sands on more than one occasion, and many many times in response to her hurried summons he had come to sit by the bedside of one of her children, for they had had all the children's diseases known and otherwise—croup, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and whooping cough followed one another in quick succession.

Only Dr. John, who had been present when her children first saw light of day, had any idea of what Martha Curtis really thought of the situation, or that Martha was other than the bright, self-contained woman who went about her duties so cheerfully day after day, and even Dr. John could not guess all, nor sense the depths of despair to which Martha Curtis' soul sank at times.

Jim Curtis, her husband, was a traveller for a large clothing firm, and thus it had fallen to Martha to shoulder the responsibility of bringing up their three children and keeping the home together. Then too, she had to mother Jim and look to his comforts on his none-too-frequent visits home.

Those visits were at once a source of pleasure and pain to Martha, for Jim with his patronizing air, his inevitable cigar, and his nice clothes, was at times just a little trying, and, too, he spent a great deal of his time with his business men down town.

"Just trying to drum up a little business you know, Martha," he would explain on those occasions, although Martha knew from experience that he was just making a good fellow of himself, and spending rather more money than was absolutely necessary in doing so.

Later in the day as Martha put away her mending and was rushing about the hot little kitchen preparing the evening meal, she thought a great deal of her husband, thoughts that were at once pleasant and sad. The first year of their marriage she had been very happy. Her parents were living then, and Jim worked with her father in his general store down on the corner. With her father's death everything had changed. Jim had grown more and more dissatisfied with the work, and with the little town, and had finally attached himself to the great army of travellers and—

Here a piercing wail, sounding from the front room, interrupted Martha's meditations. Marjorie's baby had awakened and her next care was to feed him and soothe him to sleep once more.

Yes, she was a grandmother. Only forty years old, and a grandmother. She still thought of her three

Elsie might be close to her, and able to run in for counsel and advice, and all necessary help. Then when Marjorie married Harold Erkhart, a young chap who was only night operator with the telegraph company, she enlarged her home that they might share it with her, and thus save rent.

The fretful child comforted and fed, Martha sat for a weak moment by the side of the crib, but the arrival of Hubert, her young son, caused her to rise hastily and look to the forgotten supper.

"Gee I'm hungry Mom," he cried, "I could eat most anything tonight, but one of your honest-to-goodness meals will fix me up all right."

She patted him gently on the shoulder. Hubert was her greatest comfort, the one and only person who truly appreciated his mother. They understood one another. They had been pals from the time he learned to walk and talk. She had tried to train him so that all the little weaknesses of his father's character might be missing from his. She had drilled him in patience, perseverance, and a feeling of responsibility, and above all she had tried to instil in him a hatred of bragging and shirking ones duties. Now at the age of sixteen, he was, all the townspeople admitted, a great credit to his mother, and one of the most promising boys in the town.

With the arrival of Marjorie and her husband, supper was announced. Marjorie was inclined to be peevish and tired, although her greatest exertion had

been to attend an afternoon tea, and call for her husband to walk home with him. George who appreciated Martha and felt that his young wife imposed on her mother needlessly, remonstrated with her and suggested that she help serve the supper. It ended as usual rather unpleasantly, and Marjorie retired to her room in tears.

THE next morning Martha, still tired, was awakened by the baby crying lustily. She started up from force of habit, but her head was throbbing, and she sank back among her pillows for just a moment longer. If only some one would steal in and draw her blinds, and bring her breakfast in to her on a dainty tray, and soothe her poor head, as she had done so many, many times for Marjorie and Elsie. But she must get up and start the machinery of the home going for another day. They always depended on her for that.

As she dressed hastily she looked down at the picture of Jim which stood on her dresser. Poor Martha! She had few treasures, and the picture was her greatest treasure. She still kissed it good night. She also had a small album filled with various snap shots of Jim taken during his travels. They always showed Jim well-dressed and prosperous-looking with his cheerful smile, never once had he looked a little bit unhappy. He had done very well lately and now owned an automobile in which he travelled most of

Continued on page 26

When the Worm Turned

By L. C. Brown

grandchildren with wonder, as if she could not really acknowledge their existence, as if in the rush of time she could not become reconciled to the changes which had taken place in her life, nor understand them. She had married at the age of seventeen herself. Her two daughters, Marjorie and Elsie, had married almost as young—they had fallen in love, and she was powerless to stop them, and also just a little relieved to have them provided for.

But their responsibilities did not weigh on them as had hers. They had their mother to help them, to turn to for guidance and aid. She was in reality bringing up their children for them, and shouldering all their burdens. For Martha was an average mother, and to take the burdens from her children's shoulders afforded her the greatest pleasure.

Dr. John tried to warn her that she was spoiling them, and that they were becoming more selfish every day. But they were her children. She had suffered for them, and worked for them, and she could not bear that they should have to work and save as she had had to do.

When Elsie had married, she encouraged George Williams, her husband, to buy the vacant lot beside her, and build their little bungalow there, so that

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UNDER SUNNY SKIES

By Arthur F. Brown

BILL BERKLEY, or, as everyone far and near called him, Uncle Bill, gave a last admiring glance at the trough full of pushing, squeezing, grunting young porkers which he had just finished feeding, and with a muttered "By gad, they do grow," turned toward the house, a pail in each hand. A flock of half-grown Plymouth Rock chickens quietly separated to let him pass through, and, closing in behind him, went on feeding as though no interruption had occurred. Back in the pasture the old mare nickered contentedly to her colt. The morning sun, already a couple of hours on his daily journey, smiled down on Uncle Bill's yard, upon the leafy poplar grove which nearly surrounded it, and upon Uncle Bill himself, suffusing him with placid contentment. Uncle Bill usually was contented. Often, as now, his fine old eyes in his wrinkled, weatherbeaten face, rested with gentle love upon the familiar surroundings of his home. Through many, many years of happiness, and through one great sorrow, this spot had grown into his life until every tree, knoll, and even the very rails in the fence enclosing his "yard" held its own message of peace to him.

"Here, you young devil! Is it eatin' me dress you'd be at? Lave go! Lave go! Here! You young—Bill Berkley!"

Uncle Bill turned expectantly. He knew Mrs. Kelly's voice, especially when raised above the average pitch, which was undoubtedly the case during the broadcasting of the above observations. The sight that met his eyes filled his face with concern and his heart with mirth. The good lady, who, it might be well to add here was Uncle Bill's housekeeper, was engaged in what, to the casual observer, would appear to be a furious and desperate attempt to assert once and for all, her physical supremacy over a nice, husky, healthy, red calf. A large percentage of the aggressive of the battle, however, was plainly displayed by the calf, whose mode of attack was simply to enclose as much of his enemy's skirt in his mouth as could be accommodated by that organ, and then proceed to suck with all his might. Finding this alone, however, rather lacking in zest and action, he decided in his own foolish way to spice it up a little, and by way of seasoning he added a few playful bunts as broadsides. This was too much for poor Mrs. Kelly, and she sent forth the scream for help which attracted Uncle Bill's attention to the event. He immediately set off at his best pace to avert, if possible, what appeared to be an impending catastrophe.

The battle, however, not only continued to rage, but it increased in fury and violence. With shouts of wrath the despairing lady, hoping against hope to still come out of the fray carrying some laurels, began to belabour the head and sides of the foe with a sound right foot which never could have been intended to fit into the little glass slipper. The foe, being a foe with some feelings of self-respect, deeply resented this change of tactics, and, throwing caution to the four winds of heaven and scorning absolutely all thought of possible consequences he backed off a few feet, lowered his head and charged full at the unfortunate woman, uttering bellow after bellow of rage, and swearing annihilation to all and sundry who might stand between him and victory. Uncle Bill, however, coming up just at this moment, leaped into the midst of the melee, and saved the day.

Saved though she was, Mrs. Kelly was still under considerable pressure within, and that pressure must be relieved. Casting about for something to vent it upon, she caught what may have been a slight twinkle in Uncle Bill's eye. It was as a gale behind a prairie fire.

"An' it's laffin, Bill Berkley, ye are at me is it? At me as is almost kilt entoirely to death! An' may the ould devil fly away wid ye, it's the last time ye'll laff at me. It's the last time, I'm after tellin' ye. Ye'd stand there and laff at that big murtherin' baste the while it was breakin' every ould bone in me body, would ye? But I'm tellin' ye it's the last time. It's straight to the house I'm goin' and pack up me duds, and ye'll drive me into The Corners before iver ye have have your dinner!" and Mrs. Kelly jerked her fists out of Uncle Bill's face,

turned majestically, and sailed away. Uncle Bill stood gazing after the retreating form of his housekeeper until she disappeared through the kitchen doorway with a slam; then he turned to the landscape.

"Well if that don't beat everything," he remarked. "Went right off the handle as quick as wink and says she's goin' to leave. And that's the fifth in the last three years. Yea sir! the fifth! Dang it, anyway!" After which outburst, he went into the barn to think it over.

AS the soft shadows of evening silently gathered, Uncle Bill sought the old arm chair on the rustic verandah. He had gotten Mrs. Kelly safely into The Corners, and had left an order for one to replace her with Hank Harris, who owned the grocery store, handled hardware, ran the Post Office and supervised generally most of the business carried on at The Corners. And now, his belated "chores" finished, he settled himself for his customary before-bed-time smoke. He sat down, stuffed his pipe full of tobacco, lighted it and leaned back amid a cloud of fragrance to enjoy a quiet hour with his thoughts alone for company.

Uncle Bill was feeling lonely. Lonely as a man will feel who has had to cook his own meal in a kitchen that has not been cheered by a fire all day. He had gathered some chips from the wood-pile and started the fire in the cold grey ashes of the noon, and, unaccustomed as he was to preparing meals, he had rustled but a cheerless supper, which was eaten almost in silence by himself and the dour "Hen," his "hired man."

And now, as he sat alone, in the quietly gathering darkness of late evening, a cloud of loneliness settled over his usually tranquil spirit, holding him motionless except for an occasional puff at his smouldering pipe. His eyes, gazing far away out and up among the gently twinkling stars, seeing nothing.

The sweet throaty notes of a wakeful robin floated through the soft air from the deep shadows among the poplars by the well. A late, solitary frog down by the creek gave an occasional grinding croak. All else was still.

The mind of the toil-worn old man began to creep back, back to other days; days which had been left, far behind in the passage of the years. Tonight memory seemed to bring them unaccountably near again. Was it because, with all its silent loneliness, it was yet like hundreds of nights when he and Margaret had sat out on this same verandah after their day's work was done, he in this very chair, and Margaret gently swaying to and fro in the old rocker? Perhaps. Or was it that the solitude of the hour again freshened feelings of the solitude of his life since he had been left alone? In memory he saw again the sweet old face as it moved slowly back and forth in the shadows of the porch, and he felt again the silent love which had been theirs through the years of joy and sorrow which they had shared. God had been good to them and it would not be right to complain; but oh, how his soul longed for the sweet

companionship of that life again. The gentle rustling of the leaves brought up picture after picture of the happiness which had been his, but which could never be again, for the soul of the faithful partner had passed to its rest, and the rains of many summers had since washed the flowers on the grave in the little country churchyard. And would he recall it if he could? Unconsciously he knew that he would not. It had done its allotted task and had earned its reward.

Until long after the robin had sunk to sleep and the frog had ceased to break the stillness, Uncle Bill sat motionless with his dreams. But gradually a spirit of restfulness and content settled upon him, the aching heart was soothed and the cloud had passed.

The droning hum of a night-flying insect stole upon his consciousness. A cricket chirped from the path leading to the barn. Uncle Bill rose, knocked the cold ashes from his pipe and went inside.

AUNTIE MART'S eyes flew open with a pop as the old alarm clock suddenly opened up with its usual morning jangle. By a deft movement of Auntie's hand, however, its tirade was cut short almost before it had begun, and Auntie herself was despatching her morning toilet with a briskness that defied alike the plumpness of her figure and the years, amounting to almost three-score, that had passed over her head. With the ease of girlhood almost her shining silver hair was coiled into a pile; her little feet fairly danced into her slippers; and with a couple of smoothing strokes to her skirt before the mirror Auntie was ready to meet whatever the day might bring.

Her real name had been Mrs. James McIntyre, but seldom even in her young days did she hear anything but "Martha," and later, especially after the accident that had left her alone and a widow, more and more of her neighbors, young and old, had come to her with their joys and sorrows for her quick sympathy and understanding, until she seemed to belong to them all, and "Auntie" she was to everyone.

After that sad day, ten years ago, wishing to keep the home she and Jim had made together, but, finding herself unable to manage the farm, Auntie had sold all but the "back pasture" and a few acres of cultivated land surrounding the house and buildings. Here she had a garden, a small field in which to grow feed for the two faithful old horses, Toby and Ted, and old Bossy, the cow. Most of her time, however, was taken up with a flock of chickens, the joy of her life and the pride of her heart.

The first business of each of the last few days had been to waken Lee Jennings, who, for the paltry sum of five dollars a day had agreed to harvest what hay Auntie needed. Lee's wife, by taking in washing, "sewing out," and doing whatever else offered, managed to support him, leaving him at convenience for odd jobs such as Auntie's hay.

This morning he seemed to be rather sleepless, as he answered to Auntie's third shout, but it doesn't do to be too hopeful in a case of this sort, as Auntie knew from experience, therefore she was not greatly disturbed to find, after she had lighted the kitchen fire, that Lee still had not put in his tousle-haired, sleepy-eyed appearance. Opening the stair door she

patiently called again.

"Yes, I'm just comin'. I'm just puttin' on m' boots," came hoarsely from above.

"Well," thought Auntie to herself, "he has to feed the horses and Bossy before he has his breakfast, so I may as well run out and feed the chickens."

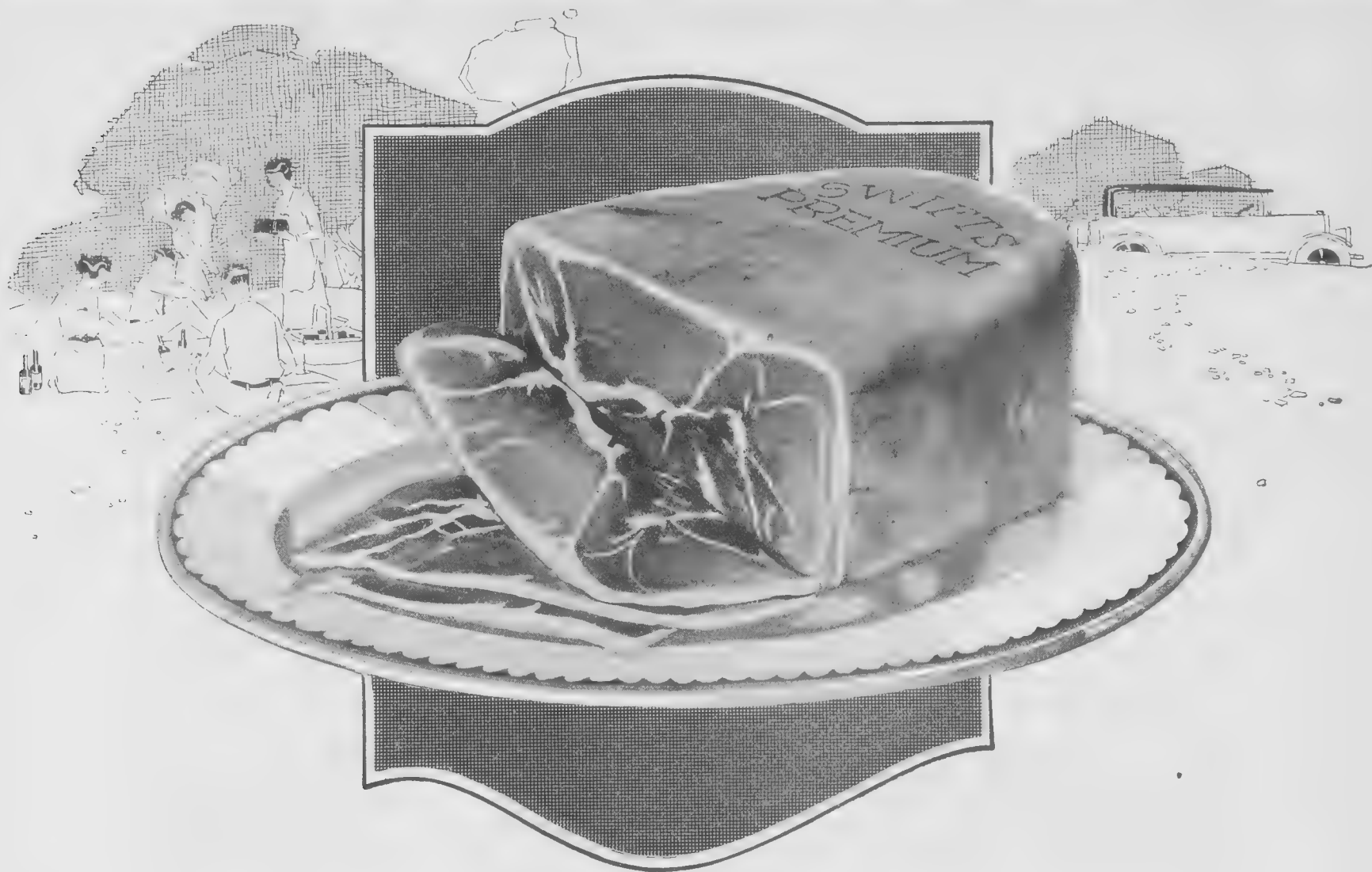
Stepping out into the cool, fresh air, Auntie unconsciously drank in the beauty of the bright, sun-drenched early-morning landscape; the grass with its luxuriant green, the flowers in the lawn plots with their dew-washed petals; the shadows amid the foliage of the trees standing out so distinctly; all seemed to combine in absorbing and reflecting back as much sunlight as possible.

"Chucky-chuck, Chucky-chuck, Chucky - chuck chuck," cheerily she called as she opened the hen house door. "Come on for breakfast, my beauties." Quickly she scattered the grain, then stood a moment to watch and ad-

Continued on page 58



A flock of Southdown sheep



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SAMMY CANUCK

By Richard S. Bond

IN the last half-century, between one and two million Canadians—the great majority English-speaking—have purchased one-way tickets from the Land of the Maple to the United States.

It does not do one particle of good to stamp the feet and revile these young men and women who followed some hand that beckoned them across the great unfortified border. It savors rather of "sour grapes" to say, scornfully, "good riddance." It shows an entire lack of knowledge to intimate that these wanderers are of the type that will not succeed because of lack of stability. Better far it is to look the matter squarely in the face and endeavor to discover why it is they went, and why it is that they have not returned.

Perhaps there is a greater opportunity across the line. If so, the truth should be known. Perhaps there is a real reason why 90 per cent. of the English-speaking and 81 per cent. of the French-speaking Canadians who cross the border, become naturalized citizens of their new country. Should not this be fathomed also? It is barely possible that the southward flight of Canada's sons and daughters, instead of being injurious, has been a blessing in disguise. Other equally wonderful things have happened, and it is worth finding out whether or not Canadians have been wrong as they bewailed the fact that George and Edward, Mary and Louise, had left the land of their birth and become citizens of another land to the south.

Before we go into the whys and the wherefores, possibly beyond our depth, let us see just what has happened to the Georges, Edwards, Marys—to the thousands of every name—who have decided to seek fame and fortune in the States.

THE 1922-1923 edition of "Who's Who in America" (but lately off the press), lists no less than five hundred and fourteen men and women who were born in Canada. Only thirteen of the forty-eight States of the Union produced more names for this volume than did Canada—in spite of the fact that the Canadian representatives were obliged to earn their place among the immortals in their lifetime, whereas many Americans are "Born to adorn the pages of 'Who's Who.'"

No other land furnished this number of names—not one land on the face of the earth. England gave



Mary Pickford.

"Who" contains eighteen more names of Canadians than it does of natives of Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Delaware, Florida and Arkansas, combined!

The reason lies, not in the fact that these are little States, for the combined population is about twelve million—considerably more than Canada feels justified in claiming. Sparsely settled States? New States? States filled with foreigners? None of these will suffice. There is something else back of the fact that five hundred and fourteen Canadian names dot the pages of "Who's Who." That something is the indomitable spirit of those Sammy Canucks who ventured into a strange land determined to succeed.

And they have succeeded. Twelve thousand, nine hundred and thirty Canadians and children of Canadian-born parents are teachers and professors in American schools and universities. Donald D. Mackay, President of Whitworth College, is one. Jacob Gould Schurman, formerly President of Cornell University, and now one of America's foreign ambassadors, is another. Professor Norman Scott Gras, of the University of Minnesota, and Albert Ross Hill, President of the University of Missouri, are others. Professor Hill is also one of the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation, and during the late war was Director of Foreign Operations of the American Red Cross.

The Canadian-born of the United States were well represented during the war. At the top of the list doubtless stands Admiral William Lowndes Sims, born in Port Hope, Ontario. The fame of Admiral Sims, however, is not sufficient to keep a little of the limelight from being focused upon Brigadier General John Curtis Gilmore, nor upon dozens of others whose titles showed clearly the respect in which they were held by the government of their adopted country. By the way, no less than 1,724 Canadian-born men and women are now officials of the Government of the United States.

Two thousand, four hundred and sixty-four clergymen south of the St. Lawrence give Canada as the land of their birth. Bishop Berry of Philadelphia, William H. Wood, Chaplain of Dartmouth College, and Bishops Anderson and Nicholson of Chicago are among the best known.

Prominent in stageland we find the names of Mary Pickford, Margaret Anglin, May Irwin, Marie Dressler, May Robson, Julia Arthur, James K. Hackett, Irene Pulaska and Eugene Cowles. These are but a few of the twelve hundred Canadians on the American stage today.

An additional seven hundred and eighty-one are listed as journalists, and no less than three thousand eight hundred and ninety-three are physicians.

From these professions and others, innumerable names may be taken, vieing with each other for fame. James Couzens (now Senator), the millionaire Mayor of Detroit and former Vice-President of the Ford Motor Company; the late Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson; James J. Hill (also deceased), America's greatest railroad

builder and executive; J. McE. Bowman (very much alive), who controls the Hotels Biltmore, Belmont, Manhattan, Murray Hill and others in New York, and is said to be America's greatest hotel man; M. S. Connors, General Manager of the Hocking Valley Railroad; W. Atlee Burpee, the famous seedsman, and Frederick Tench, who built the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. These men have surely proved that the Canadian who seeks fame and fortune in another land is equipped with the kind of brain and brawn that is capable of breaking down any opposition.

Vilhjalmir Stefansson, the Arctic Explorer, was born in Manitoba in 1879. Congressman James Herbert Sinclair from North Dakota came from St. Mary's, Ontario. Bliss Carman, poet, was born in Frederickton, New Brunswick; George Pattullo, journalist, in Woodstock, Ontario; Ernest Thompson Seton, though born in England in 1860, lived in Canada's backwoods from 1866 to 1870 and on her prairies from 1882 to 1887. From east to west, from north to south, Canadians have crossed the border and proved their calibre.

In banking circles, Canadians have loomed large. The first American banking institution to reach one billion dollars assets—the National City Bank of New York City—has as its General Manager John Hamilton Fulton, who came from across the Canadian line. Other former Canadians holding high positions in banking circles, are John McHugh, Vice-President, Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York; David B. Forgan, President of the City National Bank of Chicago; and James B. Forgan, President of the First National Bank of the same city.

Doctor Charles W. Colby, President of the Noiseless Typewriter Company was formerly one of the Staff at McGill University—and is said to have refused the Presidency. Frederick M. Ryder, U.S. Consul General at Vancouver, and formerly Consul at Singapore, was also born in Canada. Nothing could prove more surely that America places implicit trust in her Canadian-born Americanized citizens than the appointment of Mr. Ryder.

Thomas E. Wilson, President of Wilson & Company, Packers, Chicago, was born at London, Ontario, of Scotch-Irish extraction. He moved to Chicago when nine years old, and worked himself up from a small job until now he is the president of one of the



Thos. E. Wilson, President, Wilson & Company, Packers, Chicago.

largest meat packing concerns in the world. He is a director of the First National Bank; the First Trust and Savings Bank; the Live Stock Exchange National Bank—all of Chicago. He is Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Depositors State Bank of Chicago, and a director of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. He is also a director of the International Live Stock Exposition; of the Wabash Railroad; and President of the Oklahoma City Stock Yards Company.

The latest edition of The World Almanac lists the number of English-speaking Canadians in the United States as 810,092, and the number of French-speaking as 307,786—a total of 1,117,878.

Continued on page 62



Admiral Sims of the United States Navy.

445. Germany, who has sent millions upon millions of her people to the United States, is credited with but 349. Ireland has 142; Scotland, 134; Wales, 26; Sweden, 79; Russia, 93; France, 73; Italy, 54; Australia and New Zealand together, 21.

Canada's showing becomes even more important in the mind's eye when the millions of Russians, Germans and Irish in America are compared with the number of Canadians residing there.

To equal the number of Canadian-born in "Who's Who," the great State of California must add to her list every native-born man and woman from Texas who has qualified for the book—and the famous of both Arizona and Oklahoma must also be included.

Or, another way of showing what the Canadian-born American has done, is to state that "Who's



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FOR LADY FAIR

By Georgina H. Thompson

IT all began with a flat tire. Otherwise, Kingsley Dell would never have walked to the office that morning, would never have met the lady, would never have entered the police court except in his official capacity as lawyer—but that however is getting ahead of the story. The fact remains that he did walk, and as it was one of those heady mornings of early summer, he strode along with eye alert and chest expanded, feeling extraordinarily young and full of life, and wondering why he did not walk every morning.

The street along which most of his way lay had been built up long before the modern theory of zoning had been heard of. Old down-at-the-heel dwellings peered timidly out between towering apartment houses, service stations, laundries, and every other description of shop and tenement. Here for example was a shabby, drab-colored, frame cottage, built long ago in a little hollow some three feet below the level of the sidewalk. Its sunken, hopeless appearance was emphasized by a group of ancient, moth-eaten fir trees near the gate. Kingsley had passed the place literally thousands of times without being actively conscious that it existed. He became sharply aware of it now, probably because for the first time there appeared signs of life about it. A young girl stood on the steps leading to the street. Her shabbiness was in keeping with the place, but she had the poise of a princess and was beautiful in a dark, foreign way.

Kingsley noted all this as he approached, and was most poignantly conscious of the tragedy in her great dark eyes. A phrase from somewhere in his past reading flitted through his mind and he almost called her aloud, "My Lady of Sorrows." Then she spoke to him. Somehow he had felt that she would, and he stood with bared head before her like a courier awaiting his mistress' commands.

She spoke slowly in a low, musical voice with a slight effort in choosing her words as though English were not her native tongue. "What I ask of you must seem very strange, but you must not stop for an explanation. Afterwards there will be time to explain." A sigh quivered from her and her hand moved to her heart; then she went on speaking more rapidly: "You must go to 834 Royal Road. I have written the address on this slip of paper. Ask for Mr. Lorimer and tell him that Count Sosinsky is dying and has sent you for the Stradivarius. If he doubts, show him this paper with my signature.

Please bring it swiftly, swiftly, at all costs, or it may be too late. I cannot leave him and I have no one else to send." Again the spasm of agony passed over her face. She thrust the paper into his hands, and without a word of question he turned to do her bidding.

AFTER a furious progress down several blocks, during which he narrowly missed collisions with townward bound folk, it finally occurred to him to hail a taxi, and it was only when he had sunk back breathless in the seat, that he began to realize the strangeness of his adventure. What connection had this girl of the little gray cottage with Royal Road, the most flauntingly arrogant of all the residential districts of the city? What connection had either of them with a Stradivarius violin? Kingsley was not a musician but even he knew that such instruments were extremely rare and worth fabulous sums. He tried to fancy himself going up to the door of a strange house and demanding this treasure in the name of a girl he didn't know! He almost stood up to tell the driver to take him to his office, when the image of the girl's face passed swiftly before him and instantly he knew he was vowed to her service as truly as knights of old were vowed to succor damsels in distress and for their sakes to undertake any number of perilous quests. The fact that he was utterly in the dark as to who the fair lady was and why she should demand this strange thing of him made no difference whatever.

He stopped before the imposing iron gates that guarded the imposing edifice in which dwelt Mr. Lorimer. He made an easy entrance unimpeded by moat or drawbridge and unchallenged by any hostile knight. He rang the bell twice, before a sleepy and suspicious looking man-servant appeared. Kingsley asked for Mr. Lorimer.

"Out of town," snapped the man-servant and prepared to shut the door. Kingsley, however, was too quick for him and inserted his foot just in time.

"I have come for the Stradivarius," he stated coolly.

A look of incredulous horror stole over the man's face. "Oh no, I couldn't let you have that, sir. Mr. Lorimer would kill me."

"But I have full authority to take it," said Kingsley with a bold front though his knees were inclined to tremble.

"Who gave you authority?" asked the man, suspicion quivering in every feature.

Kingsley pulled out his paper with an air of importance. "Miss Stephanie Sosinsky. I am her lawyer, Kingsley Dell of the firm of

Maguire, Lincoln and Dell," and he produced a card bearing the name of this time-honored firm.

The man was evidently much impressed and submitted sulkily, permitting Kingsley to enter and follow him through various ornate apartments to the music-room. There, lying in state in a glass cabinet, was the violin. Kingsley knew it at once by its dark, polished surface, mellowed with age. The servant had evidently been taught to regard it with the utmost veneration, and groaned audibly as he handed over to Kingsley. The latter, on his part, felt strange qualms as he took the precious object, but it was too late now to retract. He hurried out to his taxi, leaving the servant gazing at the empty cabinet in a dazed condition. As the car whirled away, the man suddenly awoke to the enormity of the thing he had done. Who was the lady with the foreign name and what right had she to send her lawyer for his master's cherished violin? He rushed to the telephone and called up the law firm of Maguire, Lincoln and Dell. They could tell him nothing about the lady. She was not among their list of clients. In sheer panic he called the police station and in a few minutes an officer was on the premises carefully taking down all the details he could supply.

MEANWHILE, Kingsley had arrived again before the little gray cottage. The girl was not in sight so he advanced to the door. She answered his knock and almost snatched the violin case from his hands. Uttering some words in a language strange to Kingsley, she carried the instrument to an old man lying on a bed in a corner of the room. His huge, dome-like head was completely bald. Contrasting oddly with its massiveness were the gentle blue eyes, wide-open and child-like. His long, drooping moustache was pure white and carefully twisted at the points. Over all his face there was ghastly pallor, and his breathing was audible to Kingsley across the room.

As Stephanie approached the bed, the sick man raised himself to a sitting posture and reached out eagerly for the violin. Passionately he pressed the wood to his lips. He fondled it and caressed it as a mother might the face of her child, all the while crooning softly to it, while tears ran down his cheeks. At last he raised the instrument to his chin, and with long, practised fingers began to tune it, shaking his head sadly over the flat tones, smiling as the strings gradually approached the proper pitch. At last he drew the bow across, bringing forth a long, quivering note of mingled ecstasy and pain that sent a strange shiver down Kingsley's spine. Then followed a melancholy air that Kingsley recognized as Tchaikowsky's "Chanson Triste." While the old man played, Kingsley remained standing near the door unwilling to intrude and yet feeling his responsibility for the return of the violin. Stephanie was kneeling at the bed side, not in prayer but with sad, questioning eyes fixed on her father's face.

Suddenly the music changed from the haunt-

Continued on page 64

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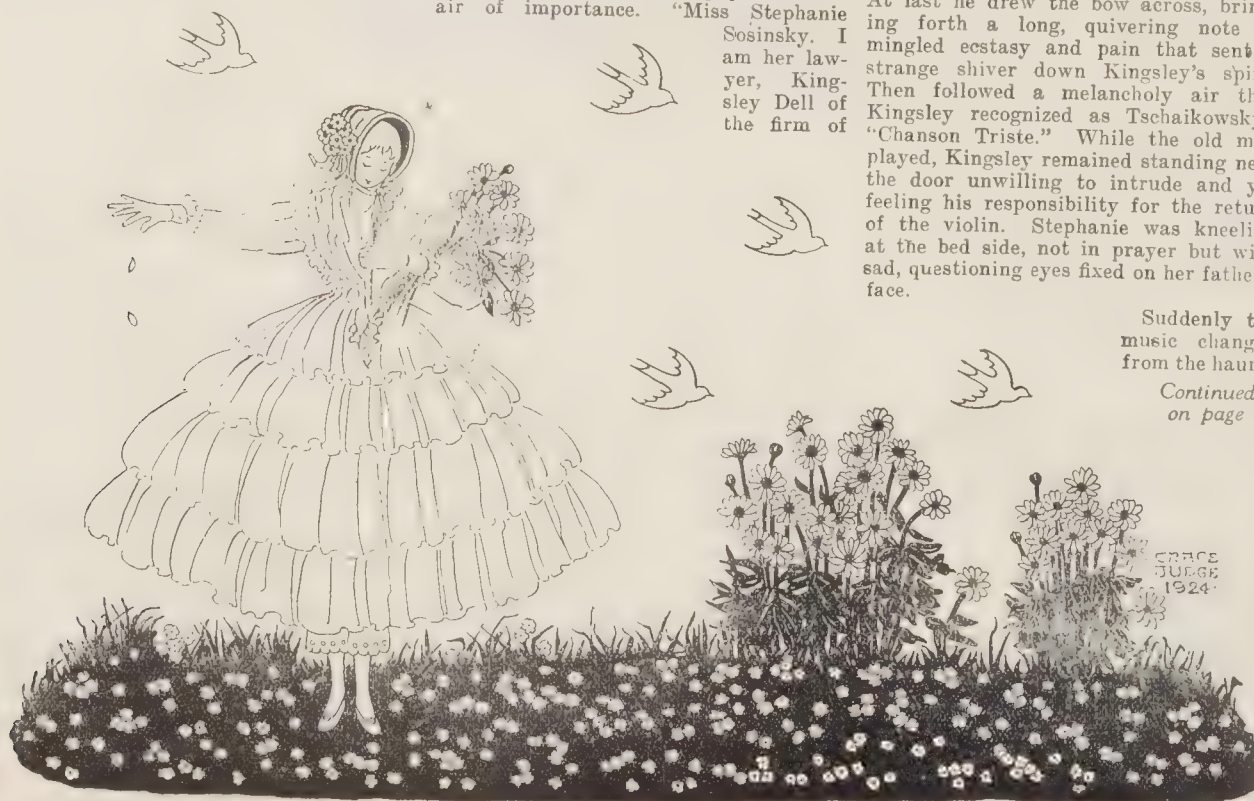
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The Paper Makers

By Dan McCowan

THOSE species of insects which live together in communities form attractive subjects for the nature student. From earliest times man has paid particular attention to the domestic habits of such types as ants, bees and wasps, noting their industry, intelligence and highly specialized social life. Of these the wasps, long recognized as skilful architects and builders are perhaps the cleverest artisans amongst all wild creatures.

Wasps are grouped into two classes, the Solitary wasps and the Social wasps. There are three well known varieties of Solitary wasp in North America. These are known as the Masons, the Carpenters and the Miners. The first-named build nests of mud which are attached to rocks and to the walls of houses; the Carpenters drill holes in trees for the reception of their eggs, while the Miners sink shafts in the ground and excavate subterranean chambers wherein their young are hatched. The family of Social wasps, including as it does such types as the Yellow Jackets and Hornets, is well represented throughout the woods and wilds of this continent.

The hornet may readily be recognized by its large size and by the fact that the nest is usually pendant from the branch of a tree or hung under the eaves of a building. The most common hornet bears white markings upon the face, a characteristic responsible for the type being called the bald-faced hornet.

The bald-faced hornets, living in commonwealths, are thus said to be of social habit. These creatures are the paper-makers, building very large globular-

erging a full-grown wasp and immediately taking up the task of feeding and caring for the succeeding broods. The queen-mother ministers to the first brood only, who in turn take over the many duties in the rapidly-growing community. As soon as a cell becomes vacated it is at once made clean and again used for the hatching of eggs. Wasps do not gather or store food supplies as do the honey bees, but live as the saying goes, "from hand to mouth."

WHEN a considerable number of cells have been constructed the wasps enclose the whole in an envelope of stout strong paper manufactured from wood fibre. This material is obtained from decayed trees, from weather-beaten fence posts or from unpainted lumber which has long been exposed to the elements. Rolled into compact pellets this raw pulp



The Home of the Paper Makers

is brought to the nest by the industrious workers and there is kneaded and pressed and rolled until finally it becomes converted into narrow strips of paper. Mixed with the wood fibre is a certain proportion of saliva secreted by the paper maker. Thus the younger wasps in the nest are deputed to this labor, the older insects lacking the necessary quantity of saliva to make good paper.

The brood combs are not attached to the paper cover which encloses them. The first tier is fastened to the branch which supports the entire structure, subsequent combs being built in a like horizontal position and held together by a series of pillars. As the family increases the nest must be enlarged and so the paper cover is torn and extensions made to the structure without disturbing the existing brood combs contained within.

Sometimes the enclosing and protecting cover consists of but one layer of paper; again as many as ten or twelve plies may be necessary, the environment and state of the weather being chiefly responsible for the greater or lesser thickness. The exterior is invariably coated with a sort of gum collected from trees and buds by the clever artisans. This "Save the Surface" substance forms an efficient waterproofing and serves to strengthen the walls. At the lower extremity or, rather, close to that point, a small hole is left for the entrance and exit of the inhabitants.

DURING the summer months many broods of young are raised, these invariably consisting of the worker caste. In the early fall a mixed brood of males, females and workers is hatched. Soon after this the chill night-frosts descend to work sad havoc amongst the ranks of the paper makers. Workers, males and many of the females fall amongst the withered grass and yellow leaves, there to become food for other forms of lowly insect life. The few fertilized females which survive the rude blasts

Continued on page 21



Nest of the Bald-Faced Hornet

shaped nests which may contain several thousands of individuals. The life of such a community only lasts during the summer months, the individuals being dispersed at the coming of cool autumn days. Frigid weather kills the workers, the males and many of the females. A few of the latter, known as queens, lie dormant in sheltered nooks and surviving the winter form new colonies in the spring.

With the coming of warm sunny days these fertilized queens arouse from sleep and at once proceed to the business of founding new communities. Selecting a location where there is reasonable protection from the vagaries of wind and rain, the queen-mother constructs a few cells, not of wax, as do the bees, but of coarse grey paper. In each of these cells she deposits an egg, leaving them to hatch the while she busies herself in making more paper, in building more cells and laying more eggs. Presently the eggs begin to hatch as grubs or larvae. The young of the social wasps demand constant attention during this stage of their existence and so the mother is kept busy catching and pulping food insects for her growing offspring.

After a period of from ten to fifteen days the larva spins a cocoon, later em-

Hartsdale Canine Cemetery

By W. G. Adler

DOUBTLESS many of the readers of this heading will rub their eyes and look again, not believing that such a place exists. But here are the photographs to prove it. Westchester County, New York, the wealthiest county in the United States, has quite a number of cemeteries within its boundaries and among them at lovely Hartsdale a resting place for pets. Of all the

At the main entrance of the cemetery is a splendid bronze statue of a police ambulance dog erected by various dog lovers in memory of the dogs who participated in the Great War.

By placing \$250.00 in a specified bank perpetual care is insured the lot and graves and there is not a neglected grave in the place. The lots are sold by the foot and average about fifteen dollars for a small grave. The animals are buried in simple wooden coffins. Memorial wreaths decked many of the graves when the writer visited the cemetery at Christmas time.

Many people scoff at this cemetery, but they should remember that the maintenance of it provides a living for the caretaker and his family, also his assistant. It helps make a living for various other persons, such as florists, tombstone makers and coffin manufacturers. The people who bury their pets there spend their own money and if it suits them to put their animal friends away in this manner I fail to see how it is anyone else's business. Real animals lovers will understand the reason for this graveyard, others are apt to interpret it as the wild fantasy of a number of wealthy people. However, the fact remains that there is such a place as a Dog Cemetery.



graveyards none is better cared for than the canine cemetery. Dogs and cats predominate in it but there are two horses, three monkeys, a lamb and several birds buried there. Nearly all have regular marble or granite headstones to mark the grave, with the name of the pet, date of birth, date of death, name of owner and sometimes place of birth and death engraved on same. Picture of the pet under glass is frequently inlaid on the tombstone. Perhaps some of you recall Irene Castle's monkey "Rastus." He is buried at Hartsdale in the Castle plot beside two dogs that she owned. On his headstone is inscribed: "Rastus — The dearest monkey that ever lived" Most of the headings are dignified and sensible, such as, "A true Friend," "Our Faithful Pet," etc.



Above—Bronze statue at gate.

Below—The Castle plot where "Rastus" is buried.

THE PAPER MAKERS—Continued from page 20

and storms of winter, found new colonies in spring. In this way is the life-cycle completed, and in such manner is the species perpetuated.

Wasps live chiefly on such insects as house flies and bugs, but vary this diet by partaking of fresh fruit whenever opportunity occurs. They appear to be particularly fond of ripe pears and so work considerable damage in orchard regions. Sweet substances such as syrups, preserves and candies are eagerly sought after. The writer well remembers a kind-hearted old lady who owned a tiny candy store "bequeathing" to a group of small boys a very large box of chocolate creams which, however, were minus the cream filling. A colony of wasps nesting in the vicinity had discovered the toothsome dainties and, drilling a small hole in the side of each confection, had succeeded in extracting the contents, leaving only the chocolate shells to which the boys became glad heirs.

THE scientific names bestowed upon various members of the wasp family are singularly appropriate. Thus, in North America we have *Vespa diabolica*, *Vespa vulgaris* and *Vespa infernalis*. Unlike that of the honey-bee, the sting of the wasp is not barbed, and thus the fiery insect can withdraw its weapon from a wound without fatal consequences to itself.

In observing and studying the activities of these, our first paper-makers, one may spend many a pleasant and profitable hour. In this particular instance, familiarity, far from breeding contempt, begets in the observer a wholesome respect and draws from him an unstinted admiration. Given a more complete knowledge of the ways and workings of these industrious insects one cannot but realize that even amongst the lowliest forms of life "Nothing walks with aimless feet."



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This is not written to sell you Palmolive Shaving Cream. We know your situation. You are using a soap which satisfies. You naturally doubt if any other soap is much better.

But we have a shaving cream so immensely better that you will be amazed and delighted. You will adopt it as millions have done, when you discover its results.

We ask a test at our cost—a ten-shave test. We will then accept your verdict. If we serve you many times better than others we want your patronage. If we fail, we don't. Please, in fairness to yourself and us, mail this coupon to us.

5 things you wanted

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so a tiny bit suffices for a shave. It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. It maintains its creamy full-

ness for ten minutes on the face.

Super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. No hairs falling down.

The palm and olive oil content leaves fine after-effects.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc. An invisible way to that well-groomed look. MADE IN CANADA

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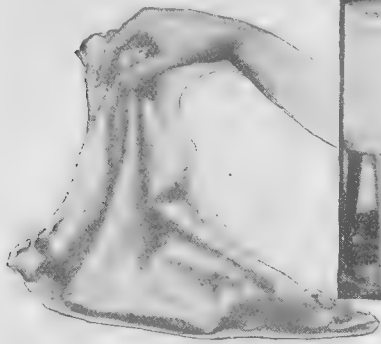


10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED. Dept. B-861, - Toronto, Ont.

9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

Microscopic examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria—even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



Thousands of housewives now disinfect as they clean

SURFACES and corners on which soap and water have been used may look clean—but the microscope tells a different story! You would be amazed at the mass of germ life that the microscope would reveal on your cleaning cloths and brushes. The sanitary, healthful home must be kept free from these germs at all times.

This does not require any extra work or trouble. Simply put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water every time and everywhere you clean. Dip your cloth or mop or broom into this solution.

Acquire the habit of doing this regularly. Continue to disinfect frequently, as undoubtedly you now do, the special danger spots where germs thrive most readily—the toilet bowl, the drain pipes, the garbage pail. Then you will be keeping every part of your home safe and healthful.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear solution which is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

"Lysol" is also the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. It is both effective and safe. Diluted in correct proportions, it does not irritate the delicate internal membranes.

Canadian Agents:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co. LTD.
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Manufactured by

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Lysol
Disinfectant

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For household and personal use



MOTHER'S PAGE

TRUE CHARM

By Lester G. Herbert

WE judge a store by what it displays in its shop windows. If these windows are dirty, cluttered, and poorly arranged, we are not attracted to the establishment. But if the glass is shining, the goods appropriate, the arrangement artistic, and our own reception courteous, when we go into the store, we feel that the management, or as we express it, the personnel, is business-like, up-to-date and efficient.

We have a right to judge people to a certain extent at least, by their appearance, manner and speech, for these are the goods or stock in trade of the real individual which he exhibits in his show window to the public.

Good manners involve self-respect and kindly thoughts of others. Etiquette is another way of expressing gracious unselfishness. Good manners backed up by sincerity and kindness will open many a door. They are to society what oil and gasoline are to the motor car. So we should not overlook the importance of good manners, and surely it is no credit to anyone to be blunt, inconsiderate, or crude.

When one does not know just what is the right thing to do, it is rather sure to be the kind thing, for after all good manners are one way of putting the Golden Rule into daily practice. If it is a question of knowing which fork or spoon to use, or who should enter or leave the room first, then the best way is to watch what others, who are supposed to know, do. Later the doubtful point should be looked up in some authoritative book. Experience is valuable, especially if we make it a definite help for our future guidance. If we take no pains to decide the matter—we shall be just as much at sea the second time as the first. There is no excuse for being repeatedly awkward on the same point or question.

We should always attempt to carry on a pleasing conversation. Simply to sit and wait for someone else to take the initiative, while we merely answer or ask questions, shows mental laziness, as well as ill-breeding. A great man was once asked what he liked to talk about best. He replied with a smile, "I like to talk about that in which my companion is most interested."

This is the secret of being a good conversationalist. It means that we will not talk about ourselves or our own affairs, but will be ready to take an interest in the people about us.

The person of fine breeding does not monopolize the conversation. He does not criticize other people. He does not

argue or antagonize by taking the opposite side and assuming that he is right and everybody else is wrong. He does not talk just for the sake of killing time, but always has something interesting and entertaining to tell.

We can always express our own ideas or principles quietly and modestly, when it is best to do so, but we will be wise to do this in a non-aggressive, courteous and open-minded manner. Some people think the way to prove their modesty is by over-humility, or by exaggerating their own poverty or lack of ability. This is a very offensive way of boasting. To be constantly saying, "I beg your pardon," or "I did not understand," is unpleasant. It shows lack of interest and concentration, or hardness of hearing. The first is selfish. The second calls for close attention, and possibly skilled treatment.

When anyone to whom you are talking pauses apparently groping for a word, it is considered bad manners to suggest the word, for the simple reason that it greatly embarrasses the person who is talking, and often the word does not express what he or she had in mind at all. Unpleasant habits should be avoided, both for our own sakes, and for the sakes of others.

The young man who constantly scratched his head soon found himself left out of many pleasant affairs. The young woman who used her handkerchief with amazing and ostentatious vigor and was always doing it, was voted as lacking in refinement. The young woman who always laughed at all her own stories, thought she was proving her vivacity, but as a matter of fact, she was the only one who enjoyed them, for her telling never had anything of brightness or surprise in it. Let others do the laughing at such times.

To talk too fast, to talk too loudly, to mumble, to use unnecessarily large words, or to indulge in slang or local barbarisms of expressions, is to sacrifice ease and elegance.

We influence people by our words and manner, and each one of us is responsible for the personal influence which we exert. This means that we have no right—no moral right to annoy the people about us, or to lower our own or their standards by careless speech, or selfish manners. In fact, it is our duty to live in a fine, clean, up-lifting manner, and to make such living winsome and attractive to those about us. For this reason we must be careful of what we display in our store windows, and of the kind of stock we carry inside.

SHOWERS

By Velma Sanders

IS there anything pleasanter than a shower for a bride-to-be? But the scarcity of money sometimes makes it hard to give showers to each newly engaged girl in the district. Here are a few simple suggestions for inexpensive showers.

May Wilcox was very popular among both boys and girls of her acquaintances, so when her engagement to Harry Miles was announced the girls of the district all met to plan a shower.

"We will have to make it inexpensive as these last two years have been hard ones for nearly everyone, but we want it to be unusual and also useful, so we have a hard problem," said Myrtle Cole. Several suggestions were offered and all turned down till Alice Thompson said:

"Let's have a flower shower, each one of us to bring her a plant of some kind.

She has very few and she is to have a nice house with lots of windows."

So May received twenty nice plants when she was invited to Helen Murray's house for luncheon. The containers were all decorated alike, and most of the plants were in bloom.

It was winter when Alice was married. The girls did not meet to discuss the shower so Lily Scott sent out invitations to all the girls worded as follows:

"At last I've found something different in showers.

Whatever you bring Alice, say it with flowers.

Prepare it as if a bouquet you had brought her,

And don't let it cost you more than a quarter."

Each girl tried to make her parcel look like a flower or bouquet, and when

MOTHER'S PAGE—Continued from page 22

they arrived at Lily's house a vase was provided for each bouquet. Then Alice was called to be judge of the flower show. It was some time before Alice realized that each contained some useful article for her. A blue ribbon was to be pinned on the cleverest bloom.

Elsie Britton's roses made of small silk handkerchiefs on stems and leaves off a hat was the most artistic. Laura Hyde's stiff old-time bouquet was made of a small hammer, wrapped in green paper, head in pink paper and small bundles of tacks in pink paper attached to represent buds. Mary Hornby had made a lovely lily from small-wash-clothes attached to wrapped sticks. There were flowers of every make and description and all contained useful articles.

Next came Elsie's wedding, and as a shower was not possible before the wedding, they decided to have a shower with some men folk invited, so Florence Wallace invited all the girls and some of the young married women, sending out invitations reading thus:

To shower our Elsie with advice is my plan,
Bring a gift that will help her to hold her man.
And prove that you know whereof you may talk,
Bring the best man you know by eight o'clock.

Each girl brought her husband or beau and gifts such as cook-books, white aprons, hair curlers, buttons, patches

and a subscription to a morning paper.

The tin shower for Lily at Myrtle's home took on a novel look when the tin spoons were displayed on rich velvet, an egg beater reposed in a satin lined box and everything was daintily tied with white ribbon.

Muriel Sheriff's shower and wedding came in the heat of summer, so an ice shower and luncheon was arranged by Vera Wilkinson. The table was decorated with a big cake of ice hollowed out and a bouquet of roses placed under it. The luncheon consisted of salads and jellied chicken, ice cream and jellies, etc., nothing hot being served. The gifts were presented in a large square box wrapped in white paper with artificial frost and made to look like a cake of ice. A small boy dressed like an ice-man carried it in and the gifts were all things to be used in connection with her refrigerator. There were nests of glass bowls and small light baskets, ice pick, shaver and mallet, brushes of different kinds and many other things.

A linen shower became a rather novel affair when all linen was put in a washing machine before hand, then when the guests arrived, old clothes were dumped in and after a few minutes turning of the handle the neatly folded linen was turned out.

An emergency shower was quite a success as each girl brought some prepared dish of food that had helped in emergency in her home and the recipe for it. The guest of honor had to serve these, then the dishes were for her kitchen or table.

A HOME-MADE ICE BOX

By Lucile Jayne

WHEN we moved to town last summer we faced the proposition of keeping our milk and food supply cool, as our cellar was unfit for use.

We had a twelve gallon milk can, the kind that was used before the present-day cream separators. We had a box large enough that the can would fit inside with at least four inches to spare all around the sides and bottom. We purchased a sackful of sawdust at the mill.

We used the faucet in the can as our drain, opening it one-fourth. That we placed in a small can, the small can into a larger can and these in

The ice crock sat on the floor under the corner.

We covered the drain with a piece of tin to keep out the sawdust. We then packed the space between the can and box tightly with sawdust. It was filled within two inches of the top of the can. This allowed the lid to fit on. The sawdust was covered with paper to keep the sawdust from getting into the can.

My ice box held a twenty-five pound cake of ice and lasted from two to three days during the hottest weather. This could be used by any family that could secure the ice. This is plenty large enough to keep the family milk, cream and butter supply besides many other perishable foods.

The Advent of Spring
By Agnes Reed

'Neath a carpet white I reveal a sight
Of such beauty rare,
Covering the gloom of a glorious bloom
Once again most fair.
Like a dream that is told, I these
treasures unfold,
Long hid by a wint'ry blast,
Till they burst into sight, as the day
after night,
And they whisper, "Lo, winter is
past!"

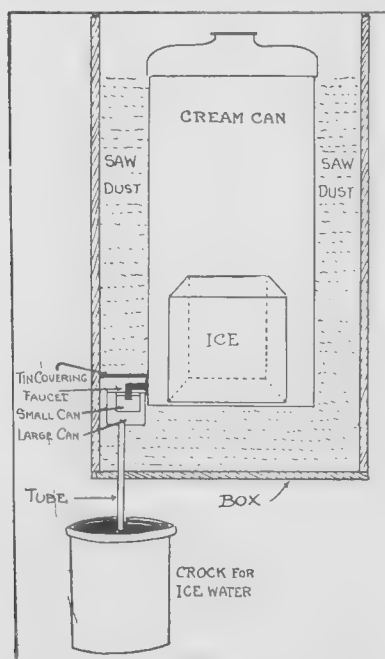
As honeycomb spread, in a network
o'erhead,
On the lake's broad breast,
Is water congealed in a splendid icefield
No longer at rest.
For the might of the sun, now that
Spring has begun
Persuading by warmth of his beams
Tiny ripples to roll, in the joy of their
soul
As they sparkle and glint in his
gleams.

While the spruce and the pine in the
warmer clime

Whisper, "Spring is here,"
Their buds burst out with thanksgiving
shout,

Telling it far and near.
And the blue of the sky with their green
tones all vie

In a maze of uplifting intent
That the soul of a man, who such beau-
ties may scan,
Shall awake, ere his days be far



one corner of the box. The large can had a hole in it with a hollow tube leading from it to the crock outside. This carried the ice water. The small can was always full of water, thus keeping the warm air out of the can as warm air is lighter than cold air. If it wasn't for this can full of water the warm air would get into the can and cause the ice to melt much faster. We placed our ice box on top of a small box just outside our kitchen



NO baby can be comfortable or healthy if the skin causes constant pain. Yet an infant's skin is so sensitive, so easily affected, that constant care must be given it.

Doctors classify the enemies of a baby's skin into three groups: *Moisture, Friction and Infection*. Because Mennen Borated Talcum is scientifically made to combat all three foes, baby specialists and nurses recommend its daily use.

Perspiration, urine and bath-water are all moistures highly irritating to the tissues if caught in the skin-folds of an infant. Towel-drying cannot reach the secreted liquids.

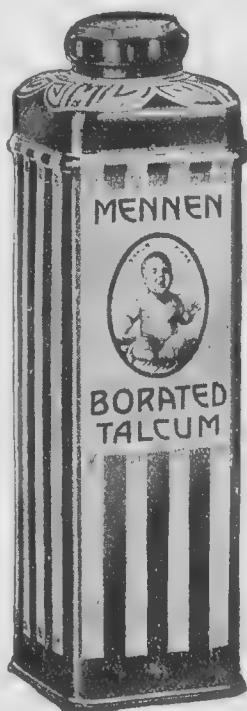
Mennen Borated Talcum consists of millions of tiny flecks, each one as porous and absorbent as a fairy sponge. These drying flecks remove all inflaming moisture from the skin.

This soft, pure powder then forms a delicate protective film over the skin, guarding the nerves from the effects of friction. This film minimizes the rubbing action of clothes and bedding and the constant chafing of the skin-folds.

As a third protection, Mennen Borated Talcum contains a wonderful compound of therapeutic ingredients. Five carefully tested elements in the famous Mennen Formula combat skin infections and help to keep the skin soft and lovely.

One of these elements affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency, and counteracts acidity. For baby's sake, never omit the Mennen shower after bathing and changing diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, LTD.
MONTREAL, QUE.



MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM



*Keep youth's
velvet skin
the Fairy way!*

FROM childhood to old age—follow the Fairy way! It's the way to permanent skin health. Fairy Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin, leaving it fresh and wholesome.

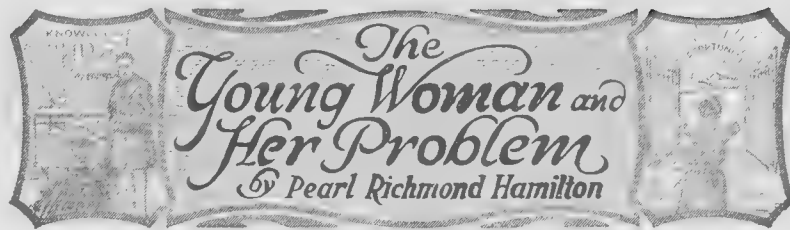
The fragrant, snow-white lather—so quickly produced—is a delight to tender skins.

Fairy Soap! The clear white oval cake fits the hand. You grasp it readily—you hold it easily. And the most economical of soaps because it wears to a thin wafer without a break.

For young and old—for toilet or bath Fairy Soap! The cake of refinement—just delicately perfumed.

It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP



THE JUNE BRIDE

SOMEBODY asked me to write a message to the June Bride. Several years ago the writer was a bride—perhaps the lingering memory of those days when hope and love fired ambition and made one enthusiastic over every little and big plan, might interest the bride of today.

It is to be hoped the engagement has been long enough to plan the right kind of house. Hasty engagements are the cause of many broken homes. A word here to the girl who has just come over.

Only the other day I learned of several offers of marriage shortly after the arrival of immigrant girls. The girls were even urged to accept these offers in preference to positions. Such proposals are extremely dangerous. A young man who is not willing to wait a year is really not very much in love—of course there are exceptions—but I mean generally speaking. The young woman who is too approachable is regarded as "an easy mark" and spoken of as such. Better be lonely than low. So I take it for granted that our June Bride has had a beautiful engagement and the dream of her home life has been one of real citizenship. Her home must be a blessing to the community. True love is an eternal principle, an uplifting force in life. The substantial, wearing qualities that stand the strain of everyday life are what count in marriage. Character, disposition, in moral and intellectual qualities are the essentials for happiness in married life. Young men and girls who are hypnotized by passing glances at a ball may think they are in love, but after a few months a wall of strong isolation springs up between them because they were too shallow to last. Young people of sound judgment will not risk their life-long happiness and that of unborn children on the gamble of mere sentiment.

A home of poverty can be a house of love and purity. There is one thing that can never be absent from a happy marriage and that is a mutual feeling of real, solid, substantial friendship—the friendship relation between husband and wife means partnership and there can be no real partnership between inferior and superior characters.

A parasite is the lowest form of animal or vegetable life. In botany it is described as "a plant growing upon and nourished by the juices of another." In zoology it is "an animal that lives on another." I trust every June girl-bride who reads this is above the "parasite" girl—that she is capable of work—practical work and management. I believe we expect too much of men today—and so many splendid men break down because of too heavy demand on their pocket book and strength. We must expect to be real partners in the great game of life, because there are times when big black clouds cover the sunshine, and it requires strength of vision to see beyond the clouds. There is joy in doing one's part in the world's work.

During the past few years men have been prosperous and I fear this has lessened the demand for strong, practical wives. The level headed, vigorous, administrative wife of pioneer days has given way, perhaps to the wife of superficial attraction. Yet I hope this is not true—at any rate our Western Home Monthly June brides are of the pioneer type, I am sure, and I hope they will never place a commercial value on the affections of men.

Some one asks me about "outside work." Would you advise a young wife to concentrate all her energy on her home? Yes—most of it. If you wish to help your community create an inviting home atmosphere. The main business of the wife is the home. I believe it is too much of a sacrifice to the welfare of husband and children for a wife to engage in much outside work. Her home may be a centre that will radiate inspiration and help to all who enjoy her hospitality. Today there is a growing need for a "back to the home movement." Those were great days that Mr. Healy tells us about when the Women of the Red River made their homes historical foundations of a great new country—when women prayed and worked and nursed the sick and welcomed the stranger as a friend and children grew into men and women of power and character. Let us think of these women when we plan our new home, my dear June bride, and may our little home in the West be one the community shall bless.

THE MOTHERLESS GIRL

HEAVEN measures our sincerity in God by the amount of help we give to humanity.

There is no cup so bitter but sympathy can sweeten it.

Think for a moment of the girl who does not know a mother's sympathy.

I receive letters from brave girls in the West who are struggling with family problems—trying to fill a mother's place. Beautiful letters from these girls suggest a depth of purpose that should be encouraged by everyone in the neighborhood of a motherless home. Following is part of a letter written to this department. "I wonder if I might have a copy of 'Vestigia'?" I have not a copy of Bliss Carman's poems, but I once saw a copy of 'Vestigia' and memorized part of it, and have always wanted it. When I read your page it helps me greatly—no matter how blue I am I feel like straightening my shoulders and starting afresh.

"I do not think you can speak of mothers too much. It makes me so sad to hear some girls talk to their mothers, yes, and I even hear some girls speak unkindly of their mothers.

"I hear them answer them in a very rude manner. How I should like a mother to speak to—often and often!

"My mother died ten years ago last month—how much I miss her—but still I can remember her, which is more than my little brothers and sisters can.

"My little brother was only a few days old when she died.

"You will wonder why I have written so much that is personal in this letter, but I wish you could say something in your column to make girls realize that some day they will long for their mothers to tell them what is right and best, and if they would only show them a little love and gratitude before it is too late."

The rest of the letter is too personal to quote, but I have a new regular correspondent.

Some of these brave young home-makers are only fifteen, sixteen and seventeen years old, bearing the burdens of a mother, and trying to smother the longings that come to every girl.

The girl without a mother deserves the motherly sympathy of every woman who knows her. If she has no mother let us give her our best.

GIRLS AND FLOWERS

THE most beautiful handiwork of God that has been created aside from human life is the flower. The mission of the flower is to make the world sweeter and more beautiful. What do you think I am asking you to do?

I want every girl who reads this page to plant flowers this spring or summer. If you live in the country you are fortunate to have room for a flower garden.

But the girl in the city may have a window box. Flowers make one think of God. Somehow I like to think of flowers representing different types of girls.

Mary wants to be like Marjorie, but a mignonette cannot be a daisy. The mignonette, however, has a beauty all its own. The daisy is popular and lovely in a different place. This would be a monotonous world without variety. The rose is gay, the pansy suggests reverence, the lily purity, the hollyhock frail silky loveliness, the tulip youth—all add their contribution to the season's glory.

So do our different types of girls. I knew two sisters in a home. One was so beautiful that everyone who knew her complimented her. The other was so plain that she felt embarrassed.

"Never mind, my girl!" exclaimed the family physician one day. "Today Eva

is beautiful. When you are forty you will be more attractive than your sister. Eva's beauty is the kind that fades quickly."

The unassuming sister has an influence that moulds and creates the character of the family. Nearly every large family has a sister of this type. To outsiders she appears plain; yet her influence is the border that brings out the beauty and character of the home.

Every country has men of power whose position is traced to this kind of sister. There is a book entitled: "Sisters of Great Men." There is a difference between power and influence. Power will force, control and determine action. Influence shapes character. Men have greater power than women, but women have more influence than men. Napoleon said of Josephine: "I win the battles, Josephine wins me the hearts." By the web of influence a woman weaves around a man, she raises him to her ideal or drags him down to her level. The plain girl influences the temper and character of her brothers in the home. When youth broadens into manhood the character of the girl he loves is largely determined by the life of this influential sister. There are no two flowers exactly alike, neither are there two girls exactly alike. Truly girls like flowers are sweet messengers of beauty.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

A LETTER to this department from a reader at the Arctic Circle makes us realize that the Western Home Monthly is a visitor at the top of the globe. The writer states: "I feel it my duty to let you know that your work in the department of 'The Young Woman and Her Problem' has been most inspiring to me (though I am a man). My sister sent me several rolls of magazines and among them were several 'Western Home Monthlies' which I have read and passed along the shores of the Arctic." The correspondent expresses fine appreciation of The Western Home Monthly. Though the letter required many weeks to reach us, as will a reply, we appreciate more than words can express such letters from our readers. We are all human, and a kind word and bit of encouragement mean increased ambition and more constructive effort.

Another letter is from a young woman in Winnipeg who would like to receive letters from others who cannot hear well. She says: "I am all alone in the city and nowhere to go after business hours except to my room.

Deafness deprives me of social life. Therefore, I wish to organize a league for the hard of hearing, such as they have in most of the larger cities. I have had considerable experience with league work both in Chicago and Kansas City and know what a blessing it is to alleviate the social isolation of the deaf. I do not know how to get in touch with the hard of hearing here. Could you suggest a way whereby I could learn of the names and addresses of the deaf in the city—not deaf mutes or those who make use of the sign language?"

Anyone interested in the formation of such an organization may communicate with the young woman through this department.

Many letters have been received from our girl readers. Everyone is answered personally, no matter what the problem may be. Sometimes it is a request for educational help, other times a heart to heart talk concerning personal affairs, always the writer expresses her gratitude to our department—always the editor is grateful for letters that express interest in the various departments of The Western Home Monthly.

THE CATHERINE HOME FOR BUSINESS GIRLS

A REAL home—not an institution—was opened the other day at 473 Balmoral Street, Winnipeg, by Commissioner Hodder. There is accommodation for twenty business girls and surely a more homelike atmosphere could not be found anywhere. It is spotless from basement to attic. Every room attractively furnished and sunny and bright is newly decorated in artistic harmony.

When I was at the opening of this new home in Winnipeg the splendid personnel of the Salvation Army present impressed me with the protective power back of the foundation of such a home. I have spent considerable time in the other Salvation Army homes for girls and I felt that as a result of this home for girls the other homes may have fewer girls in the future for there will be an atmosphere of preventive influence in the Business Girls' Home that will be a power in the building of character.

A dignity of marked degree is felt in this Business Girls' Home—a dignity radiating comfort and strength. The drawing room with piano, books, easy chairs and good pictures, is an inviting

place where girls may entertain their friends in the manner of the most protected girls in the city's best homes. There are no lonely hall bedrooms in this home; the rooms are all cozy, restful and homelike. It was a great treat to hear Mrs. McClung, our Winnipeg pioneer friend of girlhood, tell of her early struggles to open the W.C.T.U. home for business girls—how in those days girls could get positions but their was no place to board and room comfortably. Christian women recognized the obligation on them to do something for the girls, and with only five dollars in the treasury they entered into a contract to pay a rent of one hundred dollars a month and furnish the home. Later they bought this home at 473 Balmoral. This home has been in operation nineteen years, and the purchase of it by the Salvation Army means a continuation of a worthy interest in girls. Brigadier Alice Goodwin, women's social secretary of the Salvation Army in Western Canada, has attracted to her a fine type of business girl. She has supervised the opening of this home, and Capt. Day will have

FREE...mail coupon below to Ellen J. Buckland, G.N.

WOMAN'S OLDEST HYGIENIC PROBLEM

solved now in a new way

---scientifically



Exquisiteness under circumstances once considered impossible

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

EIGHT in every ten women in the better walks of life, throughout all America, have turned to a new way in personal hygiene. And have found comfort, daintiness and peace of mind impossible under old conditions.

This new way is called Kotex. And a test is offered you without charge. Simply mail the coupon below.

WHAT KOTEX IS

Kotex is a scientifically developed super-absorbent that supplants old time "sanitary pads" and other uncertain methods.

Red Cross nurses in France first discovered its amazing effectiveness over ordinary absorbents. Then spread the doctrine upon their return, until to-day it has become a universal hygienic habit throughout the nation.

Your doctor advises it. Foremost hospitals employ it. Women by the millions have adopted it.

A NEW MATERIAL

Kotex is made of Cellucotton, the war's super-absorbent.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight. And absorbs instantly, retaining moisture against all fear of accident. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton sanitary pads.

Then it is easily disposed of—a new feature every woman will appreciate.

ONE-SIXTH OF YOUR TIME IN FEAR OF EMBARRASSMENT

Kotex brings peace of mind, poise and exquisiteness at a time when most women lose it. Authorities say that the average woman spends one-sixth of her days in a state of lost self confidence—often in fear.

As a delightful contrast from old ways, I advise every woman at

least to try Kotex. Even heads of schools are now teaching their girls the hygienic necessity it presents.

It is sold in all department and drug stores; two sizes—regular, containing twelve generous folds, and Kotex-Super size (extra thickness), containing twelve folds, ready-for-immediate-use, simply by asking for "Kotex."

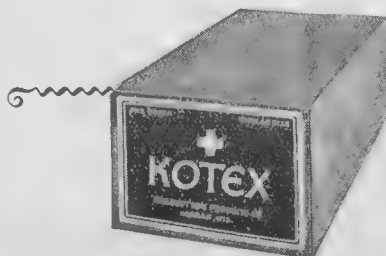
A TEST FREE

As a national hygienic measure, I have prevailed upon the Kotex laboratories to offer women, generally, a test package of Kotex without charge.

So I urge you to send me, personally, the coupon below. And I will send you, in plain, absolutely unmarked wrapper, a trial packet. Clip coupon now before you forget.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO
Canadian Distributors: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

KOTEX



FREE SAMPLE—Mail this Confidential Coupon

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G.N.,
Care of Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

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City

W.H.M.6-24

his route. He had promised to motor down, a distance of about two hundred miles, and take them all back with him, but that time had never come.

As Martha left the room she favored Jim's picture with a smile that was at once tender and ironic.

WHEN she had married Jim Curtis, she gave him love and unflinching loyalty. All she asked in turn was that she might be allowed to make him happy. He must be comfortable, and everything must be in order for him at all times. To this end she cooked wonderful meals, kept their home spotless, and managed to make peace with her parents for him many times, for her parents could not see Jim with her eyes of love, and therefore did not appreciate his talents as Martha did.

When her father died, he showed his estimation of his worthy son-in-law's lack of ambition and ability by leaving his store and other property to the management of the Royal Trust Company, with his brother as general supervisor. The brother proved very competent, and Jim's position became not exactly a bed of roses. So Martha was called upon many times to intercede with her uncle on Jim's behalf.

Jim was sensitive and rather high strung she thought. He in no way tried to conceal his vexation or aversion over trivial little happenings in the home. Therefore Martha always rushed about and cleared up the children's playthings, and put their clothes out of sight, and even the children themselves were banished if possible, before he came home to his meals. If they were at the table, and were sloppy with their meals he was disgusted, and for one of the children to cry—well it was always a signal for Jim to leave the house if possible.

He had always been very particular about his own personal appearance, and Martha did her best to assist him in this respect. With the children and her household duties this was no easy matter.

After seven years of married life, and the hum-drum existence of the general store, where he would never be manager, Jim was becoming more and more dissatisfied, and then came the day when he came home jubilant, with a letter from the clothing firm, offering a seemingly munificent salary to travel for their exclusive line of clothing.

Martha was delighted to think that at last some one else appreciated her god. "I knew you would make your way in the world, and show every one," she cried, with dancing eyes. Then as she took in the full import of the letter, "But it means you will have to go away. It says your headquarters will be in Winnipeg. Will we move there?"

Jim patted her on the shoulder not unkindly, and looked away, "Well not right away," he said, "I'll have to try it out first, and see how it goes, and have a look around. But when everything is going good I'll send for you all. Lord, but it will be heaven to get to the city once more, where people really live, and there is something worth while, after this dead little town."

Martha's eyes filled with tears, as Jim thus expressed his hatred of the little town where she had been born and brought up, and had spent her happiest years. But she was glad he was to have the chance he desired, and a broader outlook in life.

So the following week was a very busy week for Martha as she prepared for Jim's departure. His suitcases were packed carefully with beautifully laundered shirts, snowy handkerchiefs, carefully folded suits and other apparel, together with the necessary socks and neckties. Then one afternoon Jim took his departure on the afternoon train. Martha left the children with her mother, and went to the station with him. As he stood there on the car steps he might have been a railway magnate, so grand and patronizing was his air. He waved his hand cheerfully, doffed his hat with a smile. Then he turned and went into the car. And Martha with an aching lump in her throat and hot dry eyes went slowly home.

That night after she had tucked the children into bed, Martha turned out the lights and went to sit on the veranda. She felt suddenly alone, broken and uprooted. Something had slipped out of her life. She told herself just as she had been telling everyone else for the past week, that as soon as Jim had things going properly he would send for her. How nice it would be to live in the city, so much nicer for her two girls, as they grew up, and little Hubert too, would have many advantages there. But underneath those courageous thoughts a doubt

When the Worm Turned

Continued from page 12

crept in. She had been married to Jim Curtis for seven years, she loved him with all her heart and soul, but she also knew him thoroughly.

"Only twenty-six," she thought, "and left alone with the care and responsibility of the upbringing of three children, and most of my school friends as yet unmarried."

"But I would not change places with any of them," she said fiercely to herself, "and yet I wish things were—"

The tears came then in floods, the tears of a woman who has had neither the time nor the place to express such an emotion, and has therefore locked it up within the portals of her heart. Now the flood gates were opened. She did not know why she cried, except that life all at once seemed dark, and oh, so pitiful. Across the fence she could see the light from Dr. John's office window. It shone through her tears and somehow comforted her, and she wiped her eyes.

Presently Dr. John came out to the fence, his great St. Bernard at his heels.

"Oh, Mrs. Curtis!" He called as he leaned over the fence, "would you like old Bernard for company? He might just as well sleep in your yard, and will stay there if I tell him to. He is a real watch dog you know, although his bark is worse than his bite."

"Thanks Dr. John," she managed to put a cheerful note into her voice as she answered, "but I am quite all right and not the least bit frightened."

"All right, but if there is anything I can do, just let me know, and by the way I have a lot of new bulbs for planting, would you like some?"

"Thanks again, Dr. John, but we won't need them, as you know we will be going to the city to Jim, very soon now."

The doctor's smile under cover of the darkness was rather grim. "Oh to be sure you will, I had forgotten for the moment," he said, as he turned away.

"Good-night, Martha."

"Good-night, Dr. John."

But later as he stood musing amid the night fragrance of his roses he said to himself, "Poor Martha! Jim is just a hopeless bragger, and she is doomed to a big disappointment, or I miss my guess."

HUBERT was the first down to breakfast. He worked in the drug store now, and must be there early to sweep and clean before the store opened.

He answered the door bell and brought his Mother the telegram which had been delivered, "From Dad I suppose," was his only comment.

Their father was almost a stranger to them, so the children took little or no interest in him or his movements, although on his short visits home he had been very kind to them.

As Martha laid the table for his breakfast Hubert said anxiously, "Why Mom! you look so white and tired, why didn't you stay in bed?"

"Oh, I couldn't son, Marjorie is not feeling well, the baby is teething and is cross, and I have a lot of fruit to preserve today."

"Aw, why don't you make those lazy girls take care of their own kids, and take a little exercise doing their own work for a change Mom? They make me tired always running to you for everything," he said disgustedly, "and shoving everything onto you."

As she waited on her boy, her little work-hardened fingers moving swiftly. She wondered why Jim had wired. She brought the bacon and toast, and poured the coffee, her thoughts racing on in a mad confusion, —was he coming home again?"

She opened the wire, and as she read her face grew more tired and worn looking.

"Will be home tonight. Not feeling very good, but your nursing will put me on my feet again. Have Hubert ready to come back with me."

The last sentence aroused her indignation. In his last letter she remembered he had said it was time the boy was feeling the effects of a father's guiding hand in his life, but she had not thought of his taking him away. That letter had been like all his other letters, just a few lines containing no news, and not even asking after her health. Those letters, cold and indifferent, had been hard to bear at first, but now she had become accustomed to them.

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Martha was angry, truly, deeply angry with Jim. Take her boy away indeed! A father's guiding hand, what did he know about fatherhood or its responsibilities, after letting her bring him up and care for for sixteen years? For once Jim Curtis would not have his own way. But would he? The thought left her panic-stricken.

Marjorie trailed in with the still crying infant. She wore a bright kimono, and her hair was screwed up in curl papers.

"Oh Mamma my head aches fit to split," she said fretfully, "and this howling kid nearly drives me mad. If I don't get a few hours more sleep, I will be in bed for the rest of the day. Will you—"

"Yes! Yes! Here, come to Gran'ma. Poor little man, was he hungry? There! There!" she soothed, as she took the baby in her arms, "Go on back to bed Marjorie, and waken Harold. It is time he was up. I'll keep the baby, and will have the coffee hot for you."

Marjorie trailed languidly back to her bedroom, wakened her husband, and then with the shades drawn, and everything quiet she promptly went to sleep. Martha got Harold's breakfast, fed the baby and rocked him to sleep, while her aching head thumped and throbbed, and her brain ran on ahead to the duties that awaited her.

Hubert now ready for the store, came to say good-bye to her. "Never mind Mom," he said, "I'll soon be making lots of money, and guess what I am going to do first of all?"

"I don't know, son, buy a car I suppose."

"No Siree, the very first thing I am going to do is take you away for a nice long trip, to Winnipeg and New York most likely."

"But aren't those cities rather far apart son?"

"Huh! that makes no difference, and Dad is not the only one in our family who can travel either."

Should she tell Hubert of his father's proposal to take him back with him? No—she would not.

AS the morning advanced, and the sun rose higher in the clear blue sky, it grew hotter and hotter, and Martha's headache grew so bad she could scarcely see. The baby wakened again, and while she comforted him, the coffee pot boiled over. Then as she prepared Marjorie's breakfast, that person strolled in with the announcement, "that she felt better now, but why all the heat and smoke in the kitchen?"

Martha then felt free to go out and prepare her fruit for canning. But the

Continued on page 70

Ad Luceam

By Frances Ebbs-Canavan

To-day I've lain aside my garb of mourning,

My sad and solemn robes of dreary black.

They made me feel in very truth an exile,

And through it all, I could not bring you back

Again I choose the tender hues of Springtime,

In memory of the unforgotten days,

The happy glowing tints of glorious Summer,

The Autumn's burnished bronze and dreamy haze.

In these, and in the pure white of the Winter,

You'll seem to dwell beside me through the years.

And so to-day for once dear, and forever,

I've laid aside my black and dried my tears.

Most men ask "Is she pretty?" not "Is she clever?"

Freshness, Charm—the Enticement of a Skin More Precious than Personality or Cleverness—do you seek it? Then for One Week Follow this Simple Beauty Method which is Bringing it to Thousands



Often we marvel at her—the girl whose only asset is her beauty. She knows so little and says so little; yet serenely attracts everyone to her side. Too often her clever rival sits in a corner, alone.

* * *

Brains or beauty?—but why choose? Combine beauty with cleverness, charm with wisdom. Develop your beauty to bring out the sweetness of your personality. That's what thousands of girls have done—and found new happiness as a result.

The means are simple. Have a pretty skin—remember, you can, if you try. Costly beauty treatments are unnecessary—just daily use of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

It is worth trying for this charm thousands have, the clear, fresh skin you want—do this one week, then note the change.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Then massage softly into the skin. Rinse thor-

oughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

*The world's most simple
beauty treatment*

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

*Palm and olive oils
nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*

*Volume and
efficiency produce
25c quality
for only*

10c



Made in Canada

*Note carefully the
name and wrapper.
Palmolive Soap is
never sold unwrapped*



CLARK'S

for Every Day

*Let the Clark Kitchens
help you*

Don't let the hot kitchen spoil your summer

At practically no expense to you the best of cooks, chefs whose skill commands the highest wages, are ready to cook for you in the great CLARK KITCHENS. There the most scientific apparatus enables them to carry out the recipes which years of experimenting have perfected.

Here every material used is tested chemically for both purity and correctness of flavour and Government inspection of all meats assures the perfect wholesomeness which the "Canada Approved" label guarantees on every Clark meat product.

On this page are shown a very few of the many CLARK dishes which are sold by dealers throughout Canada, indicating how nicely they may be served.

A good assortment of "CLARK'S" in the pantry makes you independent of the butcher and ever ready for the unexpected guest.

Clark's Chicken Soup

Add equal quantity of water, heat and serve. Milk or cream may be added.

An exquisite soup.
12 other Clark Soups offer a fine variety.

Clark's Peanut Butter

most nourishing and delicious.

Clark's Corned Beef

Ready to serve—no bone, no waste. Just prime and deliciously corned beef with just enough fat. Delicious also sliced and fried.

Clark's Lunch Tongue

Tender, delicious and economical. A good dish for luncheon and supper.

Clark's Cambridge Sausage

is sausage at its best. All ready to heat and serve.

Clark's Tomato Ketchup

Canada's favorite Seasoning.

Clark's Canadian Boiled Dinner

is a complete course of meat and vegetables.

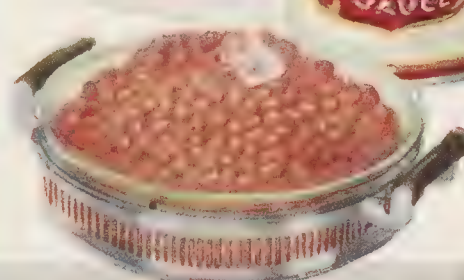
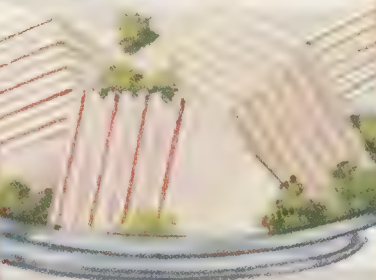
Clark's Beans

are famous in many lands. Every bean cooked just right and seasoned either with Chili, Tomato or Plain Sauce.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CLARK'S
"Made in Canada—with Canadian Farm Produce"

W. CLARK, Limited, Montreal

MONTREAL, P.Q. Establishments at ST. REMI, P.Q.
and HARROW, ONT.



HER BRIDEGROOM'S FOOL

By Frances Fraser

SHE was very proud of that wedding gift, in particular, the beautiful sail-boat presented to her bridegroom husband by his fellow-members of the Yacht Club, in memory of "Happy Days."

"Less happy days," the adoring bridegroom whispered, when he read the letter which told him the gorgeous gift would arrive on Saturday's train, at the lakeside resort where the honeymoon was being spent.

Saturday came—all radiance; radiant bride, radiant groom, radiant sunshine, radiant dancing water. The news of the expected arrival of the boat had spread through the little colony, and all the world and his wife were abroad early, to see the train come in, and the boat unloaded. Eager offers of help with the unloading came from all sides. Gaily-dressed girls, laughing men, all elated with the infectious excitement of the two young boat-owners, made of the arrival a gala event.

The unloading was a breathless affair. Slowly, gingerly, inch by inch, the exquisite little craft was lowered. Sacks, hay, anything that would soften the jar of the launching, were proffered and accepted.

Standing with sparkling eyes, and parted red lips, on tiptoe to watch each cautious movement of the dozen men assisting—the little bride quivered with excitement.

A wonderful inspiration took possession of her butterfly soul.

She whispered to the flaxen-headed wisp of a girl beside her, a youthful, giggling whisper—in reply, excited,

quick nods of comprehension, then two pairs of dainty, white-shod feet racing to the little confectionery store near the track; back they came, each with one sunburnt arm concealed in the folds of dainty organdy skirts.

On tiptoe again, the little eager bride—flushed, sparkling—waiting.

Now the lovely craft was near the water's edge.

"Steady, there, boy! Steady! Now! Let her go!"

As the unblemished, gleaming thing slid to the water's edge, a high-pitched, shrill, excited voice shrieked—

"I christen her the 'Barracuta!'"

Crash! On the beautiful white side banged a heavy pop bottle, and bounced off into the lake.

Biff! Split! Another bottle struck the spotless canvas deck, tearing its way in an ugly, ripping gash.

A sick silence, a smothered groan of dismay from the horrified crowd, then, thick with rage, the stormy voice of the bridegroom.

"What infernal fool threw that?"

A frantic wail from the terrified bride—

"It was a joke, Jerry! Just a joke! I was christening her!"

She heard the incredulous gasp of the crowd, here and there she heard a hysterical feminine snicker—then—she saw his face!

She turned and fled! Fled sobbing, panting, stumbling, tearing one pretty silk stocking on a passing toy cart, drawn by an open-mouthed nurse, who was nearly knocked down by the flying

Continued on page 54



They Have Found a New Way to Clean Teeth

Careful people the world over now employ it

DENTAL science has discovered a new method of teeth cleaning. In millions of homes it has displaced the methods which were wrong.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show one of the results. This ten-day test will show you what they mean to you and yours. Send for it now, in justice to yourself.

Combat the film

Film is the great tooth-enemy—that viscous film you feel. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So old methods failed.

This clinging film becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. The most careful people rarely escape these troubles caused by film.

New methods found

Dental science, years ago, started research to fight film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at

all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved that these methods mean a new era in teeth cleaning. A new type tooth paste has been created to apply these factors daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists the world over began to advise it. Now millions of careful people, of every race, employ these methods daily.

Errors corrected

It was found that old-time tooth pastes also brought unfortunate effects. They reduced the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. They reduced the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Pepsodent brings the opposite effects. It multiplies the alkalinity, multiplies the starch digestant. Thus it gives multiplied power to these great tooth-protecting agents.

You will be amazed when you see what better results the new method brings than the old. Let this test show them to you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

Ten days will show

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Learn what this means in beauty and new safety.

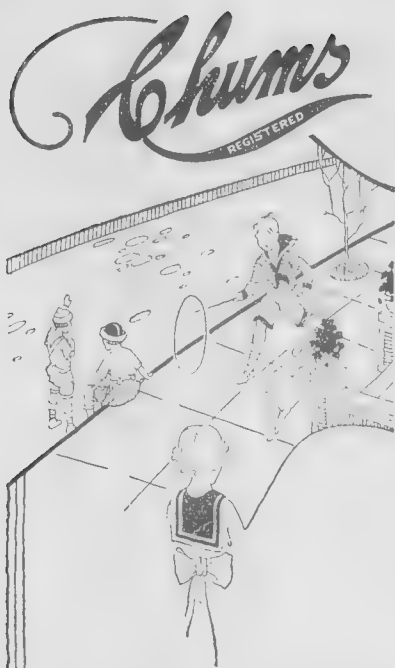
CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

1591 Can.
10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 20, 191 George St., Toronto, Can.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family





From His First Step Let Him Wear Chums

Because Chums are especially made to protect the feet of growing boys and girls of all ages.

Ill-fitting shoes produce fallen arches, double or crossed toes, hammer toe, and spinal trouble.

Feet encased in Chums shoes grow in nature's way.

Chums shoes provide the utmost in strength and durability and if the sole wears out you can send them to us, through your dealer, for resoling and resizing up to and including size 10½.

There is no shoe like Chums. Ask for them by name.

Write us for booklet and name of your nearest dealer.

Made Only By

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KITCHENER, ONT.



5

Don't Throw Away Your Combing



Send them to me and I will make them up in a switch for \$3.00

I carry a full line of
Hair Goods

WRITE FOR PRICES & CATALOGUE

Miss D. Lapointe

319 Garry St. - Winnipeg, Man.

With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

Reports of February and March Activities

AMARANTH sent \$5.00 to the Children's Aid. The members have been busy making dress forms for each other. On March 17, they held a St. Patrick's social and dance.

ARIZONA gave some assistance to the Cassel Hill Rink and held a social evening.

ARNAUD had a demonstration of table setting at the March meeting. This Institute makes a specialty of planning very interesting programs.

ARROW RIVER held a Valentine party in February. The March meeting was devoted to a consideration of the canning of meats for summer.

AUSTIN is still raising money for their memorial hall—a successful New Year's dance and a Home cooking sale and silver tea in March, have added considerably to the funds.

BALMORAL—The play put on by the Institute netted over \$50.00. In February, five dollars was sent to the Children's Home and ten dollars was given to the Rink. In March, arrangements were made with a qualified member of the Institute to hold a dressmaking class.

BASSWOOD—A delightful Valentine party was held in February, to celebrate the birthdays of the oldest members. The decorations and refreshments were specially attractive. Twenty dollars was raised for the building fund of the church by a lecture on Mr. Lloyd George. At the March meeting an interesting paper on "Putting away winter clothes" was read and discussed.

BEAUSEJOUR is assisting the local orchestra. A dressmaking demonstration by one of the members was given at the February meeting.

BELMONT members are taking care of a lady of their town since her return from spending three months in hospital. Under the auspices of the Institute, some motion picture films were shown by the field organizer of the Red Cross. A first aid demonstration was given at the March meeting by one of the members who is a trained nurse. Home-made candy was sold at the carnival in the rink.

BENITO members are gathering good recipes for a cook book. Quilting is being done for any persons who want it. A charge of \$1.00 a quilt is adding to the societies' funds. Fifty dollars was given to a local family where there has been serious illness for several months. In March, a play was put on by the members.

BERTON gave fifty dollars to a widow of their district, who was in need. Co-operative marketing is being studied.

BEVLAH gave the proceeds of their bazaar (\$180.00) to the Church Board, and ten dollars was sent to the "Save the Children" Fund.

Specially interesting programmes have been arranged: papers and discussions on such subjects as School Hot Lunches, Books for Teen-age Girls, the efficient kitchen, etc.

BIELD held a whist drive in February.

BIRDS' HILL held a cooking demonstration at their February meeting. A card party was arranged for that month. The Book Circle is still popular.

BIRTLE has endowed a ward in the new hospital. The Institute is providing opportunities for the Demonstration teams to practice in public.

BOWSMAN held a miscellaneous shower for a family whose home was burned. Assistance is being given to a sick lady in town.

BOISSEvain is still supporting the Rest Room without any municipal aid. They also finance the child welfare conference each year. In January \$5.00 was sent to the Children's Aid Society and \$5.00 to the Social Hygiene Association.

BRANDON held a tea and Home cooking sale in aid of the local Children's Home, and a tea in aid of the Y.M.C.A., that organization giving them a room in which to hold meetings. At the March meeting, an address was given by the Health Officer on "Modern Sanitation and the Health of the Community."

CARMAN held a social evening in March. A lady who is nearly 90 years old, was made an Honorary member.

CHARLESWOOD—At the March meeting Miss Smith of the Extension staff gave a demonstration of water proofing materials to make children's rain coats.

CLEARWATER had a visit in February from the district president, Mrs. Cohoe. Money was sent to a teacher in Saskatchewan to purchase shoes, stockings, etc., for some of his very poor pupils. The Institute is taking a special interest in the Girl's Cooking Club.

COULTER is making quilts for the Gimli Fresh Air Camps.

CRANDALL made over \$20.00 by holding a concert. Some form of memorial is under consideration.

CROMARTY held a Poverty Party in February; a very interesting program has been arranged for the year.

CULROSS Institute is the only source of entertainment for their community. In February a successful Elocution Contest was arranged. Twenty-one contestants entered in six classes, ranging from pre-school age to adults. In March the annual dinner was held followed by a play presented by the young people, who were trained by an Institute member. This is the only event this year, for which there was an admission charge.

DECKER made a quilt for a needy family, and provided clothing for a new baby. Valentine Whist Drive and a St. Patrick's Supper were held to augment the Memorial Hall Funds.

DELEAU is making a study of the Institute handbook.

DELORAIN held their annual "At Home" in February, which is always one of the prominent events of the year. Over 100 were present.

DOMINION CITY held a Whist Drive in January and one in February, and an "Irish" Supper in March. The I.O.O.F. gave the Institute the free use of their hall for entertainments. Money is being raised for the cemetery and rink funds. The Institute is having a new flag made for the school.

DUGALD has unusually interesting programs at their meetings. In March they held a banquet at which the husbands of Institute members, and the U.F.M., members were guests. One meeting a month is not enough for the Dugald ladies to do all they want so they hold two of them. A quilting bee was held in February.

EDRANS members are interesting themselves in the production and marketing of poultry.

ELKHORN has added 50 more books to their library. Considerable interest is being taken in good reading. The Women's section of the prize list for the Agricultural Fair is being revised.

Continued in the July issue

Saves time and labor



Adds a touch of newness
all through the house

Insure the purity
of your home baking
by using,

**Gold
Standard
Baking
Powder**

51



Buy a can
from
your grocer.

The Codville Co. Ltd.

DURO ALUMINUM BRIDAL SET



"Duro" Bridal Set
7 pieces

A delightful gift for weddings and
showers.

Packed in attractive box.
Price \$10.75 at your Dealer's.

The DEPENDABLE Line

99% PURE



Made in Canada
DURO ALUMINUM, Limited
Hamilton, - Ontario



A Pretty Jumper for Summer Sports

Size 36 to 38—

- 3 Balls Lemon Monarch Opal Iceland Wool.
- 3 Balls White Monarch Opal Iceland Wool.
- 1 Ball White Monarch Angora.
- 1 Pair No. 8 and No. 9 Needles.



Back—With No. 8 needles using one thread of each color in Opal cast on 122

sts. Knit 2 purl 2 1 row. Purl 2 knit 2 1 row. Purl 2 knit 2 1 row. Repeat these 4 rows four more times. Now decrease 1 st. to leave 121 sts. on needle. Then knit 11 purl 11 for 11 rows. Repeat these 22 rows until work measures 16 inches. Then cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next two needles. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 6 times. Continue to knit till work measures 5 inches from cast off sts. Then on centre 44 sts. knit 2 purl 2 and reverse for 10 rows same as border at foot of Jumper.

On following row cast off 24 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front but keep 10 sts. at front edge of Jumper knit 2 purl 2 for 2 rows purl 2 and knit 2 for 2 rows to form border down entire front same as foot of Jumper. Knit 8 rows for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. on 11th st. from neck end every 4th row 27 times but when coming to underarm increase same as decreased and cast on 5 sts. at underarm. Continue to knit till increasing is finished. Then break off wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put sts. all on one needle and keep 20 sts. in centre of front knit 2 purl 2 and reverse for 8 rows. Then knit to foot of Jumper same as back. Cast off.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire armhole. Continue to knit in pattern for 16 inches but decrease at each end of needle as necessary to give sleeve good shape. Then on No. 9 needles knit 2 purl 2 2 rows. Purl 2 knit 2 2 rows. Repeat until 3 inches are done. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly. With White Angora work 1 row s.c. around entire front of sweater and around edge of sleeve. Then work 1 double cross st. in every alternate square on three rows of body and sleeves of Jumper.

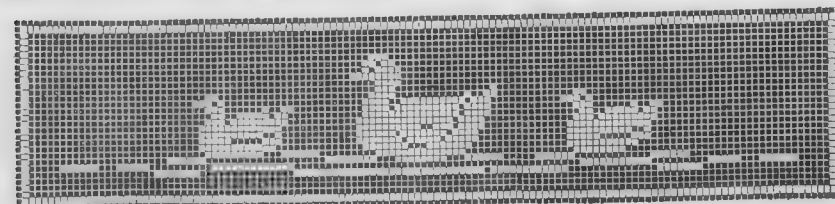
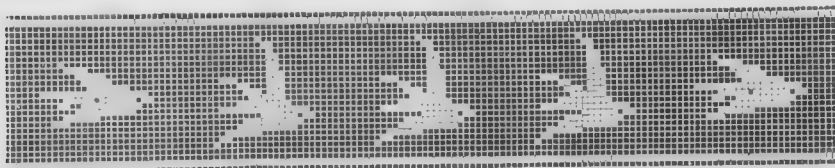
Two Filet Crochet Insertions for Towel or Pillowslip

Directions for Blue Bird Insertion

Materials—No. 60 Crochet Cotton. No. 10 Hook.
Start at one end, working crosswise.
Ch. 90.
1st Row—29 bl.
2nd Row—1 bl, 27 sp, 1 bl.
3rd Row—1 bl, 1 sp, 25 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl.
Next Thirteen Rows—1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 23 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl.
Next Row—Start the bird and follow design.

Directions for Duck Design Insertion

Materials—No. 80 Crochet Cotton. No. 14 Hook.
Start at one end, working crosswise.
Ch 95.
1st Row—30 sp.
2nd Row—1 sp, 28 bl, 1 sp.
3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Rows—1 sp, 1 bl, 26 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp.
8th Row—1 sp, 1 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 21 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, follow design.
Add as many small ducks back of the mother duck as the length of linen requires.



Gray Hair is becoming to but few Women



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Seldom does hair turn gray uniformly—evenly. Usually it grays in unsightly streaks or single scattering strands. Such hair is trying to the most beautiful face and complexion.

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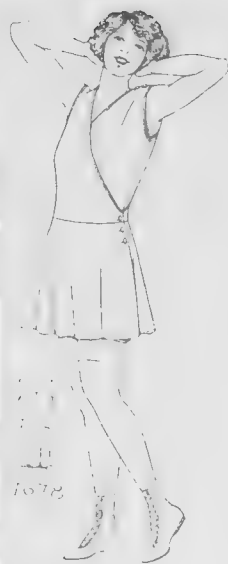
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4678



4486



4744

4744



4651

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4658

4593

4737

Summer Fashion Notes

Touces of color in the way of pretty contrasting vests and waist coats lend interest to the smart tailored suits of this season.

Gay silk handkerchiefs are also used with such suits.

The skirts are very plain and comfortably short and the blouse is simple and tailored.

Suits of silk or wool alpaca, checks and mixtures, satin and wool rep, as well as suits of taffeta are shown.

Cinnamon, brick and rust shades are popular.

One sees plain colored jackets with skirts of novelty woolen materials.

Black satin dresses are in great favor, especially with white trimmings. Such dresses may be very simply made in coat style, or in the popular "chemise" models, with added panels, plaited aprons or side draperies.

Flounce effects are shown, on skirts and one-piece dresses. Sometimes the flounce is caught up at the sides in a soft cascade or plait drapery.

Flannel is featured for sports and general wear, in solid colors as well as in plaids and stripes. It is combined with crepe de chine or crepe.

Plaitings in every width and style are being used for trimming and sometimes for entire dresses.

The low waistline still holds sway, and straight lines prevail for dresses of informal type.

Afternoon dresses may have short sleeves or be sleeveless. Some afternoon frocks have capes or capelets, which simulate or act as arm coverings for street wear.

For motoring and general wear wraps and coats of homespun, checked woolen and large plaids are popular.

Never was the variety of color and fabric so great as it now is. One may have the most novel Oriental prints, or plain reps, alpacas or kashas, all equally lovely and in season.

Washable silk blouses are popular and are made in tailored style.

Plaited skirts, ever youthful and practical, are again with us. The new plaid and striped materials are very attractive for plaits.

In flannels, cottons and silks one sees Boujadere stripes. A skirt of striped material looks well with a blouse or coat of plain material. Equally attractive would be a skirt of cheviot or tweed and a jacket in sack or box style of plaided material.

Printed linen in a heavy weave is being combined with plain linen of pastel colors. Voile and linen also may be combined.

Quite in contrast to the elaborately trimmed dress is the one that relies for its decoration on its own material in the way of bands, motifs, etc.

Applique trimmings and embroidered linens are out for summer wear.

Nob surfaced ratine is now seen interwoven with a scroll design of linen.

Semi sports dresses of shirting silks, plainly made with straight lines are trimmed with collar and cuffs of linen or organdy. Perhaps a narrow belt of colored kid or suede is added.

Many of the simple dresses show a monogram motif.

Scarfs are quite the rage, as an accompanying accessory to sports and dressy frocks. The ends may be embroidered or finished with applique motifs, or fringe. Sometimes a pocket is the decoration.

Fringe is once more used for trimming dresses and skirts but it is not used lavishly. It may edge sash ends, form apron effects or flounces. In narrow width it may define folds or bands of self material.

A dress of silk alpaca is made with a full skirt gathered to a fitted bodice. Short set-in sleeves are finished with a gathered flare ruffle. The collar, round over the front of the Jenny neck, forms bretelles at the back which hang in loops and ends over the skirt.

Machine plaited one-piece frocks of crepe de chine have plaited capes to match.

A dress of black satin has panels over the front and at the sides of machine plaiting.

A dress of kasha cloth is bound at the free edges with cire ribbon and trimmed with side panels, pockets and a shoulder cape of black satin.

Striped cotton epongee, made with side closing and a shawl collar was used for a one-piece sports frock.

A dress of fine wool rep is fastened at the front from neck to hem with metal buttons. It has a gathered round collar and double frill cuffs of figured silk.

A simple, smart, one-piece dress is made of green and white crepe. The white is used for the upper part of the dress, and the green for a sleeveless jacket with scarf and for the skirt.

Plaid silk and plain taffeta are combined for a dress that has a flounce of the plaid, which also makes the collar and cuffs.

A blouse of striped flannel has an upturned band of plain flannel at the lower edge, and cuff and collar of the same material.

White flannel is combined with silk chintz for a dress for a girl of ten to twelve years.

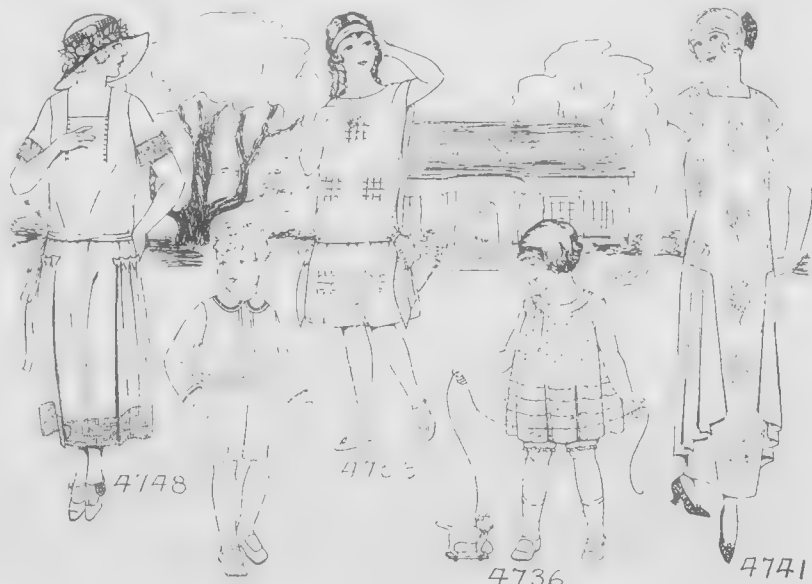
Pongee in silk or cotton is a serviceable material for children's dresses.

Organdy and crepe de chine make attractive "party" or "dance" frocks for girls and misses. These dresses require little trimming.

Lace, ruffles, frills and plaits may be used, and a sash of bright ribbon gives a touch of color.

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4748

4733

4736

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A Dainty Summer Frock—4748. This is nice for crepe de chine or batiste, with trimming of lace or embroidery. The new printed voiles, organdy and linen may also be used for this pretty frock. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

A Popular Style for the "Little Man"—4506. One could have this in jersey weaves, flannel or serge. It is also a good model for linen, seersucker and gingham. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

A Pleasing Frock for Mother's Girl—4753. In white or colored linen this will make a very satisfactory "wash dress" for warm days. It is also pretty in crepe or voile. Drawn work, bead or floss embroidery or braiding would be attractive for decoration. The skirt of this model is joined to an underbody and is finished separately. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

A Cool and Comfortable Play Suit—4736. Linen, chintz, printed voile, pongee or percale could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. An attractive development would be henna and white checked gingham with white bands finished with lines of henna cross-stitching for trimming. To make this model for a 6-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

A Very Attractive Style—4741. This is a good style for combining two colors or two materials. One could use crepe satin, and have the tunic of the reversible side, and the dress of the satin or vice versa. Figured and plain voile together is also attractive. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of one material $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. If made as illustrated, it will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material for the tunic, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the dress. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

A Popular Romper Suit—3885. Children usually look happiest when comfortably dressed for play, and surely the bloomer suit has the right lines for comfort and convenience. This model has a pretty pocket and is easy to develop. The rompers may be worn without the smock. Pongee with stitchery is here shown. One could have chambray, or pin-checked gingham. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

A Good Model for Mature Figures—4486. The combination of plain and striped material here portrayed is very appropriate for this style. The long lines and "V"-shaped vest, are especially becoming to women of mature figure. Ratine and linen or gingham and chambray could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 2 yards of plain material and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of striped material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

A Simple Pretty Frock—4251. Jersey cloth in a pretty shade of brown was selected for this design. The stitchery is in black yarn. This style is also good for combinations of material. A very dressy dress could be evolved from Paisley silk and velvet. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

A Pretty Apron Frock—4744. Here is a style that will appeal to women of mature figure. It lends itself attractively to percale, crepe, saten and gingham. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. To make the frock for a 40-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

A Dainty Party Frock—4734. In this model the little miss may have the same flare effect in flounces and sleeves, that mark this new feature in her grown-up sister's dresses. This is a very pretty style; one that will develop well in organdy or voile. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material.

A Jaunty Suit and Blouse—4731-4651-4658. This suit is comprised of ladies' blouse 4731, ladies' skirt 4658 and ladies' jacket 4651. One could use alpaca or tweed for jacket and skirt and silk broadcloth or crepe de chine for the blouse. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure with accompanying hip measure 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. The blouse is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The jacket is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the suit (skirt and jacket) material 40 inches wide, for a medium size, will require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards. To make the blouse of 32-inch material will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Three separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A "Smart" dress for Mother's Girl—4755. Accepted styles for girls include sleeveless effects in over blouse or jumper style. The model here portrayed is made with a separate guimpe, and the jumper is attached to the skirt. This could be reversed, and the jumper finished separately. The guimpe may be of broadcloth, linen or batiste and the dress of crepe, gingham, pongee or alpaca. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch material for the guimpe and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress.

A New Sports Suit—4737. This "up-to-date" model comprises a sleeveless jacket and a bodice skirt. Covert cloth, flannel, alpaca and linen are desirable materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. To make the bodice portion of the skirt of contrasting material requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

A New and Practical Undergarment—4743. Cotton or silk crepe, crepe de chine, batiste, nainsook or silk broad cloth may be used for this model. The fronts may be closed with buttons from upper to lower edge or the design may be in "step-in" style entirely. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

A Popular House Dress for Slender or Mature Figures—4593. Striped percale is here combined with white pique. This is a good style for ratine, for wool rep, or serge, and also for linen, gingham and voile. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is 2 yards. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Collar, vest and pocket flaps of contrasting material, require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

A Popular Blouse in Slip-on Style—4509. An old friend with new features is this stylish model. The fullness of the front, makes this style attractive for slender figures. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. If made with short sleeve $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required.

A Unique and Practical Bathing Suit—4678. This model provides breeches joined to one-half of the waist and the skirt joined to the other half, both forming the complete design illustrated. The waist portions cross each other in surplus style with a very simple effective closing. One could use jersey, oil silk, rubberized gingham or silk, as well as alpaca, gingham or satin. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

A Charming Apron Model—4213. Always seasonable and never out of fashion is the apron—and there is no version of this popular garment more practical and simple than the "one-piece" style here portrayed. Cretonne with a finish of rick rack braid was used in this instance. Saten, and percale also, are desirable materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

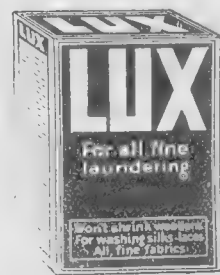


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The nerves continue to grow weaker and weaker because the digestive system is not supplying proper nourishment and the digestive system fails for lack of nerve force.

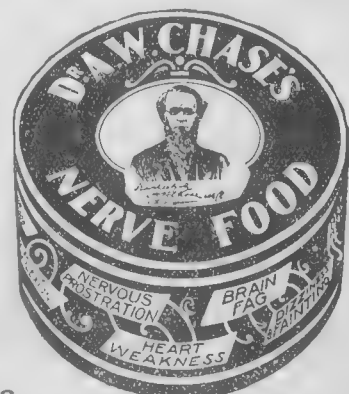
The nerves must be restored by some other means and this is where DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD comes to the rescue.

It revitalizes the wasted nerves and builds up the nervous energy which is essential to the healthful working of the digestive system.

You will notice that while the price of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been increased to 60c. the box now contains 60 pills instead of 50 as formerly.

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Brother: "Why not—I guess paint's meant to paint with—and Dad said to save the surface was the best thing any fellow could do."

Sister: "Well let me paint some of it—I can paint."

Brother: "No, who ever heard of a girl paintin' anyhow, 'cept her face maybe."

Sister: "You're horrid". (Starts to cry.)

Brother: "Oh well, take a try at it then, but mind you don't run over the roof with that red."

And so they learn, and they cannot learn too young, the lesson that will stand them in good stead throughout their lives:—
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NORWAY OF AMERICA—Continued from page 6

a party on a steam launch to visit a cold storage plant, the largest on the Pacific coast. There we saw frozen fish stacked up like cordwood and one halibut, standing on its nose, was over 5 feet high and weighed more than 300 lbs. The guide told us this, along with some other fish stories, and I am just passing them on.

Our knowledge of Prince Rupert town proper was confined to two hours for lunch and shopping, and as I got what I wanted in both cases, I carried away a good impression and wouldn't mind returning some day.

We wended our way to the boat about 9 p.m., where we again met our train companions; and while the male portion of the party were looking after the staterooms, I could not but be impressed by the fact that the boat was treating the women more fairly than the train did.

Men don't travel just as women do. When they get on a sleeper they poke the luggage under the seat, and fumbling for their pipes, say "I'll be back in

till they come back to warn us that it is getting late. So we leave the music and dancing and hie to our little white stateroom.

When we went on deck in the early morning we realized what the "Inside Passage" meant; and the "Norway of America" was revealed in all its picturesqueness—fiords and islands and mountains were stretched in one glorious panorama. We landed for a short time at beautiful bungalow towns at the head of inlets, often retracing our steps, and at no time did the scenery pall; and when night came the mountains in spectral gloom, weird and threatening made a picture that could not be surpassed.

Onward the little steamer plied its way and we realized that all "too soon, too soon the noon would be the afternoon, too soon today be yesterday," as we crossed English Bay, steamed through "The Narrows" and reached Vancouver, after a journey of 5 days.

After staying a short time to say "Howdy-do" to friends and relatives, we started back home.



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W.H.M. 247—Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, good wearing qualities, 20 x 30 inches, \$1.20 and \$1.30 each.

a few minutes," then depart leaving their pal to drag the luggage out again as soon as the berth is made up, and arrange everything for the night. Usually she is just dropping off to sleep, when he comes back to tell her about the man he has met from Seattle, or Grand Falls, or some other equally uninteresting place, dilates on the fact that his wife is with him and he is sure that you will like them; and you are just about to ask him how he knows you will like the wife, when he exclaims, "Where are my slippers? Where are my pyjamas?" You open your eyes to find to your horror that all your belongings, that you had so methodically arranged are tossed about. Before you can voice your indignation, he is off again and you pick out hairpins from the blankets and fold your clothes again in the rack at the foot. By the length of time he is away this time, you have no doubt that he has met another man. Now on the boat, things are reversed. The women are having the time of their lives, and the men are forgotten

Back by rail, where new wonders in this great Western land of ours greeted us; back past Hell's Gate, where the waters rush and swirl, and through whose narrow channel, only one man has emerged alive; back past Pyramid Falls, and now, oh, we know how the "Waters come down at Lodore;" back past the golden fields again, but golden with stubble now, for the smoke of the engine in the distance betrays where the last act in the harvesting is in progress; back till we reach our own city and cross again the threshold of home.

We had seen the "Norway of America" and I knew that for a while my pal would be content.

Recalling certain remarks of his on the journey, which would have sounded like homesickness, if they had come from any other man, than one who wanted to go to Europe, I quite agree with Kipling when he says, "One of the advantages of foreign travel is, that one takes such a keen interest in, and hears so much about Home."



COMMUNITY PLATE

For the June Bride

What happier gift—of joy twofold? Giving "Community" seems almost selfish at times—there is nearly as much pleasure in giving as in receiving.

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY MADE

"WE are anxious to add a second bathroom to our house; the largest space we can take for the purpose is about 5 feet square, a blind end of hallway. Do you think it is big enough to be of any use?"

Using a shower, instead of a tub (delightful substitution in the case of a second bathroom!) our correspondent turned that bit of hallway to most excellent account.

"It takes many kettles of water to fill even a small portable tub — I think I've carried a million of them! Will you tell me if the installation of a water system of our own would be thoroughly practicable? We would love to have a modern bathroom and a good sink in the kitchen."

"I think the pictures of bathrooms in the magazines are the most beautiful house interiors shown! Why couldn't I have one that I'd be really proud of put into my old house?"

"What do you recommend for bathroom walls? The old paper looked so disreputable I began its removal myself and can't get on with my re-decorating fast enough. Will you help me with color suggestions and the most durable way to treat walls and floors?"

These are fair examples of the questions that have come to us from readers who want modern sanitary equipment in their homes, no matter whether they live in town or country, in a large house or a small one, within reach of fine show-rooms filled with gleaming porcelain or far from any water or drainage system!

We have pursued the point a little and have found that there is an ever growing interest in our Canadian West in the subject of up-to-date home equipment — including the sanitary fittings for kitchen, bathroom and laundry. It is natural that this should be so. The West is progressive — it knows good tools and sees that it gets them, otherwise it would never do the big job it does each year; the West is fastidious—it offers a market for the finest products in every line; the West is home-loving—and is mightily interested in making its far famed "little grey home" the most attractive and comfortable spot in the world.

We have dealt with various topics of interest to our western home-makers, and this month we shall focus attention on the fitting up of that "charming modern bathroom" referred to by one of our correspondents.

There are perhaps four divisions of the question that we might consider.

First, the house which, having no bathroom, finds available a municipal water and drainage system that has "grown up to it," as it were.

Second, the house with an old bathroom which, whilst it was a wonderful step forward at the time of its installation, is admittedly a dull, dreary spot; no amount of polish and paint will modernize its ancient tub nor make its poor old taps efficient.

Third, the country home which requires a thoroughly efficient water system, along with the tubs and bowls and sinks that add so much comfort and convenience.

Fourth, the bathroom (or laundry or kitchen), which is all right so far as it goes, but by no means exhausts the possibilities of attractive, efficient furnishings.

LET us look at these homes collectively as well as individually.

Modern sanitary equipment is available to fit each of these separate cases; so are delightful decorating ideas, and a host of easier housekeeping touches.

Let me begin with a generality that applies in every case. *Nothing is more expensive than poor plumbing.* So when you declare yourself a buyer,



Charm and Convenience

Set High Standards for the Modern Bathroom

By Sylvia Sims

Seventy-five per cent. of our Western population, seventy-five per cent. of our buying public, lives in towns numbering less than 6000 and in country homes. There are no large, well equipped show-rooms to put before this greater section of our population, the fine equipment which the people know to be on the market. So many of them have written to us, to ask just what sort of bathroom fittings are available, that we feel the subject merits a special article in our housefurnishing series.

be firm on one point—consider only equipment that is of first quality. Let it be plain, small, lack all elaboration; save as much as you like on these things; buy fewer pieces if you are making your expenditure slowly; but let the money you spend be soundly invested in porcelains that will not peel or crack, in taps that will not leak, in equipment that will give you service.

As to the variety you can get—it is almost endless! You can exercise your personal preferences as freely when you are equipping your bathrooms as when you are selecting the furnishings for your bedrooms.

You will begin by giving careful consideration to the size and shape of the new room. Manufacturers seem to have anticipated the queer origin of many a bathroom, the fact that it would, as often as not, be oddly proportioned and perhaps awkwardly shaped. But like the jig-saw puzzle, there is a way to fit the essential pieces together, if one goes at the problem patiently.

In the old house, it will be necessary perhaps to commandeer a small room or to cut a good slice from a large one; to change a big old fashioned linen closet into a bathroom, or cut off a section of hall space.

The new home, if the owner, architect and builder give the subject the consideration it merits, will pro-

vide at least one good sized bathroom, and often more. Any real estate dealer will advise "put two bathrooms into a house that has more than six or seven rooms—people are demanding more bathrooms and your property will be increased much more in value than the amount it will cost you."

The lavatory that is separate from the bathroom is usually preferred, if it can be arranged. A tub of as generous proportions as can be permitted, and a wash bowl, compete what is considered a minimum equipment. A second bathroom might well follow the plan of using a shower instead of a tub. And many people have a great fondness for a smart little basin in each bedroom.

I have spoken of the shower considered as a thing apart. It is a great help, when space is limited, to omit the faithful tub. The shower is coming more and more into favor, however, and is generally installed quite for its own sake, rather than as a substitute piece of equipment. There are several excellent types of showers that are installed in conjunction with the tub. And if economy denies the joys of a full-fledged shower, with its taps and valves to mix the flow to just the temperature desired, let me urge the claims of the small hand-shower that is attached to the bath tub faucets. It will do really valiant service and will bring the healthful and invigorating shower bath within the reach of the slimmest purse.

Wash bowls and lavatories have both been improved in late years—in design, finish and efficiency. Wash bowls vary from the small, neat corner basin, to the big, broad-topped aristocrat which speaks of a luxury which must appeal to the sternest nature.

The lavatory, too, has been subjected to great improvements. It flushes quietly and generously; it is easily kept immaculate; it conforms in design to the larger fittings.

As to design—it has crept into our discussion from time to time because it has become so important a part of up-to-date bathroom equipment. Perhaps the gleam, the clear brightness, of the modern porcelain finish, served to stimulate it; perhaps the increasing demand for beauty in all parts of the home has been responsible. Whatever we have to thank for the improvement, the bathroom fittings we choose today may be graceful of line, well proportioned and exquisitely finished; and as luxurious as we may desire.

It has been necessary for the designers of bathroom equipment to keep pace, too, with the growth of the very practical matter of easier housekeeping. The home today is easier to keep clean, easier to hold up to the housewife's high standards, than ever before.

SO in the new bathrooms, we have rounded corners instead of angles, where ceilings, walls, and floors meet. There are no sharp corners to catch dust.

We have wall surfaces that are not affected by steam and that may be washed often and vigorously. Tile, in white and lovely colored effects, leads in charm; oil paint leads in practicality, because it provides the right kind of surface, in an unlimited color range—at a low cost. For floors—hardwood, linoleum, tile, cork, rubber and various composition floor materials, offer a wide choice. A floor that is easy to clean and unaffected by water is the objective.

Up-to-date fixtures conform to these same standards, not only in their easy-to-keep-clean surfaces, but in their design. Angles, again, are eliminated. The tendency is toward broad curves, and open surfaces, toward the built-in type of equipment which leaves no cracks or crannies, no secretive lurking spots for dust.

Continued on page 52



SPACIOUS rooms remain the ideal of the thoughtful home maker, despite changed housing conditions and the trend towards smaller dwellings and apartments.

Even heirloom furniture—however true to type and honest of pedigree—loses its charm if its bulk dwarfs the chamber into which it is introduced and detracts from the livable quality that suggests charm.

Historic styles, therefore, are at their best in modern homes when taste and skill in design have adapted them to the scale of modern living. As in Simmons beds, for example, where the grace of line and pro-

portion that marked the great Colonial, English and French periods is re-created and given new beauty with happy color.

To make the most of that important third of life which you spend in bed, you need the super-comfort of Simmons mattresses and springs. See them at your dealer's. In many types—all at the lowest prices quality bedding built of safe, clean, new materials can be sold. The Ostermoor is the finest mattress made in all Canada.

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Early Canadian love of color and quaint patterns is reflected in this unusual chamber. The curtains are of glazed chintz; they could be cretonne or printed batiste. The beds have lavender flounces under their quilts. Hooked rugs on the painted floor. Slipper stool and seat cushion in sunfast taffeta in lavender tints. Candle globe and toby jug on the semi-vanity, and the silhouettes and drawing on the walls are all of the period. Curtains are draped on green glass rosettes. Beds, semi-vanity and bench are from a complete suite of Simmons furniture, shown here in dark jade green, with floral medallions. To be had also in ivory and in finishes reproducing the beauty of two-tone mahogany and American walnut. Beds are Design 1853. For nine other interesting and individual schemes of chamber decoration, write for "Restful Bedrooms" to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambrose Street, Montreal, Quebec.

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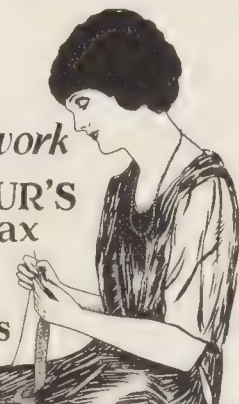
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MUSIC AND THE HOME

The Function of Music in the Schools

EACH year in the United States, there is held a national convention of school music teachers; supervisors, and those who are associated in any way with music in the schools. Last year over 2,000 men and women thus assembled in Cleveland to discuss ways and means of "putting music over bigger" as a subject on the school curriculum. The president, in addressing the gathering, gave a very forceful presentation of the functions of music in the schools. Believing that thousands of Canadians are vitally interested in this subject, the president's remarks are herewith given:

"The function of school music," he commenced, "is to cause the rank and file of our boys and girls to maintain, if possible to increase, the interest which they felt when they first heard and took part in music; and to give them suitable opportunities for growing constantly more appreciative and more intelligent when listening to good renditions of standard music. It also should fit them to take such part in the rendition of good music as their varied capacities and inclinations may make possible and desirable.

"Note the three things included in this statement: We are to cause boys and girls, first, to continue to like music, second, to grow constantly in appreciation of good performance of good music, and, third, to develop their own powers of taking part in music to the utmost of their ability and interest. Love, appreciation, participation—these three; and, in my opinion, the greatest of these is love.

"I am not thinking so much now of the child with a high degree of musical talent. Such cases are being pretty well taken care of outside the school, although it is entirely possible that with musical instruction for all during the plastic state of childhood, a very much larger percentage of talented children will be discovered in the future than have been found in the past. But I am remembering especially just now the drab life that is the lot of so many men and women today. Long hours of monotonous toil; ugly, and often dirty and noisy homes to return to after work; sometimes long periods of discouragement or despair when there is no job; and for the women all sorts of other difficulties to contend with besides long hours of house-work. An uninspiring type of work at best for the many, under such conditions. But how much more worth while is life if lighted up by an interest in a beautiful and soul-satisfying thing like music. It is like a ray of sunshine on a dark and drizzly day in March. It lights up the soul; it often arouses hope when hope was apparently dead; it is a glowing thing of beauty that illuminates the monotony of one's daily life so that even the dump heap and the dog kennel are glorified and transformed. Last year at Nashville I heard a class of blind children sing, and the thing that brought the tears to my eyes was the radiance of their expression as they joyfully took part in the music. Their faces seemed transformed, and their participation in the creation of beautiful music seemed to dominate everything, even to lighting up their dead and unseeing eyes. What a glorious thing to have such inspiration when life in general is so dark.

"Equally satisfying is music at the other extreme of the social scale, and the idle rich who are weary of life because they have tasted all its pleasures, often still find interest in listening to a fine concert, or in taking part themselves in the rendition of beautiful music. In both cases this is only true, however, if the taste for good performance of standard music has been fostered during youth, and if the individuals themselves while still plastic

have been trained to participate in the rendition of music.

"In the light of all these facts, let us go back to our statement regarding the function of music in the schools: The function of school music is to cause the rank and file of our boys and girls to maintain, if possible to increase, the interest which they felt when they first heard and took part in music; to give them suitable opportunities for growing constantly more appreciative and more intelligent when listening to good renditions of standard music. It also should fit them to take such part in the rendition of good music as their varied capacities and inclinations may make possible and desirable."

Mouth Organ Takes its Place in Symphony Orchestra

WE are so accustomed to seeing the boys and girls in our streets playing (or at least trying to play) the mouth organ, that it perhaps does not occur to us that this musical instrument can take its place alongside the other instruments in a symphony orchestra. That this is possible, however, has been proven beyond all question or shadow of doubt.

Only recently in one of the big New York theatres, the mouth organ was utilized by the conductor of the orchestra to take the solo in an important work. Needless to say, the effect was marvellous. The volume of applause which greeted the efforts of the player of the mouth organ was such as to indicate the popularity of the instrument.

The question now arises — why shouldn't the mouth organ be capable of a leading part in a symphony orchestra? The music it produces (when played properly) is surely sweet and pure and melodious. Moreover, the mouth organ is perhaps the one instrument more than another that has given children a splendid start on a musical career. It is quite safe indeed to say that hundreds of musicians have gotten their musical inspiration from the harmonica, humble though it may be.

If, then, the mouth organ is good enough to create in folks the desire to play some musical instrument, surely it is good enough to take its place anywhere—even in a symphony orchestra. Canada requires more musicians who are willing to concede the mouth organ a rightful place in the family of musical instruments.

Jade Music

JADE is employed by the Chinese for making certain kinds of music gongs used in the temples. The tone of these gongs, which are not bell shaped, is said to be very beautiful. We all know of the tremendous cost of jade, and we can imagine the value of a jade gong shaped like a carpenter's square, with one end of two and a quarter feet, and another one and a half feet. Such a piece of fine green jade would hold its own with a Stradivarius violin in cost.

What Joe was Crying About

I have a small brother, writes a companion subscriber, who is three years old. On one occasion he came walking slowly and quietly up to his mother and turned a very wan, pinched little face up to her. She asked him in a sympathetic voice:

"What is the matter, Joe? You aren't sick, are you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Nothin', only I just feel so pitiful!"

By now his feelings so "worked up" that he began to cry.

"Well, is that what makes you cry so easily?"

"No, ma'am, that's what makes you cry so hard!"

"Now, Joseph, what is mamma's boy crying so hard about?"

"I'm cryin' 'bout as hard as I can."

And he proceeded to do so.



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Canadians

ON the first day of next month the Dominion of Canada will be fifty-seven years old. Fifty-seven years is not a long space in the life of a nation. Seven years is a very brief space, indeed, as the lifetimes of nations are reckoned. But the last seven years of Canadian history are part of the most important seven years in all world history. These seven years have done vastly more than the preceding fifty in the upbuilding of Canadian nationhood, in the strengthening of Canadian unity and in establishing our country in the high place it holds today among the nations of the world. The past of our Dominion is only a recent past, but it is a great and an inspiring past. It is a legacy to every living Canadian today. The men and women who built up Canada to what it is today worked faithfully and well. Only a few of their names stand on the pages of history. But their lives and work are a continuing influence in our national history, prompting us, who are the inheritors of their lifework, to live and work no less faithfully and well than they did. We all have that duty and we all can help in the upbuilding of Canada.

Coming to Make Homes in Canada.

MANY thoughts of the beginnings of settlement in this country are called up by the accounts in the Times and other London newspapers of the departures of parties of Highlanders to make new homes in Canada. More than a hundred years ago men and women were driven from their Highland glens, with coldhearted cruelties on the part of the powerful, titled landowners which find no parallel today, it is true; but the economic pressure which is driving them out today, their difficulty in making a living amid the scenes with which their family histories have been identified for generations, is little less cruel in effect. We read in the London Times of their departures—of, for example, "two hundred sturdy men and women, in well-worn Sunday clothes, taking ship, while the piper strides to and fro, playing them off with plaintive music." So they leave their picturesque and beloved glens, where a livelihood is so hard to secure—"an awfu' glen, wi' its mosses an' mires an' ridges," as such a locality in the Hebrides has been described by one who came from it to this country. But their hearts go back to the old land—

"From the lone shieling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas—
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Men and women still living in this country remember their grandfathers and grandmothers telling of the evictions they saw as children in the clearing of great areas in Sutherlandshire, that sheep might take the place of the crofters. Families were turned out of their homes, their household things were put out of doors, and the little shielings burned to the ground to leave the people roofless and unsheltered and so compel them to go away. Crossing the Atlantic to a far, unknown land, they saw their last of Scotland with straining eyes, as its coast sank beneath the horizon. The bleak cliffs of Hudson Strait were the next land they were to see; and when at last the long voyage was ended, they had to journey hundreds of miles to Red River, and suffer years of privations and calamities before they were established in new homes. "But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland"—and who would have it otherwise?

Democracy and Printer's Ink

FROM a Saskatoon reader of The Western Home Monthly comes a letter enclosing the editorial page of an issue of the Kansas City Star, with this paragraph marked: "A prophet says we are to have war with Japan in 1925, and that it will last eight months. Let's fool that prophet!" There is, indeed, as the letter says, much food for thought in the paragraph marked. Such "prophets" have in the past made many wars. Great is the duty of newspapers to prevent the evil work of such "prophets" and so safeguard the safety of civilization. In former days an emperor "rattled the sabre"; nowadays the press can rattle the pen. The war-stricken world understands only too well what evils came from imperial sabre-rattling; but the pen, as a breeder of war, can be "mightier than the sword." Democracy rules the world today; and the problem of democracy is the problem of how the masses of the people of the different countries are to have right information and do right thinking. Of old, before the coming of democracy, the rulers of states were well informed, particularly on international matters; their embassies and secret services saw to that. Today the masses, the great bodies of voters, are dependent for their information and for most of their thinking, if not all, on the press. "I saw it in the paper"—and that guides the thinking of millions. Great beyond calculation is the power of those who use the pen; great is the responsibility that goes with printer's ink.

The Philosopher

The Message of the Poet

SOMETIMES the hard working and practical business man says there is no message in poetry for him. The poet dwells in a world apart; he knows much of purple twilights, misty blue rains, and the coming of spring, but he knows nothing, or at least he writes nothing of wheat pools or proportional representation or how to get the most out of advertising, or the best time to put on a sale of white goods. "The poet," says the overworked taxpayer, "lives in another world from mine, and has no message for me,—he cannot help me in my business."

Now that is where the hard-headed one is wrong. The poet can help him in his business. It is quite true that the poet has not given us any specific directions in the matter of living. He has not said a word about diet or deep breathing, or over-weight. He does not tell us how to live, but he shows us how to be happy. He shows us where to look to find beauty, and we all know that there is a wonderful healing in beauty. The man or woman who sees life as Bliss Carman sees it, is fortified against life's misfortunes and delivered from its monotony. For him every bush is aflame with God, and nothing walks with aimless feet. Listen to his "Song of Summer Streams."

"All day long beneath the sun,
Shining through the fields they run,
Singing to a cadence known
To the seraphs round the throne.
And the traveller drawing near
Through the meadows, halts to hear
Anthem of a natural joy
No disaster can destroy.
All night long from set of sun,
Through the starry woods they run,
Singing through the purple dark
Songs to make a traveller hark.
All night long when winds are low,
Underneath my windows go,
The immortal happy streams
Making music in my dreams."

There is a medicine for heart-ache lurking in lovely things, and it is to that school of medicine that the poet belongs. We need some one to show us the beauty that is lying all about us. Life is so full of distractions. So much of its beauty is now commercialized. In the crash and roar of the street we may not hear the church bells calling us to prayer or the first piping of the robin telling us that spring is coming. Our ears grow dull, and our vision dim. But the poet always sees the way of escape from the commonplace, and that way always leads us up to God. Bliss Carman shows us this in many of his poems. I will quote one,—"The Tent of Noon."

It is a poem with an atmosphere, the very rhythm has power to soothe and calm,—like a cool hand on an aching head. He draws the picture first of the sunlight noon when all nature seems to pause, the cattle rest in the fence corners, and even the ever murmuring sea sighs but fitfully, for peace is spread over all the world.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan
Which bears the pilgrim man
Across the desert of uncharted time
To his far hope sublime,
Rests in the green oasis of the year
As if the end were near.
Ah! traveller, hast thou naught of thanks or praise
For these fleet halcyon days?
No courage to uplift us from despair
Born with the breath of prayer?
Then turn thee to the lily fields once more—
God stands at His tent door!"

Kellie L. McClung

The Joy of Gardening

IN the mere toil of back and hands in the satisfying work of gardening is content and health. And only the man who has worked in his own vegetable garden can know the rich satisfaction that comes from such work. The planting when the frost is out of the ground; the suspense of waiting; the anxiety about the weather; the contest with weeds; the strife against the overground and underground enemies of the things whose growth one watches from day to day; when the hoe-handle raises blisters and the sweat trickles down one's face; the survey of gradual fruition; all these are joys which can come only to one who has worked his own soil, whether in a little garden patch, or in great, wide fields. Every natural man surely has a natural taste for the original Adam's occupation. The Philosopher loves to watch the successive development of each new vegetable, and mark its daily growth, which always affects him with surprise. It is as if something were being created under his own supervision, and partly by his own aid. Is it not one of the greatest truths of human life, that there are no richer joys than those that come when Man and Nature join in their work!

What the Orient Thinks of Us

NOW that we are all interested in the immense possibilities that are in the rapidly increasing demand for wheat in Asia, with its teeming millions, we are naturally more concerned in learning about the Chinese and the Japanese. Those who know best the Oriental mind tell us that while the people of the East are ready to admit the superiority of Western thinking persons among them are doubtful about the ethics and spirituality of Western civilization. They feel that in so readily allowing the natural resources of Western countries to be destroyed, the Western peoples are laying up serious trouble for coming generations. There was a time when the people of Asia regarded the people of Europe and this continent as creatures of immense wealth and immense power to renew wealth at will. But the past decade has disillusioned them, learned and unlearned alike, in regard to Western civilization, with its powers of self-destruction. Thoughtful people in China feel that while their country has much to learn from us, we likewise have much to learn from China. Of what true value is increased command of natural power, asks a Chinese writer, when it is turned to destructive uses, instead of being made to serve the purposes of civilization by making nations live together in peace and civility? This is, indeed, the question which civilization has to ask itself. It will do us no harm to realize that the thinkers in China do not regard Western civilization with unqualified admiration, and that in Japan, too, the same mental attitude is common among the enlightened.

Human Beings

THERE will be less international friction and more good will and understanding between the peoples of the world when there is an end of the age-old habit of personification, by which an imaginary type, such as John Bull and Uncle Sam and John Canuck, is made to stand for a whole people, instead of the citizens of each nation realizing at the same time that there is not, after all, so very much difference between human beings and human beings. That brilliant English writer with a French name, Hilaire Belloc, after his recent return home from a visit to the United States, has written a book in which he says that what he terms "the American type" is a distinct variety of human being which has been evolved in the United States and is different from any in Europe. H. G. Wells contradicts this, and the United States novelist, Sinclair Lewis, who wrote *Main Street* and *Babbalanza* and is now living in London, agrees with H. G. Wells in saying that there is no United States type of human being. He adds that there is no such thing as a typical Englishman or Frenchman. He challenges Mr. Belloc to write a book to be called *The Englishman*, in which he will present a typical Englishman, who shall include in himself the characteristics of Thomas Hardy, Lord Curzon, Sidney Webb, Joe Beckett, Lord Banbury, a butler in Mayfair, a Bermondsey publican, a Sheffield iron puddler, a Whitechapel peddler, a Norfolk farmer, a Cornish fisherman, a vicar in the Devon hills and others of a long list of Englishmen he submits. There is a good deal of political and social wisdom in what Mr. Lewis says. When we speak of a nation as if it were an individual, we ignore the fact that it consists of millions of individuals different in personal experiences of life, in views and opinions, in character and in education. Edmund Burke's famous saying that he did not know how to frame an indictment against an entire people expresses this fact. True, there are strands of character and temperament more or less peculiar to each of the divisions of the human family, but the resemblances of human beings are greater than their differences.

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The Home Garden.

By Allan Campbell.

The Insect Season

WITH summer here and the various crops on the way to maturity, the usual question of ways and means of combating insect pest attacks comes into the foreground. It is only by studying the habits of insects that we are able to steal a march on them before their work is too thoroughly accomplished. No matter where you turn, wherever there are field or garden crops, so there will be insects ready to devour as much of such crops as possible. Some of these may do considerable injury each year, while in other cases the damage is done during periodical outbreaks.

From time to time, new insects are being introduced in sundry ways, and with the introduction of new crops, new food plants are being provided. When a new insect is introduced, its attack may be well under way before the necessary remedy has been discovered, then again, the nature of attack may be so concealed such as is the case of burrowing insects that the plants may show severe injury before the presence of the insects is noticed.

The Cabbage Worm is a common annual pest and does considerable injury by eating holes in the leaves of the cabbage. It is pale green in color and is the larvae of the imported Cabbage Butterfly. This butterfly may be seen flying about cabbage patches and is pale yellow or white in color. A good insecticide to control this pest is a dry mixture composed of Pyrethrum powder and flour prepared as follows: Mix thoroughly one part by weight of the insect powder with four of cheap flour and keep in a closed vessel for twenty-four hours before dusting over plants attacked.

The Potato Beetle needs no introduction. It is very familiar to us all and what it needs most is extermination. There are usually two broods during a season, the second being most destructive. As soon as the presence of these beetles is noticed, the leaves of the potato plants should be sprayed with a Paris Green mixture in the following proportions: Paris Green, 1 pound; Unslaked lime, 1 pound; Water, 100 gallons. There is also a dry mixture made up of 1 pound of Paris Green and 50 pounds of flour which may be dusted over the plants. There is also a mixture composed of 3 pounds Arsenate of Lead to 40 gallons water. It should be noted that Arsenate of Lead is coming into high favor as an insecticide.

The Cut Worm at times becomes a very serious pest both to field and garden crops and is capable of creating much havoc among cabbages, cauliflowers and tomatoes. If poisoned bran is scattered on the surface of the soil near the plants to be protected, the cut worms will eat it in preference to the plants, and die. To make up the poisoned bran mixture the following ingredients are employed: Shorts, 50 pounds; Paris Green, 1 pound; Molasses, 1 gallon; Water, 1½ gallon.

With onions, the most injurious insect is the onion maggot. The eggs which produce this maggot are laid on or about the stems of the young onion plants near, or on, the ground. In a few days maggots hatch, and work down into the soil, where they lie near the root, or burrow into it. The injury is most noticeable in June. This pest is hard to combat but a remedy which has given fairly satisfactory results in some cases is Hellebore, 2 ounces to 1 gallon of water poured about the roots, at intervals of a week from the time the young

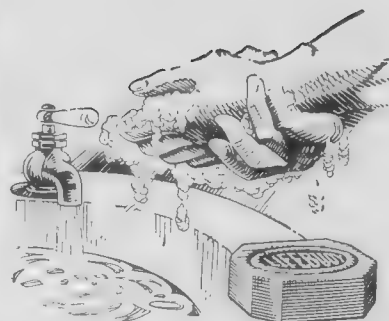
plants appear until the onions are well developed. Another remedy which is found to give good results is 1/5 ounce of commercial sodium arsenate dissolved in a gallon of boiling water to which is added 1 pint of cheap molasses. Large drops of this material are well distributed over the plantation, the female flies feed on it and are killed, and are thus prevented from laying the eggs from which the maggots hatch.

Maples are subject to attack from plant lice. They are sucking insects and feed on the juices of the leaves. Poisonous solutions are of no use in combating their attack, as the insects draw their food from beneath the surface, hence they require a contact solution such as kerosene emulsion made up of 2 gallons kerosene, 1 gallon rain water and half a pound of soap. Dissolve soap in water by boiling; take from fire, and, while hot, turn in kerosene and churn briskly for five minutes. For use, dilute with nine parts of water so that the above 3 gallons of stock emulsion will make 30 gallons of spray mixture.

Notes on the Cultivation of Strawberries

AS the value of the future crop of strawberries will depend largely on the strength of the runners and new plants which are formed during the early part of the summer, it is very important to encourage rapid growth from the outset. Cultivation should begin as soon as possible after the plants are set and the surface soil should be kept quite loose and free from weeds until the cultivator interferes with the runners. The early cultivations should be deep in order to loosen the soil in which the roots are to grow, and to warm and aerate it, making conditions for growth of fruit as favorable as possible, but as soon as there is danger of injuring the roots of the plants, cultivation should be shallow. Hoeing will be necessary occasionally in order to destroy all weeds and loosen the soil close to the plants. All blossoms which appear during the first season should be pinched off so as to reserve the strength of the plants for the production of runners. Most varieties make far more runners than should be allowed to remain, and, if one is making a specialty of strawberries or wishes to get the finest berries, the best plan is to place the runners so that they will root more quickly, and to destroy all those which are not required in following the system which it has been decided to adopt. In the Prairie Provinces where winds prevent the prompt rooting of runners, it is important to hold them in place until they root with stones, pieces of sod, an inverted crotch or by any other suitable method.

The most satisfactory results are obtained when only one full crop is gathered from a plantation. If, for instance, plants are set this spring, the plantation should be ploughed up after the fruiting season of the next year. There will thus be a new plantation made every year. By this system, much better fruit is obtained as the plants are not so thick in the row and the soil can be kept much freer of weeds. Where the white grub is troublesome, it is very important to renew the plantation every year, as this pest increases rapidly in old plantations and sometimes almost ruins the crop. It is quite possible to obtain two good crops or even more, from a plantation by careful management, but the older the plantation, the less the crop will be and the smaller the fruit, as a rule.



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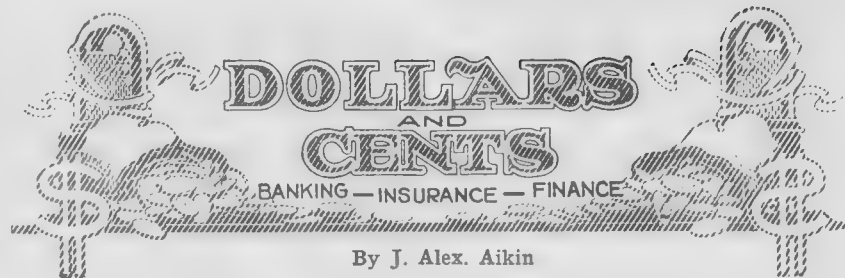
Vancouver, B. C.

Circulation Manager,
Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—

I'm merely taking the ladies' word for it that they prefer the Western Home Monthly to any other journal, periodical, weekly newspaper, the radio, or the telephone, for the simple reason that it is a real home magazine, devoted to busy, married housekeepers who have little time to waste on photogravures of people they never heard about. The Western Home Monthly, according to them, is a cheerful friend (who knows all about the monotony of housekeeping), with its endearing poetry, its homely phrases and wholesome fiction.

Sincerely,
CYRIL McEvoy.



By J. Alex. Aikin

Received With Moderation

THE Dawes report has been received in the United Kingdom with characteristic British moderation in political and financial circles. It is being recognized that the Prime Minister has done much since he assumed office to prepare France for reasonable acceptance of the report. Although Poincare was recently more in harmony with the radical left upon whom he depended for support he still adhered firmly to his national position on reparations and while deeply interested in securing payments from Germany he also demanded such guarantees as would, he thought, assure payment. Germany will now, it is anticipated in some quarters in Great Britain, proceed with the fulfilment of the obligations laid down, that should prove a satisfactory guarantee for France and her Allies. The recent elections in the Spring resulted in a decisive victory for the Republicans and this should enable the German President and government to show more firmness in putting down the vain and disturbing plans for revolution continually being worked up by the royalists. The results of the elections in France and Germany are of world importance being related to the regular peace settlement which is regarded as necessary to universal peace and disarmament.

The experts after inquiry into German affairs, decided to recommend a mortgage on the railways of Germany in the form of a bond issue of eleven billion marks, and a five billion gold marks bond issue on German industry, interest on both issue to be at 5 per cent. with one per cent. for sinking fund. After 1928 the railways will pay 660 million gold marks annually, and industry 300 million gold marks. The remaining 1,540 million gold marks will be derived from the national treasury out of taxation and trade imports. The German railways are estimated to have a capital value of 26 billion gold marks and are reported to be in excellent condition. Consequently, with domestic debt all but extinguished and industrial plants with a minimum of fixed charges, there is reason to believe that Germany will be able to carry the load and pay reparations according to plan. This should mean the beginning of better economic conditions for Europe and the world, but is sure to open a period of hard competition on a lower price level.

Steady Economic Betterment in Canada

IN the old days of political debate Sir George Foster, in reply to the claim that the Canadian people were more prosperous under the new government, said that under his party there would be no doubt about prosperity, for all a man would have to do would be to put his hands in his pocket and find the money for proof. There might be many Canadians who could not prove up on that test of prosperity right now. But on the score of higher exports, larger crop returns, and increased railway traffic the country is going ahead. Recovery has not been as rapid as had been hoped for, but it is recovery and not relapse. There has been more evidence of improvement in Eastern Canada than in Western, just as the beams of prosperity have been shed more on the urban portions of the United States in the past two years than on the rural parts. However, the movement and sale of a crop like that of 1923 has been effective to a great extent in relieving needs and enabling whole communities to better their conditions.

The cheaper lands of Canada, with lower capital investment requisite for farming, the lower production costs and

lower cost of living generally are proving the magnet for not a few new settlers from the United States and Europe who figure out they can better their position in this country. There is good reason for the conclusion that they will be able to do so in the records made by thousands even during the past three years, as well as during the past quarter century which has seen great progress made in Western Canada as well as in the industrial centres of Eastern Canada. Our people are getting back to the old paths and are again possessed of the conviction that economical operation of the farm and the business along with large production will get results.

The annual meetings of the provincial legislatures and of the Parliament of Canada go to show that the general demand for reduction in the costs of government and taxation are being heeded and that the end of the road has been reached in the way of devising new means for taking money from the people. Some of the more far seeing of our population are insistent that it is not so important to cut down as it is to increase the population and thereby be able to utilize the railways and public utilities, the machinery for governing this country which is capable of caring for twenty to forty per cent. more without anything like a proportionate increase in the cost of administration. Consequently there is wisdom and purpose in the movement for immigration to build up Canada.

The conviction is deepening that while there has been a substantial increase in exports from Canada during the past year, too large a proportion of the total has been raw materials, and too large a proportion of the goods imported were of a class which might have been produced in Canada. The need for balanced immigration to build up the rural and urban life of the country is being stressed. Great Britain is sending out year by year thousands of skilled men, many of whom find their homes outside the Empire, where their skill is either lost to the Empire, or if they remain under the Flag they are compelled to earn a living in some work related to primary production. This is one of the immediate and urgent problems for statesmanship.

The Acute Taxation Problem

It has become quite correct in the West, as it always was in the East, to openly advocate lower taxation and demand cheaper administration of public affairs. The municipal tax levy and through the municipality the provincial tax levy have increased with the burden of public expenditure in the past five years until the limit of endurance has been reached and passed. The rate in the settled communities on the Prairies as in the urban centres have jumped to a point out of fair comparison with the rate levied ten years ago.

One of the direct and now apparent results of the urgent demands being made upon public bodies for lower taxes is more efficient administration in which the public are likely to get more for their money. The taxing power was all too ready in the years of expansion to yield to demands for "service" and inaugurate new ways of taking public money. It is now entirely in order to cut down and by all means reduce the number of men employed in the public service. There are far too many, especially among the imports and new arrivals, who want jobs in the form of public and government employ. Consideration for these job holders should not be permitted to overcome the duty of men in authority who exercise the taxing power toward the taxpayer; the man who pays the taxes, often with difficulty, is entitled to sympathy as well as the man who receives public money for his services.

DOLLARS and CENTS

Continued from page 44

During the fat years and the period of development the people of these Western Provinces were prone to encourage themselves in generous indulgence with investment of public money in enterprises associated with public utilities. That indulgence must be paid for by taxation, both by way of interest on the bonds issued on capital account and by way of annual maintenance for payment of deficits. Many of the utilities could have been carried on through private enterprise and investment under arrangements and franchises where the interests of the public could be carefully protected. There is far too large a percentage of the population of this country in the public employ. Canada, East and West has been made what it is almost entirely through the courage and industry of private enterprise and initiative and the outlook for the future depends very largely on the manner in which that worthy example of past days in Canada shall be followed.

International Loan Company

AMONG western financial institutions that have splendidly stood the test of the exacting period of the past two years, the International Loan Company of Winnipeg stands quite high.

Its annual report was recently submitted to its shareholders and revealed a gratifying situation, marked not only by a conservative and economic management, but by a progressive policy that indicated keen foresight and genius in business advancement. The position of the company, always an enviable one, has been considerably enhanced during the year 1923. Its assets over liabilities at the close of the year amounted to \$559,073.35, and it has no liabilities whatsoever apart from those to its shareholders. In this respect its position among Canadian mortgage companies is a unique one. Its investments are in mortgages and agreements of sales and these were increased during the past year by \$33,622.00 over 1922. The significance of the increase is not in its amount, but in the fact that it shows, even at a somewhat unsettled time, an increased confidence on the part of the public in dealing with a western institution that has proved its worth.

Since its inception in 1913 the International Loan Company has shown sound judgment in its investments. Judged not only by its record of last year, but by its entire history, the company presents a safe and profitable avenue for the investment of large or small sums. A shareholder's certificate in the company today is one of the securities over which none need worry. Perhaps the most remarkable tribute to the company's enterprise and its favor in the public regard is to be found in the fact that during the first three months of 1924 over a quarter of a million dollars worth of shares were sold to good western Canadians.

The board of directors is composed of well known and successful business and professional men of the city of Winnipeg and the province of Manitoba. They are giving liberally of their time to the company's affairs, and they take individual pride in its progress. The managing director, George W. Argue, M.D., who has shown conspicuous ability in the management of the company's affairs, is today regarded as one of the safe and progressive financiers of the West—a man who knows every foot of territory west of the Great Lakes, with its possibilities and limitations, and who as a good Canadian has abounded faith in his native land, as well as in the enterprise to which he is devoting his time and talent.

AS THE DAYS OF
A TREE

By Janey Canuck

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VIRGIL tells us of nymphs that presided over trees. These were called the dryads. Oblations of milk, oil and honey were offered to them, and sometimes, the votaries sacrificed a goat. These dryads were not considered immortal, but as genii whose lives terminated with the tree over which they were supposed to preside.

"How long is the life of a tree?" you ask.

It depends on the tree, its species, its environment, its isolation, and its freedom from disease.

If trees could run, they might live much longer, although even this is open to argument, there being wasters and fools in all parts of the world.

Still, there is one thing we know definitely about trees—whatever their presiding genius, every one of them must ultimately die.

It was something like this the prophet Isaiah had in his mind when he said "As the days of a tree, so are the days of my people."

One of the saddest things that can happen a tree is to have an untimely death. The lightning strikes it, the storm breaks upon it, or someone throws a match in the brushwood at its foot, and lo! the tree falls forever. Some writer says it takes a hundred years to grow a tree and a hundred minutes to kill it.

So the saddest thing that can happen a man is to be struck down in his full vigor and manhood. A motor crash, a fallen wire, a runaway horse, an explosion, a quick revolution of a wheel, the clogging of a blood vessel, and another dire "fatality" is recorded. Yes, there is something in the Litany about it—"From sudden death deliver us."

Yet, no matter when a man dies, he dies too soon, and at the wrong time. Something remains undone, or someone is depending on him.

Aye, there's the rub—some is depending on him. Who is going to provide for them? Whoever provides for them will do so grudgingly, whether the municipality, the children's shelter, or "her people." What more helpless than a child who has lost its parents, or even one of them?

A man who leaves his children unprotected for almost commits a crime. If he has not vested interests, or money in the bank, he can protect them by means of a life assurance policy.

Life assurance enables a man to possess an estate before it is paid for, and no other investment does this. Upon his death, the whole premium becomes payable to his heirs. People talk about carrying life assurance. This is a mistake; life assurance carries them. It puts money where it is needed and at the time it is needed, which is the very best that can be demanded of any investment.

T. DeWitt Talmage, the eminent American divine, once gave an address on this subject and concluded with the following words:—"O man, before forty-eight hours have passed away, appear at the desk of some one of our Life Insurance Companies, have the stethoscope of the physician put to your heart and lungs, and by the seal of some life insurance company decree that your children shall not be subjected to the humiliation of financial struggle in the dark day of your demise."

There may be better advice to the uninsured than this, but we don't know it.

Emily F. Murphy.

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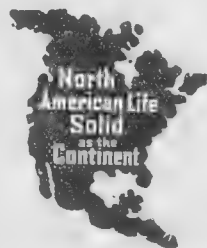
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UNION BANK
OF
CANADA

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Examination Tests

THE following sentences are selected from papers that have been set from time to time for students of English:—

1. The troops, though fighting bravely, were terribly decimated, nearly half of them having fallen.
 2. Dr. Hall will deliver a lecture on the importance of taking exercise before breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon.
 3. Wanted, a room for a single gentleman, twelve feet long and six feet wide.
 4. Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars at the company's office.
 5. By the time I had taken five bottles, I found myself completely cured, after having been brought so near to the gate of death, by means of your invaluable medicine.
 6. Wanted a groom to take charge of two horses of a serious turn of mind.
 7. I move the appointment of a committee to report what alterations are necessary to the next General Assembly.
 8. The man who sat writing with a Roman nose was ordered to leave the room.
 9. As I was on the express train, I watched the conductor passing through the cars, collecting the tickets from the way passengers, and punching the through ones.
 10. His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns, attended by his family.
- English is the medium of expression. The young man who expects to get on must pay some attention to the phrasing of his thoughts. The correction of these examples might prove a useful little exercise.

The Horse and the Man.

WHILE we are discussing the question of clearness of expression, the following story related of Billy Williams, a comic actor, may prove of interest:

Williams is represented as telling his experience in riding a horse belonging to Hamblin, the manager. "So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on him."

"On Tom Flynn?"

"No, on the horse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted him."

"What! Mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No! the horse; and then I shook hands with him and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theatre but Tom Hamblin; so I got off and told the boy to hold him by the head."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the horse; and then we went and had a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Hamblin; and after that I mounted him again and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the horse; and when I got to Burnham, who should be there but Tom Flynn—he'd taken another horse and rode out ahead of me; so I told the hostler to tie him up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, the horse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn."

Finding his auditors by this time in a horse laugh, Billy wound up with—

"Now look here—every time I say horse, you say Hamblin, and every time I say Hamblin you say horse. I'll be hanged if I tell you any more about it."

Talents Differ

The mountain and the squirrel

Had a quarrel,

And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied—

"You are doubtless very big;

But all sorts of wind and weather

Must be taken in together

To make up a year,

And a sphere;

And I think it no disgrace

To occupy my place.

If I'm not as large as you,

You are not so small as I,

And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you make

A very pretty squirrel track.

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;

If I cannot carry forests on my back,

Neither can you crack a nut."—Emerson.

Do Proverbs Tell the Truth?

SOME time ago, the Spectator made the statement that most proverbs are half-truths, because many of them flatly contradict one another. The greatest caution must be used in applying them. Half-truths must not be quoted as if they were universal verities. Universal truth is almost as unattainable as a universal language.

Examples:—

1. "When in doubt, do nought." A will naturally weak, or a judgment that sees two sides to every question, may be paralyzed by the misuse of such a proverb. It may be useful, however, as a check on those who are hasty. There is an opposite proverb: "He who hesitates is lost," which deserves as much attention, and withal as much caution, as the other.

2. "Misfortunes never come singly." A silly and mischievous saying, which in persons of a despondent nature is apt to bring about its own fulfilment. If a man loses his train, he need not anticipate that in the same journey he will lose his baggage.

3. "Where there's smoke, there's fire." True literally, but often false metaphorically. For gossip and slander there may be no foundation at all.

4. "A feather shows which way the wind blows." The cross-currents of character are such that you cannot judge of its general trend by a trivial word or trivial action.

5. "Charity begins at home." Yes, but it should not end there.

6. "Exchange is no robbery." A very dangerous maxim.

7. "Every man for himself, and God for all." Can be used as sanctioning a policy of selfishness. Do nothing to help another; leave it to God.

Proverbs are not intended to be guides to conduct. A Proverb is merely a short way of expressing the general experience of mankind in certain situations. But situations differ; and the right or wrong of a proverb depends on the situation. Very few proverbs tell the whole truth, suitable for all times and all places.

The Spectator quotes "A stitch in time saves nine," "Prevention is better than cure," and "Honesty is the best policy," as proverbs which hold good in almost all kinds of circumstances. With reference to the last, I read recently that it is true that honesty is the best policy, but that he who is honest for that reason is not an honest man.

The Dignity of Work

THE man who carries on the lowly duties of life is deserving of our deep respect. "It is always unkind to treat lightly any useful occupation in which another must earn a living." This is the thought that is so finely expressed in Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness."

When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Dost God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Manners Make the Man

IT is against good manners to assume to be better, or wiser, or richer than your neighbor. A well-mannered man does not boast of his rank, or his birth, or his country, or his attainments, or of the school or college at which he was educated, or of the honors that he won there. In short, there can be no good manners without modesty. He exhibits his character in performing rather than boasting, in doing rather than in talking.

The perfection of manners is ease. Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so.—Smiles.

The block of granite which is an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.—Carlyle.

It is generally in the season of prosperity that men discover their real temper, principles, and designs.—Burke.

When steeped in slothfulness the mind rusts.—St. Anthony.

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.—George Eliot.

How to Advertise.

YOUNG men entering business, either as employers or employees, must give some thought to the subject of advertising. There are consumers who, at the sight of advertisements, feel a sort of resentment. They suspect that the cost of the advertising is added to the cost of the goods. They blame advertising for contributing to the cost of living. The advertising man, however, says that the advertising results in the expansion of markets—that production is increased and cost reduced.

Under present conditions, advertising appears to be an aid in distribution. An eastern factory, with a market in the West, would hardly expect to move the goods from factory to consumer without the aid of publicity. One great manufacturer has remarked that he found it very much easier to make things than to sell them. Even when the goods have reached the shelves of the country merchant, some form of advertising seems necessary in order that the merchandise may finally get to the consumer. Some time ago I heard of a country merchant who had been forced to make an assignment for his creditors. His goods were sold at special sale, and so shelf-worn was some of the dress material that it fell apart at the folds. Advertising would have moved these goods while they were fresh and useful.

Perhaps the most complete work ever published on the subject of advertising is "Principles of Advertising," by Daniel Starch, Ph.D., of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University. It contains one thousand and eight pages, and is sold at five dollars by the A. W. Shaw Company, publishers of books for the business man, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago. The price may seem high, but, as I read concerning another book, five dollars is not a large sum to men who look for value rather than at outlay. When one considers the years of study, experience and scholarship that Dr. Starch has put into this book and the hundreds of important facts with which it deals, the wonder is that it does not cost twenty-five dollars; it is a testimony to the organization of a modern publishing house.

Essentially, "Principles of Advertising" is an encyclopaedia. Literally, it contains answers to hundreds of puzzling questions. It tells exactly how to determine to whom the commodity may be sold, what are the various possible appeals, what is the relative value of these appeals, how to develop advertising that wins attention, arouses interest, creates conviction, prompts action, and is remembered. It explains how to judge and select media, newspapers, magazines, street car cards, billboards, motion picture film and so forth. It tells when to use sales letters. It tells also how to determine how much money to spend for advertising, and answers many other questions that bob up to bother even the most experienced advertising men.

It contains thirty-seven chapters, sixty-one significant advertisements, one hundred and sixty-five tables, and seventy-one graphs, forms and charts. It tells what results were actually secured by means of certain advertisements and points out the scientific methods to follow to secure or avoid similar results. It shows why some campaigns have failed and why others have succeeded. It takes the individual advertisement and tells you what you ought to know about the headline, the illustration, layout and typography, copy, color and size.

As a simple definition of advertising, the author offers a statement that "advertising is selling in print." The functions of an advertisement, according to Dr. Starch, are fivefold:

To attract attention—the advertisement must be seen.

To arouse interest—the advertisement must be read.

To create conviction—the advertisement must be believed.

To produce a response—the advertisement must be acted upon.

To impress the memory—the advertisement in most instances must be remembered.

Dr. Starch says that advertising as we know it today is a development substantially of the past seventy-five years, but as a matter of historical interest he mentions that perhaps the oldest known advertisement of the inscription type is in the British museum. It is written on a sheet of papyrus and was found in the ruins of ancient Thebes, in Egypt. This announcement offered a reward for a runaway slave. It was written possibly about 3000 B.C.

The young man in business who wants to have at his elbow the advantages of business research under university auspices should consider "Principles of Advertising."



Radio Performs New Service

A NEW form of service to mankind has been added to the many already performed by radio broadcasting. As a means of communication with a city cut off from the world by disturbing weather conditions, radio proved its worth, for it operates in the most adverse circumstances and is not affected by storms or blizzards. Where all other methods of immediate communication fail, radio carries its messages to an isolated community and brings help where it is needed.

This service was proven when the city of Chicago, U.S.A., was recently the centre of a violent blizzard that temporarily cut off the city's communication with the outside world. Immediately transportation companies, including the Pennsylvania Railroad, experienced the need of quick and reliable communication with the isolated city.

Officials of the Pennsylvania Company at Pittsburgh, after discovering that their communication sources were in trouble, got in touch with station at KDKA, the East Pittsburgh broadcaster of the Westinghouse Company, and asked for assistance.

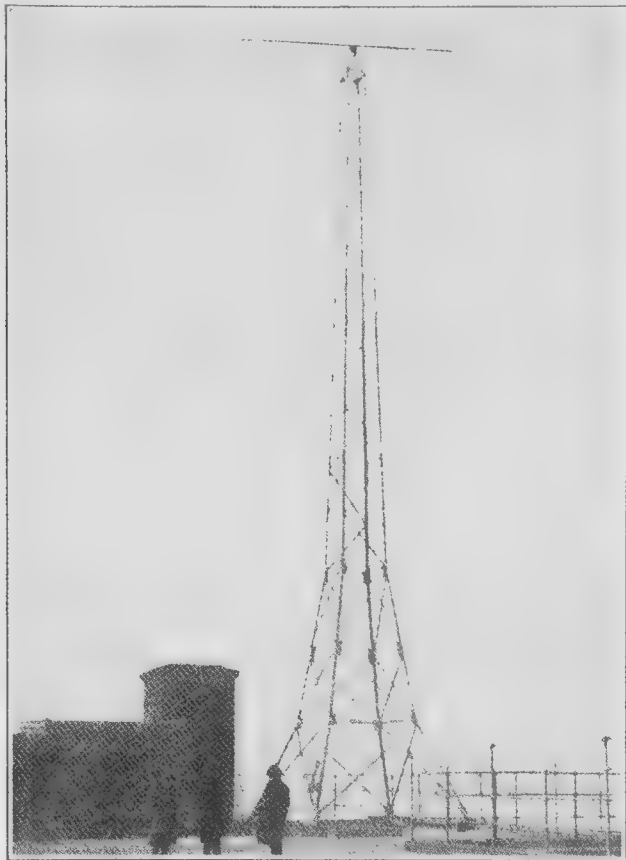
throughout the night after receiving Chicago's call for assistance, and kept the entire Great Lakes district supplied with news bulletins until regular wire communication was restored sufficiently to permit the radio stations to rest.

Canadian B.C.L.'s Should Write Broadcasting Stations More Often

CANADIAN radio listeners are not half as quick at showing their appreciation of the entertainment broadcasted free on their behalf as are those of the United States, according to Mr. C. W. Darling, manager of the Marconi Station CFCF in Montreal.

"For some months past there has been a steady increase in the number of letters, postcards, and even telegrams of appreciation coming into our station from the United States," said Mr. Darling. "In this same period, the communications from Canada have shown no such increase."

It is not reasonable to suppose that States such as New Jersey, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania hear Station CFCF more clearly than do Quebec and Eastern Ontario, Mr. Darling declares,



One of the two great aerial towers of the Canadian National Railways radio broadcasting station (CKCH), Ottawa. The towers are 150 feet apart and stand 300 feet above the ground, being located on top of the Jackson Building

Immediately, a radio message was dispatched to station KYW, in Chicago, operated by the Westinghouse Company, via the repeating station KFKX, at Hastings, Nebr., asking for details of conditions, damage caused by the storm, and if conditions warranted the dispatching of a relief corps of workers from Pittsburgh and other outside cities

Via radio, a return message was sent by railroad officials in Chicago, telling of the damage wrought by the storm, and stating that they desired help at once, to enable restoration of service at the earliest possible moment.

Upon receipt of the radiogram at the Pittsburgh offices of the railroad company, officials dispatched a force of men from Pittsburgh, and succeeded in putting Chicago in touch with the outside world.

All three of the Westinghouse radio stations were kept in operation

and yet the letters and postcards from each of these States total far more than those from the two provinces mentioned.

"Although one hates to admit it, I think it must be conceded that American radio enthusiasts are quicker at showing their appreciation than those in Canada," continued Mr. Darling. "If Canadians who listen to our broadcasts only knew how much these letters of appreciation mean to the artists who give their services for the benefit of those who own radio receivers, they would, I feel sure, take the few minutes necessary to drop us a line occasionally."

The artists at CFCF have only these letters of appreciation as a reward for their services, Mr. Darling pointed out. If they have no tangible evidence that their efforts are being appreciated, they will not be keen to put on programmes, he thinks.



A WISE PROVISION

PROPERLY farmed, almost any agricultural district in Canada should produce a good living for the farmer in all but exceptionally bad seasons.

The lean year is bound to come—the wise farmer who has put money in the bank during good seasons can face a crop failure when the man who hasn't saved would go under.

Your interests and ours are mutual and the Manager will always be ready to discuss with you, in confidence, any of your financial problems.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Serving Canadians since 1869

Savings Accounts
Checking Accounts
Sales Notes Collected
Banking by Mail
Collections Made
Money Transfers
Money Orders

F321

FARM EQUIPMENT

THE EATON IMPERIAL LINE

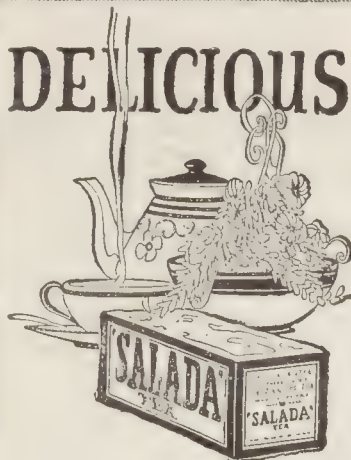
of farm goods, machinery, harness, etc., has earned for itself a name in Western Canada that is enviable among this class of goods.

Look through the farm goods pages of your EATON Catalogue. From the biggest engine to the smallest harness toggle these goods are backed by the EATON Guarantee—a guarantee that we could never afford to have given all these years unless the goods stood well the test of service.

Purchase from the EATON Catalogue. If this book is not in your house, we will send it free on request.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

DELICIOUS



The Charm of Tea is in the Flavour—and true appreciation of the superior qualities of Salada Tea can only come through the tea-cup. Each cup embodies all that is finest in tea—full, fresh flavor, fragrant aroma, delicious purity.

"SALADA"

H571

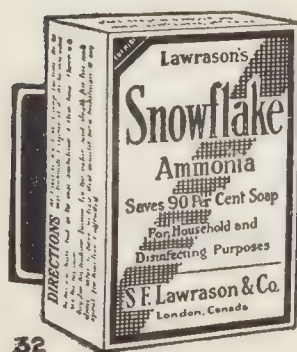
Purity SALT

In Bags, for Kitchen and Dairy

Free-Running, in cartons, for Table Use.

Made in Canada by The Western Salt Co., Limited, Courtright - Ontario.

26



Good Value.
Full Package

Snowflake

THE FULL STRENGTH
Ammonia

Goes Farthest

AVICO

Certified Pickling Spiced
Vinegar

Because scientifically processed from the purest ingredients, in Canada's most modern plant, and naturally ripened by over 12 months ageing in the wood, Avico does what only really fine vinegar can do—insures perfect pickling—is a wholesome, fragrant condiment—enhances flavor of all vegetables, and is a revelation of extraordinary value at

20c a full quart—in your own container

21

HOME DOCTOR

The Mind and Nervous System

THE mind and nervous system require care and attention as does the body. Nervous and mental breakdowns, and those minor symptoms commonly designated as "nervousness" can in many cases be prevented. Hygienic living strengthens all the tissues in the body and renders one less susceptible to mental, as well as physical, disease. Intelligent care in the matter of diet, fresh air and exercise are most important. Quite as essential are sufficient rest, relaxation and sleep, mental recreation and the formation of good mental habits.

Good Mental Habits

ONE of the commonest bad mental habits is that of outwardly displaying every emotion. Small annoyances should never be permitted to disturb one's peace of mind, and by constant effort at self-control, these annoyances will become less and less important until we can learn to bear real troubles with greater equanimity.

It has been proved time and again that our emotions may be influenced through control of outward expression. You can easily try it yourself. The next time you feel yourself becoming angry, just draw a long breath, smooth out your frown and smile. At once you will find your anger slipping from you, and if you can manage to forget the cause of the trouble for a few minutes, you will probably realize that it was scarcely worth losing your temper over.

Never make the mistake of trying to repress your emotions, however, for this is liable to have serious ill effects. Let go every taut nerve, and endeavor to occupy the mind with some other matter. Practice will make perfect, but if sometimes you find it impossible to forget, confide your trouble to some kindred spirit. In other words, "get it off your

chest," for a smouldering fire is apt to break forth with uncontrollable energy.

It is of course difficult to throw off worries, but by refusing to fret, and by coolly examining the facts of the case, we can often eliminate the trouble or find a solution for the difficulty.

In minor matters it is best to decide quickly after careful but not prolonged consideration, and then to stick to the decision made, whether right or wrong. There is less harm in making a mistake or two than in developing a habit of indecision with constant doubts and vacillations.

Punctuality in little and big things, both with oneself and with others, will not only help to strengthen one's own character, but may be an important factor in our success in the world. Many an otherwise efficient employee has failed to make good through tardiness, and very often this is due to lax training in childhood. Many parents do not realize what harm they may be doing the future of their children by indulgence in this important point.

By employing system in one's work, one will be able to find time for everything, and one will be able to look and plan ahead without being confused by a mass of unattainable desires. A maximum of accomplishment with a minimum of effort will result.

It is a great mistake for nervous people and invalids to discuss their troubles whether physical or domestic. Not only should they avoid talking about their own feelings, pains, discouragements, and the like, but they should not listen to the recital of a friend's physical woes. Family and friends both do harm when they encourage the desire of the nervous for sympathy. The less we think about our ailments the more likely they are to disappear.

A Sense of Humor in the Home

By Joan Jack

THERE are many elements contingent to a perfect home atmosphere and one of the most important is a sense of humor. Not a sense of the ridiculous but a happy sympathetic insight into the humorous side of everyday happenings. If you have it you are lucky, if you haven't cultivate it. Presuming you are in good health it should not be difficult; if you are not it is practically impossible. An harassed, nervous mother cannot see humor in anything. A black cloud hangs over the sun if the cookies burn while putting baby to bed for his nap. There is nothing humorous in the burning of the cookies but if you have a sense of humor you look at it philosophically, be glad it wasn't a fruit cake for instance, and feed the folks store cookies.

If you cultivate a sense of humor it will eradicate lots of the little tragedies of every day life and is sure to be reflected in your home atmosphere and your children. It will make both you and them more popular and when they grow up they are going to thank you for it a thousand times. They are not going to have to acquire one or go through life self-centered, "touchy" and unpopular. They have it "naturally," acquired easily and without effort during the most receptive years of their life.

There is nothing like a sense of humor to help a man along in the world. Look around you—take that chap who lives next door, always so sympathetic and cheerful—in the last analysis it is his sense of humor that makes him so likeable. Now the fussy little man on the other side, so full of his own importance, believing the world would stop without him, most impossible little creature, gives you a pain or makes

you laugh with a twinge of compassion. Poor man, no sense of humor.

Without a sense of humor one cannot have that broad understanding of, sympathy with, and insight into human nature that is so essential to full spiritual and mental growth and which marks the truly successful man.

It is your duty to cultivate a sense of humor, not only for the joy it will bring yourself but as an essential element in the perfection of your home atmosphere. By doing so you help your children to reflect and acquire one more trait in the building of a fine character, when their minds are most receptive, in this way doing your bit towards preparing them for that position in life you wish them to attain.

When Bobbie falls over the rug in his hurry to get up stairs, and gets a casual bump, don't gather him up, tell him how sorry you are and enquire if it hurt badly. Pick him up on his feet and in a laughing tone of voice but with a sympathetic smile remark, "Goodness Bobbie, you looked so funny, just like a spider, all legs and arms spread out on the floor." You will see that, with a sympathetic pat, he will proceed upstairs smiling ruefully and there won't be the usual howl and cookie to silence him. You have implanted the humor "germ" and indirectly the habit of self control. Maybe it won't be noticeable the next time but with a little patience and handling along this line he will soon perceive the funny side in such little tragedies for himself and Presto! you are started. It is inadvisable to actually ridicule him as that will in all probability do more harm than good but use discretion and try to teach him to laugh at himself for himself and when he has learned that, you are well begun.



The Art of Cake Making

CAKES are of two kinds:

1. Butter cakes, such as cup and pound cakes, etc.
2. Cakes without butter, such as angel, sponge, sunshine cakes, lady fingers and jelly rolls.

General rules for proportions:

1. $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ as much butter as sugar.
2. About half as much liquid as flour. Butter and other shortening counts as liquid, as it melts in the oven.
3. 1 t. baking powder to 1 c. flour, when several eggs are used.
4. $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 t. soda to 1 c. molasses.
5. $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda to 1 c. sour milk.
6. The shape in which a cake is to be baked will help decide the proportion of flour. Layer cakes need a little less flour than loaf cakes.



Mocha Cakes

To Insure a Good Cake

1. Use only the best of materials. Stale eggs or rancid butter, or coarse sugar will not produce very good results.
2. Gather together all the materials and utensils required.
3. Attend to the fire and regulate the temperature.
4. Prepare the pans.
5. Measure all ingredients with the same cup, dry ones first.
6. Mix and sift all the dry ingredients except the sugar. Sift soda through a very fine sieve.
7. Sift flour before measuring, and again two or three times with the dry ingredients.
8. Break the eggs, one by one, over a cup, to prevent loss through using a stale one. If they are separated, put the whites in a cool place till ready to beat.

To Regulate Heat

IF A COAL or wood fire is used, see that enough fuel is added to last through the baking. A too-freshly built fire will burn the cake, and a dying fire will not give sufficient heat.

The size of the cake has much to do with the temperature, the larger the cake, the slower should be the oven. It should not crust over till fully risen.

Layer cakes should bake in 15 to 20 minutes. Cake in sheets should bake in 30 minutes. Cake in loaves should bake in 40 minutes to 2 hours.

For butter cakes in loaves, the oven should be about 300° F. A piece of white letter paper will turn light brown in 5 minutes.

For angel or sponge cake, the paper will turn light brown in 6 minutes—or at a temperature of 260° F.

To Prepare Pans

IF BUTTER is used, put it in a small pan where it will melt, so that the salt may sink to the bottom. Apply a thin coat to the bottom and sides of the pan, sprinkle with flour and shake out all surplus flour which does not adhere to the butter. If the pan is to be lined, cut a piece of paper to exactly fit the bottom of the pan and project over the ends. The paper and sides of the pan are then buttered.

The Ingredients Used in Cakes

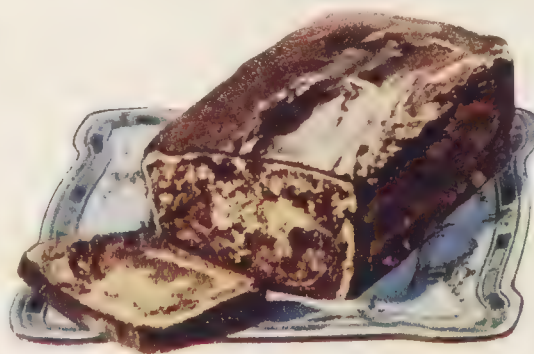
FLOUR—Pastry flour gives a more tender product than bread flour, as it is more starchy and contains less gluten. If bread flour must be used, one uses 2

level tb. less for each cupful required. Many people add as many tablespoons of corn starch, as they deduct from the flour.

LIQUID—Sweet or sour milk, buttermilk, sweet or sour cream, molasses, water, fruit juice, may be used as the liquid in cakes. Any sour liquid must be neutralized by soda. As a rule it gives a more tender texture than sweet milk or cream. Both eggs and fat serve as part of the liquid. An egg may be considered as supplying 2 tb. of liquid.

SODA—No absolute statement can be made as to the amount of soda to be used, as milk, molasses, etc. vary so in acidity. If it is stirred into the liquid, it serves to sweeten it, and not as a leavening agent. In this case, baking powder should be sifted with the flour. If the soda is sifted with the flour, it acts as a leavening agent, and no baking powder is required if soda has been used in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ t. to 1 c. flour. It requires much practice to bake successfully with soda.

BAKING POWDER is a mixture of soda and an acid, which yield a gas when liquid is added. The acid varies in the different types of baking powder. Most commercial powders contain a little starch to absorb any moisture there may be in the air. They should all be kept in closely covered containers. Baking powder may be made at home, but care must be taken to measure very accurately and mix thoroughly.



Chocolate Marble Cake

Eggs give firmness of texture, lightness and richness. They act as a leavening agent by entrapping the air which is beaten in with them. When heated the albumen in the egg white stiffens and forms a framework for the other ingredients. One egg is the equivalent of $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of baking powder as a leavening agent.

SUGAR gives flavor, and acts as a liquid. Molasses, honey, or corn syrup may be used in place of sugar. A fine sugar gives a much better texture than one which is coarse grained. A coarse granulated sugar also makes the crust tough. Too much sugar gives a gammy product.

FRUITS—Dried fruits such as raisins, currants, dates, citron, cherries and pineapple (candied), raw fresh fruits, such as blueberries, and cooked fruit pulp such as apple sauce, may be used in cakes. When using fruits the batter will need to be a little stiffer, in order to hold up the pieces of fruit. Dried fruit scorches easily, so that a slower fire is required, than when no fruit is used. In making rich fruit cakes, the very slow cooking not only prevents scorching, but improves the flavor, as the fruit flavor has an opportunity of blending with the other ingredients. Dried fruits should be thoroughly washed and dried with a clean cheesecloth. Usually they are floured before being added to the batter, although in making a dark cake this is not necessary if the fruit is added directly after the sugar. Rolling in flour helps to prevent the fruit sinking to the bottom of the cake. Citron and orange peel are cut in thin slices, then in strips, and floured and put between layers of batter in the pan.

CHOCOLATE contains a hard fat which makes the cake richer, but tends to make it stiff. It is usually

softer and darker if made with soda and sour milk than when sweet milk and baking powder are used. Chocolate contains a starch which thickens the cake, so that less sugar is required. If cocoa is substituted in a recipe calling for chocolate, a little extra fat should be used—about $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. to each ounce of cocoa, as in manufacturing cocoa, the fat has been removed.

NUTS being lighter than fruit, are not so apt to sink to the bottom, so do not require to be floured. As nuts contain fat, less shortening is required in the cake, in proportion to the richness of the nuts. From 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. less of fat to each cup of nuts.

Spices and other flavorings may be added to the batter.

To Mix Cakes

1. BUTTERLESS CAKES.

Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks till thick and lemon colored. Gradually add the sugar and continue beating. Flavor. Beat the whites till very stiff and dry. Fold into the first mixture. Mix and sift the flour and a little salt, and fold into the batter. Do not beat after the addition of the flour, or the air which has been beaten in, will be released, and the cake a failure.

2. BUTTER CAKES.

An earthenware bowl and wooden spoon with slits in it, are good for mixing cakes. Measure the dry ingredients, and mix and sift them. Break the eggs. Measure the butter, then the liquid. If the butter is hard, the bowl may be warmed but not heated, to soften it somewhat, but it should not be allowed to become oily. Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Long thorough beating is the only means of securing a very fine-grained cake. One must choose between a cake with fine grain, and a long time spent in making it, or a cake which is merely light and tender, but which does not take much time to mix. Then the egg yolks, or whole eggs beaten till light, are added, and the liquid and sifted dry ingredients alternately. The stiffly beaten egg whites are folded in last, with the flavoring. Spices are usually sifted with the flour.

In filling the pans, the batter should be spread well into the corners, with a slight depression in the centre, so that the finished product will be level on top. Pans should only be filled two-thirds full.



Layer Cake

Baking

MANY a well-mixed cake, made of the best materials, is spoiled in the baking. The time of baking is divided into quarters. During the first quarter the mixture begins to rise; in the second quarter it finishes rising and begins to brown; in the third quarter it continues to brown; in the fourth it finishes baking and shrinks from the pan. When a cake is done it shrinks from the pan, in most cases, except that of rich fruit or pound cakes. To test them, press with the finger. The cake should immediately spring back. If a depression remains in the cake, it is not yet done. If a clean broom straw is inserted in the middle of a cake and comes out perfectly clean and dry, the cake may be removed from the oven.

If the oven is too hot, a crust will form before the batter has risen, the rising mixture will split it, and come through the opening, making an unsightly cake. If it is too slow, the batter is liable to rise and run over the sides of the pan, and the texture will be very coarse. Too much flour will cause it to crack on top.

Continued on Page 51



E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

**MAGIC
BAKING
POWDER**

MADE
IN
CANADA

CONTAINS
NO ALUM

"Love is Blind"

THE ART OF CAKE-MAKING—Continued from page 49

To Remove from the Pan

Invert the pan at once on a wire cake cooler, or on a clean piece of cloth on a board. Do not hurry the cake, but loosen the edges with a knife, and let it drop out by its own weight.

More poor cakes are the result of inaccurate measuring, than from any other cause.

Angel Cake

Granulated Sugar, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Egg Whites, 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Cream of Tartar, 1 t. Flour, 1 c.

Beat the egg whites till foamy. Add the cream of tartar, and continue beating; add the sugar gradually. Sift the flour and salt four times. Fold and cut into the egg and sugar. Add the vanilla, and bake in a moderate oven, in an unbuttered angel-cake pan. It will require from 45 to 60 minutes. It may be desirable after browning to cover it with a piece of waxed paper. Invert the pan as soon as it is taken from the oven, and let the cake drop out itself.

Sponge Cake

Egg Yolks, 6 Egg Whites, 6
Grated rind of 1 lemon Sugar, 1 c.
Sifted Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Lemon Juice, 1 tb.

Beat the yolks till thick and lemon-colored; add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Add the lemon juice, lemon rind, and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Cut and fold in the sifted flour and salt, and bake in an angel-cake pan, or a deep narrow pan, in a moderate oven from 40 minutes to 1 hour.

**Lady Fingers
Sponge Drops**

The mixture for sponge cake may be baked on a tin sheet covered with unbuttered paper, shaping with a pastry bag and tube, in strips 4 inches long and 1 inch wide. Or for sponge drops, it is dropped from the tip of a spoon, on the unbuttered paper, and baked in a moderate oven.

II

Egg Whites, 3 Flour, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Powdered Sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Egg Yolks, 2 Vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Beat the egg whites till stiff and dry, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Add the beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Fold in the sifted flour and salt.

Sunshine Cake

Egg Whites, 1 c. Lemon Extract, 1 t.
Powdered Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 1 c.
Egg Yolks, 6 Cream of Tartar, 1 t.

Beat the egg whites till stiff and dry; add the sugar gradually and continue beating, then the well beaten yolks and the lemon extract. Cut and fold in the flour sifted with the cream of tartar. Bake in an angel-cake pan in a moderate oven.

Jelly Roll

Eggs, 3 Baking Powder, 1 t.
Sugar, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Flour, 1 c.
Melted Butter, 1 tb.

Beat the eggs well, add the sugar gradually, the milk, flour and baking powder, and last of all the butter. Pour into a dripping pan which has been lined with paper and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn on a paper sprinkled with powdered sugar, remove the paper from the bottom of the cake, cut off the hard edge from each end, spread with jelly or jam, and roll up. Roll the paper around the cake that it may keep its shape. The work must be done rapidly or the cake will crack.

Jelly Roll II

Eggs, 3 Cold Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon
Flour, 2 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Baking Powder, 2 t.

Beat the yolks and sugar. Add the liquid and dry ingredients alternately. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites and proceed as in the previous recipe.

White Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking Powder, 2 t.
Sugar (Granulated), 1 c. Flour, 2 c.
Milk (Sweet), 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Egg Whites, 2 Salt, a sprinkle

Follow the directions for mixing and baking butter cakes.

This recipe may be varied in a very great many ways.

Pink and White Marble Cake

Follow the recipe for White Cake, removing half of the batter to another bowl. Color it pink and flavor with rose essence. Put alternate pink and white spoonfuls of batter in a loaf pan.

This cake appeals especially to children, and is plain enough to give to even tiny ones on special occasions.

Chocolate and White Marble Cake

Follow the recipe for White Cake, removing half of the batter to another bowl. Have already prepared chocolate mixture described in Part 2 of "Devil's Food," using only half the amount of each ingredient called for. Stir into cake mixture and put alternate white and chocolate spoonfuls of batter into a loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven and cover with Chocolate Frosting.

Potato Flour Cake

Another cake suitable for small children's parties.

Eggs, 4 Baking Powder, 3 t.
Sugar, 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Potato Flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, alternately with the sugar. Add the potato flour and baking powder and salt, sifted together, and the vanilla. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a slow oven about 40 minutes.

Do not cut Butterless Cakes. Angel, sponge, potato-flour cakes, etc. are not cut with a knife, but gently separated with two silver forks, placed with their tines back to back.

Pound Cake

Butter, 1 lb. Eggs, 10
Sugar, 1 lb. Grated Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Flour, 1 lb. Vanilla, 2 t.

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten egg yolks, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites alternately with the flour. Flavor. Bake in deep pans in a moderate oven from 40 to 60 minutes, or if very large, a longer time.

Devil's Food**Part I**

Brown Sugar (Sifted) 1 c. Milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Egg Yolks, 3 Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Soda, 1 t. Baking Powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Part II

Grated Chocolate, 4 squares Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Brown Sugar, 1 c.

Place on the back of the stove or over hot water where it will melt, but not boil. Cool and stir into Part I.

Berry Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Milk, 1 c.
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, 2 c.
Eggs, 1 Baking Powder, 2 t.

Berries (Blueberries, etc.), 2 c.
Mix as plain cake, add the berries well washed, drained, and floured.

Cocoanut Cake

To white cake recipe add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cocoanut. If too dry, moisten with a very small quantity of milk.

Simple Date Cake

To the recipe for white cake add $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cocoanut, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. broken walnut meats, and $\frac{3}{4}$ c. dates, stoned and cut in pieces and floured. Bake in a flat pan.

Marshmallow Cake

Use any favorite layer cake recipe, and put the layers together with marshmallow filling.

Cream Pie

Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Eggs, 2 Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Baking Powder, 2 t.

Bake in layer cake tins and put together with cream filling between the layers, and sprinkle the top with sugar.

Cream Filling

Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. (or a little more) Eggs, 2
Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Scalded Milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Vanilla, 1 t.

Mix the dry ingredients, add the slightly beaten eggs, and pour on the scalded milk. Cook in the double boiler, stirring constantly. Cool and flavor.

Washington Pie

Make the same as cream pie. Put jam or jelly between the layers and sprinkle the top with powdered or granulated sugar.

Favorite Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Eggs, 2 Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Baking Powder, $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Follow the directions for butter cakes.

Currant Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, 2 c.
Eggs 2 and Yolk of 1
Baking Powder, 3 t.
Currants 1 c. mixed with 1 tb. flour

Follow the directions for butter cakes.

Citron Cake

Sugar, 1 c. Eggs, 3
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 2 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Citron cut in pieces, 1 c.
Baking Powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Follow the directions for butter cakes, separating the eggs, and folding in the whites after the liquid and flour are added, then the vanilla and citron. Bake in a moderate oven.

Spice Cake

Butter, $\frac{3}{8}$ c. Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Baking Powder, 2 t.
Egg Yolks, 2 Cinnamon, 1 t.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg Whites, 2

Make as in the preceding cakes.

Walnut Mocha Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Baking Powder, $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Coffee Infusion, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Whites of 3 Eggs
Walnut Meats, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.

Make according to the directions for butter cakes.

Dried Apple Cake

Dried Apple, 1 c. Egg, 1
Molasses, 1 c. Sour Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Brown Sugar, 1 c. Soda, 1 t.
1 Grated Lemon Rind Allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Cinnamon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t. Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Soak the well-washed apples over night, then simmer in the molasses till tender. Add the butter, cool, then add the sugar, eggs, milk, and dry ingredients sifted together. Bake in a slow oven.

Frostings

A chocolate cake is better with some other frosting than one flavored with chocolate.

Caramel Frosting

Caramelize $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar. Add 1 c. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water, and boil to soft-ball stage. Beat 2 egg whites on a platter until stiff. Pour syrup in a fine stream on the eggs, beating constantly. Return to the double boiler and cook over hot water till granular around the edges. Beat until cool enough to spread.

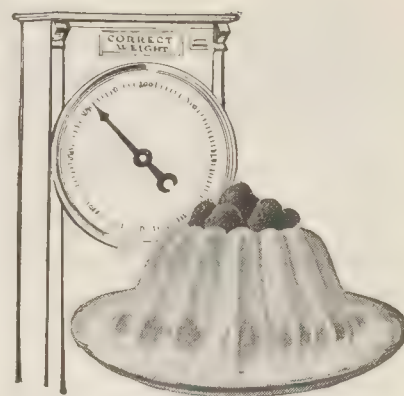
Chocolate Nut Frosting

Boil 1 c. sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water till it threads. Pour in a fine stream on beaten whites of 2 eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ square of melted chocolate, and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped walnut meats.

Mocha Frosting

Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Cocoa, 1 tb.
Icing Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Coffee Infusion

Cream the butter and sugar till very smooth, and add the cocoa. Then add the coffee infusion drop by drop till of the right consistency to spread.



**"I can eat
Desserts now"**

"NO more indigestion for me! No more of that heavy, depressed feeling after a hearty meal! And no more keeping away from desserts for fear they'll make me fat!

"My doctor tells me that desserts made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine are highly nutritive and at the same time light and easy to digest."

So writes a woman who is but one of many thousands who are enjoying the beneficial effects of eating dainty desserts, salads, etc., made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Here is a recipe which is a universal favorite with people who want desserts that are nutritious, easy to digest, and not fattening:

Pineapple Jelly

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups cold water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned pineapple juice
2 tablespoonsful lemon juice
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

Soak gelatine in one cup cold water five minutes. Heat pineapple juice, mixed with remaining water, to boiling point and pour over soaked gelatine; then add sugar and lemon juice. Turn into a mold dipped in cold water, and when beginning to set mold in slices of cooked pineapple, fresh raspberries, strawberries or any fruit.

NOTE—Fresh pineapple fruit or juice must first be scalded, or the jelly will not harden.

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Both of these packages contain the same plain Sparkling Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.

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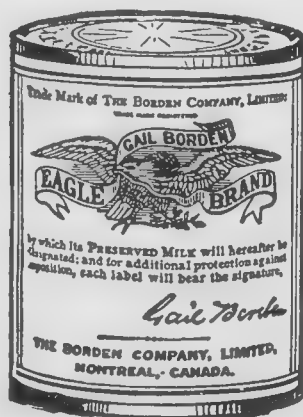


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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 51

Use Buttermilk.

IN warm weather the flavor of buttermilk is peculiarly refreshing. Here are three new and palatable buttermilk recipes for those who enjoy that flavor, but who have tired of buttermilk as it is usually served.

Buttermilk Cream

- 1 quart of fresh buttermilk;
- 1 pound of sugar;
- 4 eggs;
- 1 pint of thin cream or rich milk;
- Juice of two lemons;
- 1 tablespoonful of vanilla.

Scald the cream, add the eggs to one-half pound of the sugar and beat the eggs and the sugar together. Then pour the cream over the mixture of sugar and eggs. Stir the whole, place it in a double cooker and cook it until it thickens slightly. Remove it from the fire, cool it and add the buttermilk, the lemon juice, the rest of the sugar and the vanilla. Pour the mixture into a freezer and freeze it. Then remove the dasher, cover the cream, and let it stand packed in ice and salt for two hours.

Buttermilk Custard

- 1 pint of fresh buttermilk;
- 1 cupful of sugar;
- 3 small or 2 large eggs;
- 1 lemon.

Beat the eggs and sugar together and add the grated rind and the juice of the lemon; then add the buttermilk and stir the mixture thoroughly. Pour the whole into an earthen bowl and set the bowl in a vessel that contains water. Place the vessel in the oven and cook the custard until it is done. Serve it cold.

Buttermilk Pie.

- 1 cupful of fresh buttermilk;
- 1 cupful of sugar;
- 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon;
- 2 cupfuls of mashed sweet potatoes;
- 1 tablespoonful of butter.

Pare, boil and mash the sweet potatoes while they are hot and add the butter, the sugar and the cinnamon. Then slowly stir in the buttermilk; do not let the mixture become lumpy. Line a deep pie-plate with pie-crust and pour the mixture into it. Bake the dish in a moderate oven and serve cold.



A charmingly arranged dinner table

CHARM AND CONVENIENCE—Continued from page 36

The small fixtures that round out the conveniently furnished bathroom, come in most attractive form. Like the large fittings, their finish conforms to the dominant idea of exquisite cleanness. A wipe with a damp cloth will bring them to that state of immaculateness that is very dear to the housekeeper's heart.

Plenty of towel racks make for bathroom tidiness—as every mother knows. So does a medicine chest—its upper shelves for the medicines, which come out only upon adult behest, the lower ones for tooth paste, cleaners, lotions, powders, and all the list of much-used toilet requisites.

Perhaps you will want to encourage the transfer of even the daughters' face powder to the bathroom—in the interests of tidy bedroom tables! The best way to do so is to add a neat little dressing table—matching the washstand, et cetera, or a painted wooden one, with a good mirror. A painted shoe box is also frequently desirable.

With fresh, light walls, a smooth floor, good plumbing and fixtures, one can add the little touches of pretty linens, crisp white curtains, a tiny colored valance of gingham or glazed chintz, a window shade of scalloped chintz to replace an ordinary blind. Given its chance, the bathroom will keep pace with the rest of the house in good looks, and will surpass most of it in ministering to the family's comfort and convenience.

This article has, perforce, dealt only in a very general fashion with its topics—in it I have merely tried to put a show-room, as it were, before our

readers. But I may have done no more than skirt your problem—or perhaps I have missed it entirely. If so, will you write to me, in care of our Home Service Department? I shall be only too happy to help you in any way I can, to solve a difficulty or settle upon a plan.

Down Come Biscuit Prices

THE recent announcement of the Dominion Government regarding a reduction in the sales tax on biscuits from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent. has caused the leading manufacturers of biscuits to send revised price lists to the retail trade. As practically every grocer will, it is hoped, pass this advantage along to his customers, the biscuit-buying public will soon be getting reduced prices on their favorite table dainties.

Prices have been reduced as follows: 13 lines 1 cent per lb.; 40 lines two cents per lb.; 18 lines three cents per lb.; 4 lines four cents per lb.; 2 lines five cents per lb.; 1 line six cents per lb., and 1 line eight cents per lb.

From this it will be seen that manufacturers have reduced prices on at least seventy-nine different lines of biscuits, the reductions ranging from one to eight cents per lb.—very substantial reductions. This goes to show what a good effect in reducing the high cost of living could be achieved if it were possible for the Government to abolish the sales tax altogether on everything that people eat. At all events, biscuit manufacturers have shown a commendable public spirit in at once passing on to the general public the advantage of the sales tax reduction as affecting their products.

Improved

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New Perfection



A Faster and Finer Oil Stove at Popular Prices

Four and a half million women have long experienced the remarkable cleanliness and dependable cooking service of the world-famous *Blue Chimney New Perfection*.

Now comes the *New 1924 High Speed Blue Chimney New Perfection* with its faster cooking speed that means fewer hours in the kitchen as well as big economy in fuel.

Every woman will appreciate the conveniences of its comfortable working height, roomy top and new square grates, as well as its attractive appearance. It is designed with a sympathetic understanding of a woman's household needs.

A New Perfection Live Heat Oven adds to the completeness of its cooking satisfaction. Bakes perfectly because of its unique system of ventilation and thorough circulation of freshly-heated air. Altogether New Perfection offers a cooking service unequalled at its moderate price.

At your dealers you will find a full range of styles and sizes to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.



*New
Blue Chimney Burner
Faster More Economical*

The remarkable increase in cooking heat and the greater fuel economy of this new burner, are due to its new double-wall, double-draft construction.

The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.

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NEW PERFECTION

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THE MAGIC FLUTE

By Gladys Argue

THERE once lived a king who ruled over a great kingdom. It was a beautiful place, but the people were discontented and unhappy. So was the king for that matter. He roamed through his palace with every luxury and pleasure at his command, but his face wore a perpetual frown. He sought continually to please himself. That he might perchance please himself better by pleasing others never occurred to him.

So the discontent and unhappiness grew. Each man tried to outdo his neighbor, quarrels became frequent and hatred and jealousy stalked abroad. But the discordant spirit did not stay within the bounds of the country, and disputes arose between it and the countries around it, until it became known as the country of discontent. Strangers passing through it got such a cold welcome, and were often treated so rudely that they began to avoid it, preferring even a longer route to entering its borders. Consequently its trade and commerce grew less and less, and the people began to feel the pinch of poverty. The complaining and grumbling grew apace until the whole land was one discordant jangle.

It was upon such a scene that a stranger entered the country one day. He was a rich and powerful ambassador from a far country, so distant a country in fact that no one knew just where it was. That he was rich and powerful one might easily judge from the large retinue of servants that rode with him, and from the richly clad heralds that went before, making way for him through the streets.

At last he reached the great palace and courteously asked audience with the king, saying that he had come upon a mission of friendship, but that it was of great import to the country. He was kept waiting for some time, during which no one had the courtesy to place a chair for him. After a lengthy interval of waiting he was simply told that the king did not wish to be bothered to the extent of seeing him, and was not even offered the hospitality of a night's lodging in the palace.

He had heard tales of this land, but had believed them to be far-fetched. Never had he seen such rudeness. All about him were loud voices raised in dispute, which rose to a clamour. A curtain was flung aside and a fretful voice rang over the discord.

He looked up to see a tall, handsome, melancholy man dressed in rich robes, standing in the doorway. The tumult had grown too loud for his pleasure, and the king had come to put a stop to it. In angry tones he demanded silence, and then for the first time became aware of the tall stranger who stood before him with flashing eyes. A sudden silence fell upon the room, and the stranger's low distinct voice carried to every end of it.

"You refused me an audience, your majesty, but you shall hear me now whether you choose or not. Of the mission I came to carry out I shall say nothing, except that this country is not worthy of that which I might have bestowed upon it. Never have I seen such discord and hatred, unhappiness and discontent. Never have I seen such an unlovely place as this land. Never have I seen such discourtesy shown a stranger within the gates of a strange land. I shall go now, nothing could persuade me to linger in this place, but before I go, I place upon your country a curse. Winter shall reign here, year in and year out shall your land be barren and frigid, so that those entering shall learn the character of the land which shall be as cold and forbidding as its people, and shall turn while there is yet time, to traverse a pleasanter way. This curse be upon your country until you and your people suffer a change of heart, and learn the secret of content and happiness."

With these words he was gone. It all happened so quickly that the king was too astonished to stop him. He started, however, at the sound of the closing of the iron gates at the end of the avenue leading to the palace.

"Stop him," he called, "stop him, bring him back."

He was the first to fling open the great doors and look out, but the avenue was empty, nor could he see a trace of the man nor his cavalcade as far as he might look. The guard soon rode down the avenue with a clinking of sabres and swords, bearing orders to overtake the stranger and to bring him back at all costs.

The king laughed, their fears were probably ill-founded. The man was a vain boaster who had not the power to carry out his threats.

AN icy wind blew around the palace, strangely cold for a summer night. The smile faded from the king's face, and he hastily withdrew indoors. But he did not believe the stranger's threat, even though he ordered the fires kindled on the great hearths.

It was late when the guard returned and the chief officer came to report to the king. He stood at a respectful distance, a perplexed expression upon his face, while he recited his story.

"We did not find him, sire, it is a strange business. He could not have travelled as far as we went, but we did not see him, and what is more, neither has anyone else, though we inquired diligently."

The king barely listened to his report, and dismissed him at once. He tried to put the matter from his mind, but the talk in the palace on all sides was of nothing else, and wearying of it at last he took himself off to his own apartments.

He awoke at dawn. The atmosphere in his apartment was icy, and one look from the latticed windows told the reason. For as far as he could see, his gardens, the avenue, the city and the hills beyond, was a white gleaming waste of icy bleakness, cold, frigid and forbidding. He turned away with a shudder, the stranger's prophecy had indeed come true.

As the months dragged by and things remained unchanged, the king became

even more impatient and fretful. The people could no longer grow their own food, and so it had to be purchased from nearby lands, who remembering past grievances demanded more and more gold for the purchases, until the country became almost poverty stricken, and starvation stared many in the face. The king realized vaguely that something should be done, but he was too self-centered to see very far past his own discomforts.

Then one day as he was riding along the icy highway he saw a youth lying half frozen in the snow. A wayfarer, evidently, for he was attired in a costume strange to that country. The king ordered him taken to the palace, not from any particularly unselfish motive or desire to help someone else. He could hardly leave him in the snow to freeze to death, and there was no alternative but to take him to the palace.

Having done this much, however, he forgot the matter until some weeks later the youth stood before him. Once more ruddy with health and ready to continue his journey, he was so profuse in his thanks that the king became embarrassed. He had done nothing to deserve such gratitude, and yet it caused a strange warm feeling to creep around his heart, and upon the impulse of the moment he gave the youth a bag of gold and wished him well on his journey. It was the first time that he had ever gone out of his way to be kind to another, or bestowed a gift without expecting a reward. But in this case the reward was not long in forthcoming, for the youth dropping on one knee before him, placed in his hand a flute, the most beautiful instrument he had ever seen, beautifully carved, crusted with gems and molded from pure gold.

"Take it, oh king, it is all I have to offer in payment for the wonderful kindness you have shown me. It is a magic flute, and to play it brings happiness to the owner and all who hear it."

He rose, and with a smile of farewell would have passed from the palace, but

the king's voice arrested him at the doorway.

"One moment, lad, but how does one play this magic instrument?"

"One does not play it, oh king, you have but to hold it to your lips and your soul sings through it. As your soul is, so is the music, harmonious or discordant."

With these words he vanished, and the king was left alone in the great hall with the shining instrument in his hand. He smiled. Here was the secret to happiness. He could put at an end all his discomforts, and perchance he might drive away the curse from his land. That this might help anyone else did not enter his head, he still thought only of himself.

With an air of assurance he placed the flute to his lips. Instantly the halls, the whole palace and the grounds beyond were filled with one shrieking discord. He snatched the flute from his mouth and placed his hands over his ears to shut out the terrible sounds. The youth's voice drifted back to him, "as your soul is, so is the music." Could his soul be as terrible as that? He sat thinking for long hours, and finally arose to place the flute away in a beautiful cabinet. Having done this, he walked slowly from the room.

Then slowly, for such things are not accomplished over night, the king began to change. He thought less and less of himself, and the warm feeling around his heart grew, the frown left his face as well as the melancholy foreboding look, the courtiers began to like to be near him, and finally they began to pattern themselves after him. The king was everywhere, trying to ease the hardships of his people and planning for their good. A new feeling spread itself abroad in the country, a feeling of love and service for others, and the people began to change also.

The king was sitting by his window watching the dawn break over his cold, bleak land. One thing he wanted to accomplish, he wanted to remove this curse from his country, for his people's sake, not for his own. He thought no longer of himself. Then he remembered the flute, and with swift steps he stole through the silent palace to the hall, and with trembling fingers took it from the cabinet. With it still in his hands he passed out into the garden, or what had been the garden, now a bleak cold, barren place.

He hesitated. He knew he was different, but was he changed enough to do this thing. He stopped, and bowing his head reverently, he prayed a great prayer that his people might be freed from this bondage and might become happy. Then with his eyes still closed, he placed the flute to his mouth, hardly daring to breathe.

Hark, what was that. Never had he heard such beautiful music, only perchance in the great cathedral had he listened to anything so grand and sublime, and this excelled even that in exquisite harmony. How long he stood there he did not know, but suddenly he was aware of warmth and the sweet perfume of dew-spangled flowers, and the musical voices of sleepy birds. He opened his eyes, the gardens stretched before him a glory of bloom, on all sides was a glorious summer land, and from far and near came the swelling sound of rejoicing voices.

In time the country became the mecca for travelling strangers. It grew wealthy. Its people were happy and content, unselfishly serving others, and when the stranger came again with his quest yet unfinished, that of finding a people worthy of the friendship of his great country, he bestowed it upon this king and his people, and with the aid of this great sister country they became a great nation.

But happiness, content and unselfish service to those in need still remained the laws of the land, and the stranger had a great arch placed over the highway entering this place, which read, "Here is the country of content. Enter and be happy."

HER BRIDEGROOM'S FOOL—Continued from page 29

vision of distress. The stockings, wrenched from its airy moorings, flapped dismally around her ankle as she ran. Up the cottage steps—into her miniature bedroom—onto her white bed—face downwards she lay, torn by such sobs as she had not known since nursery days.

Her world had crashed around her with the crash of that second horrible bottle!

"Infernal fool! Infernal fool!" That was what she had become, in one short week! Last week—ah! Last week! Only one little week of married happiness—and now—this! Infernal fool, he had called her! He! Her Jerry! Who had promised to love her till death did them part! Oh! How terribly he had glared at her! His love was dead! Killed by a bottle of 'Green River'! No! It was the bottle of Coca Cola that had torn the deck! Coca Cola! That one's life could be wrecked by so small a thing! He could never forgive her, never face that awful crowd again with an infernal fool beside him for a wife! A fool! And she had dreamed of helping him in his 'career'! He was studying law. She had planned to surprise him by reading up a little, and, sometime, when he was a great, criminal lawyer, perhaps, putting her finger on the dramatic bit of evidence that would get his client off! But now, branded as an infernal fool, her dream of being his inspiration, perished wretchedly. How sad life was! And she so young! Oh, how he had glared! Murder was in his heart, you could tell. Murder! She must go away, back to her mother, and explain that all was over between them. He could not love her now! No man could love a woman again whom he had

called a fool—not just a plain fool—but an infernal fool.

She rose. She glanced, from force of habit, into her mirror. Horrors! Being a fool was bad enough, but a fool with hair on end, with a red nose, a streaky, powderless face, with one stocking hanging down, and a scratch two inches long on its leg, and a mussed-up ordandy of all mussy things!

She must hurry, hurry! If any little remnant of his great love remained, this scarecrow would surely cause it to turn to bitter scorn.

Quick! He might be on the way now! The wash-cloth! The rough towel! The cold cream! The Powder! More powder! Oh, oh! if only he would not come till the shine had rubbed down! How sad her mother would be! Poor mother! What would she put on, before she packed to leave forever? She stood before the clothes-closet door.

The front door opened; Jerry entered. Jerry stared—Jerry—staring at his infernal fool, staring at her bare leg, her red nose—

"Jerry!" wailed the streaky lady who had been his wife, "Jerry! Don't say anything about it! I'm going back to mother! You don't have to live with me any more! I know you can't love me now! I know—"

Jerry smiled—a lover-smile—Jerry held out strong lover-arms. The bleary one gasped one sobbing breath, and rushed to shelter.

"Leaving me!" Jerry's lips against the frowny head. "Oh, you infernal little fool!"

The red nose lifted—the pink eyes adored.

"Jerry! Call me that again! Like that!"

Five Roses Cook Book

Bread Pastry Etc.

BUNCAKE TOWER

CASTLE OF FIVE ROSES

COOKIE LANE

*Five Roses Land is a bounteous land,
And a goodly land to see;
For the Bun-bush there and the Tart-bush
share
The woods with the plum-cake tree.
While, row upon row, the Plum Puddings
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Like pumpkins upon the vine.
And everything's free for you and for me—
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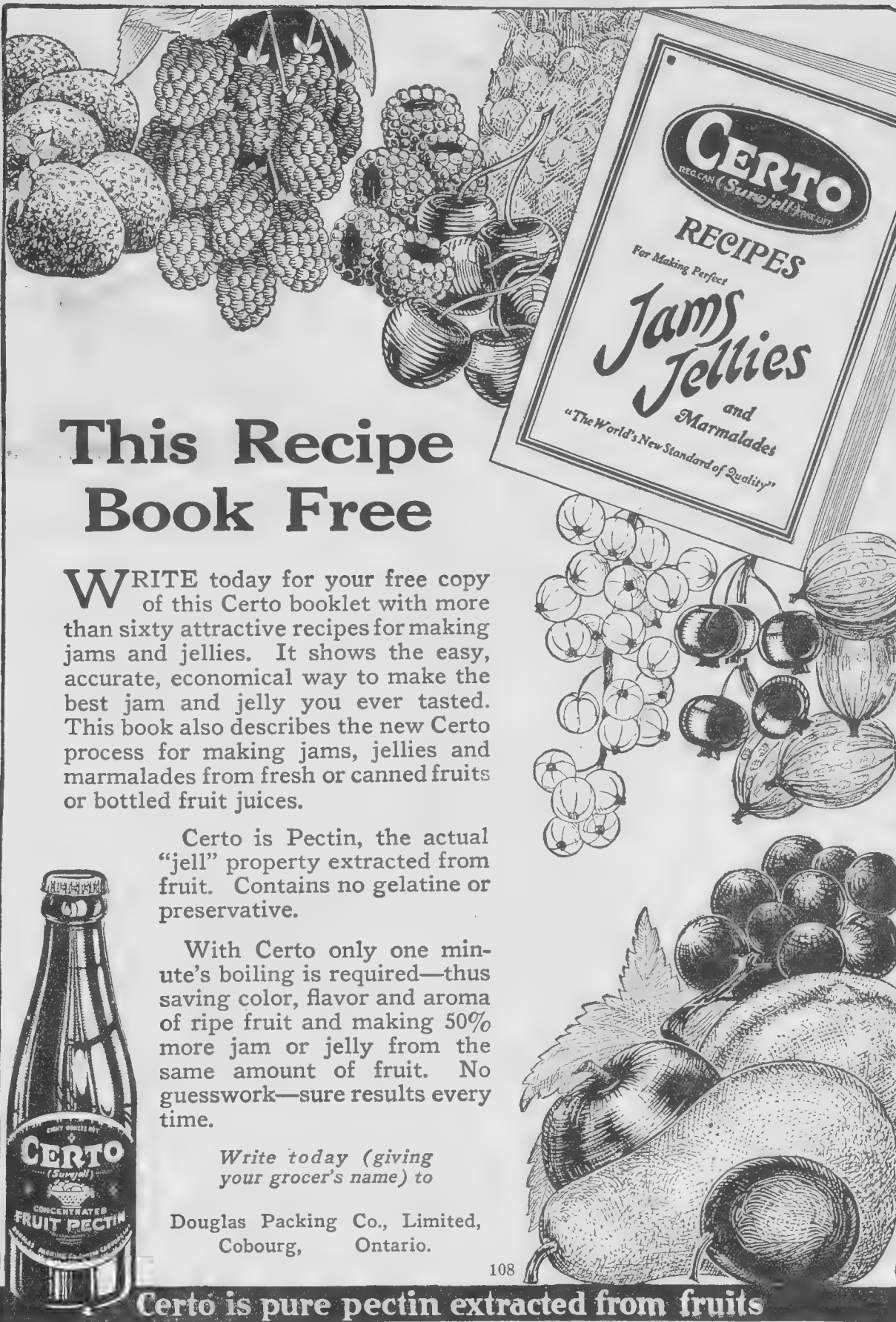
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A Complete Printing Service
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Correspondence

The Nursing Profession

Dear Editor and Readers,

The last letter I wrote must have been taken charge of by the W.P.B., so I thought I would try again and see if it would be printed this time. We have taken the Western Home Monthly for as long as I can remember and enjoy the whole of its contents. I especially enjoy the fiction and the Correspondence Page, and I believe they are both improving every month. It certainly must take a great deal of time and labor to publish such a fine magazine each month.

I have lived on a farm almost all my life, and like the country better than the city. But I will soon have to leave as I am going to town to train as a nurse in the near future. A great many people seem to have the idea that nursing is a hard job to tackle, and accordingly do their best to discourage would-be nurses. Of course I know there is a great deal of hard work connected with this occupation, but then hard work is connected with any occupation that is really worth while. I would like to hear the opinions of nurses if they can find time to write.

Spring must have really arrived as I saw an anemone in bloom today. We have had such a mild winter that it is hard to tell when winter is over and spring arrived. We actually have had spring continually here excepting for a week around Christmas; and even then the weather was not so very cold.

I have some lovely house plants and quite a number of them are in bloom just now. I think that every home should have plants, but one sees so many without them. Many people have the idea that they are "dirty" but I don't see why they should think that.

As this letter is getting quite long I will stop and give other correspondents a chance. Hoping to see this in print, I will sign myself by my old pen name.

Sincerely,

Happy-Go-Lucky,

Kind Words for W.H.M.

The Editor,
Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:

I have read your editorial in the April number of the Western Home Monthly with interest, and agree heartily with what you say regarding stories being "morally sound." It was a pleasure to read "A Canadian magazine can have nothing to do with such stories." I wish there were more magazines that would take the same high standard. As a mother of growing boys and girls and a lover of all young people, I think the moral tone of our newspapers and magazines affect vitally the minds and ideals of the young people of our country. However carefully they may have been brought up, a wrong conception of life is often gleaned from their reading matter, with a consequent lowering of ideals. Best wishes to the Western Home Monthly for the stand it is taking. I will never lose an opportunity to speak a good word for it.

I also agree with you that this glorious western country of ours should inspire a great poet or writer, worthy to sing of her wondrous beauty. Many of us feel it, but, alas! we are too busy developing her vast resources, clearing the land, doing the pioneer work, preparing the way for others, that we must remain "mute inglorious Miltons." The next generation, reaping what we have sown, may perhaps have the leisure and ability to express in beautiful language what we feel, but lack the ability to write.

Yours sincerely,

Narcissa.



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For something light, something cool these June days, try the various sponge desserts that you can easily make with Cox's Gelatine.

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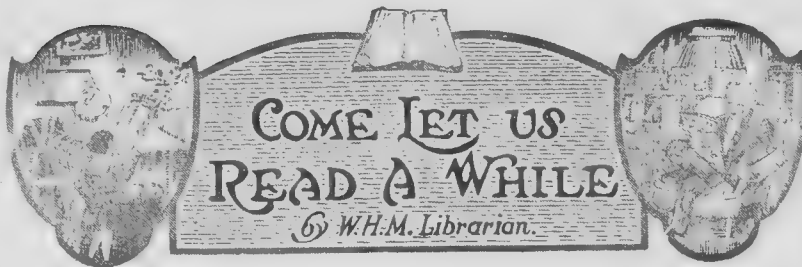
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"The paper that's good to write upon"



CANADIAN essays, Canadian poetry, Canadian fiction. Not often is there such a variety of Canadian books on my desk at the same time. An interesting medley and to cap the unusual, a new English magazine, "Everywoman" is also on my desk and contains a very cleverly written sketch of the Canadian poetess, Beatrice Redpath. And by the way, last Sunday's "Observer," published a charming lyric by the Canadian poet, Frederick Niven. As I have always emphasized, whenever given the chance, there are no geographical boundaries in the literary world. All the uproar about Canadian books for Canadians, Canadian markets for Canadian manuscripts, and a Canadian public for Canadian authors, is piffle, utter piffle. If a Canadian author writes a worthwhile novel, or story, or poem, it will be read with interest wherever the English tongue is spoken. If it is not worthwhile, what right has the author to expect a Canadian public to clamour for it? I didn't mean to be controversial in this chat, but this question of creating a reading public by false patriotic pleas has always made me hot. My temperature rose a few minutes ago, after reading in "The Canadian Bookman" of March a letter from one of our most gifted Canadian writers, Onoto Watana. In this letter Mrs. Winifred Francis Reeve, her name in private life, complains bitterly and with great justice of the practice of a certain "critic" who, for a percentage of the author's royalties, writes fulsome, dishonest praise, pretends they are well considered honest judgments, and publishes these "reviews" in as many papers as he can find to publish them. Were these reviews followed by the tell-tale little abbreviation "adv't," we would have no cause for complaint. This pernicious practice will doubtless continue until public opinion cries "halt."

Enough. Let me now turn to the Canadian books of which I am glad to write.

A Book that Breathes Canada

LAST Fall, Arthur L. Phelps, Professor of English at Wesley College, read to me a "Foreword" that he had prepared for a Canadian book then in the hands of the publishers. Even while Professor Phelps was reading, I longed to see this new book that aroused in so keen a critic, such intense admiration. When Professor Phelps had finished reading, I felt sorry for this man Frederick Phillip Grove. How could, I thought, any author, justify such a magnificent interpretation of his work. I expressed my doubt. Professor Phelps laughingly assured me that he had but done justice to his subject and that the book was far greater than the claims he had made for it.

This book, now published (by McClelland and Stewart of Toronto) is "The Turn of the Year," by Frederick Phillip Grove, whose volume "Over Prairie Trails" aroused such heartfelt praise, more especially, strangely enough, in the east than in the west. But is this so strange? We who live in daily contact with the Prairie have not the perspective of the easterner who was able, through Mr. Grove's pictorial words, to visualise the beauties from which he was separated. This will not, I think, occur with "The Turn of the Year." Westerner or easterner, Canadian or Englishman—he who reads will catch his breath at the beautiful pictures evoked by Mr. Grove's genius for word portrayal. More than this, he who reads will see the Canadian West with new, more understanding eyes, will marvel how one man could so compress thousands of observations into a series of blazing pictures, a panorama, with Nature for the queen of the spectacle, the Canadian

west for the stage, and the unrolling of the seasons for the epic, mighty theme.

Like Conrad, Mr. Grove writes in an adopted language. Like Conrad, he is a master-artist in the use of a language not "his own." When he began to write he tried Swedish, German, French; lastly English. From the time when he had mastered English to the point where he, to use his own words, "cared to use it as a medium of expression," he has used no other. For many years he has been the Principal of the High School in Rapid City, Manitoba.

A Purse of Golden Notes!

NOT bank of England notes. But the dulcet, plaintive, triumphant, coquettish, wistful, mournful, mocking notes of the songs of a Canadian poetess, Florence Randal Livesay, now resident in Toronto. "Shepherd's Purse" is the poetical title of this slender volume published by The Canadian House of Macmillan.

For so long has Mrs. Livesay been noted for her translations of Ukrainian poetry, her readers are liable to forget that she is a creative artist as well as an able translator. She has written a great number of poems, lyrics, free verse, sonnets and some very charming examples of French forms—rondeaux and rondels. Now, in "Shepherd's Purse" she has given us a selection of golden notes from the pipe she plays so sweetly. No lover of poetry, no student of Canadian Poetry should fail to secure a copy of this volume which has the tantalizing and unusual characteristic of not including enough!

Shall I ever forget my first visit to the Prairie in summer time! As the train skirted the miles and miles of fertile soil, some showing signs of man's control; other portions picturesque with pretty bluffs, my eyes were continually engaged by a bright flash of color; a most tantalizing flash, for never could I gaze long enough to see whether it was flower or butterfly or fairy's wings that blazed along the country ways. How aptly and how charmingly, Mrs. Livesay has described this very experience in her poem "Indian Fire"—The Butterfly Weed.

Here and there by country ways
Sudden you shall see it blaze;
Seedling springing year by year,
Immemorial dreams are here.

Slanting down a summer sky
Sailed an orange butterfly;
Poised upon the tawny flower
For a moment or an hour.

In his golden net the Sun
Snared it—Flower and Flight were one.
Beauty! Wings of swift desire
Purged of dross—gold in the fire.

A Volume of Short Stories

I DO not remember ever seeing a volume of short stories written by a Canadian until there came to my desk "The Twist and Other Stories," by Paul A. W. Wallace (Toronto, The Ryerson Press.) They vary in quality yet most of them have a distinct Canadian flavour which makes of this volume an outstanding and worthwhile contribution to Canadiana.

I have read them all. Three in particular struck me as being quite notable productions from the artistic point of view. A sad note is struck in the story entitled "By the Raggedy Rapids" in which the interest is sustained to the end. "The Romance of the West" shows that the author has a keen knowledge of psychology; and "Chop Suey Politics" exhibits keen insight and a well developed sense of humour. These are my favorites, but all of

Continued on page 69



Knees on the hard pavement! What then?

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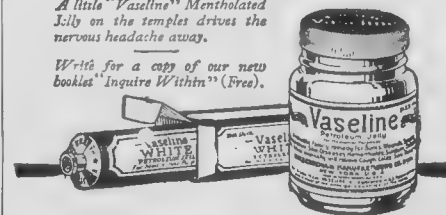
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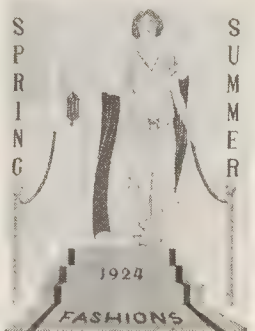
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The Western Home Monthly

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UNDER SUNNY SKIES—Continued from page 14

mire the hens as they ran and flew squawking and cackling from the crowded doorway to their breakfasts. The prize cockerel especially made a splendid picture as he flapped his wings, stood for a moment, then raising his head, sent his clarion note over the barnyard. Even he, however, could ill-afford to spend much time in greeting the morning, and soon there was but a subdued note as each hen quickly and unerringly picked up the kernels of grain. With a last proud glance at the flock, which really appeared as a mass of slowly weaving backs and tails, Auntie turned back to the kitchen.

"Isn't that man up yet?" she inquired of the cat dozing on the sofa. She knew he had not gone to the barn, as she would have seen him going. Once more she opened the stair door.

"Breakfast, Mr. Jennings," she called.

No answer.

"Mr. Jennings!"

No answer.

"Mr. Jennings!"

Still no response.

"Are you awake, Mr. Jennings?"

No sign of life.

A mild gleam came into the blue eyes as Auntie decisively mounted the stairs. Several loud raps on the bedroom door brought a sudden scuffling sound within, followed by a heavy thump on the floor. Auntie descended.

Presently the stair door opened again and this time Jennings stepped out, his hat on his head and his pipe in his mouth. Neither his hat nor pipe ever were otherwise except when he was sleeping or eating.

"Guess I musta gone to sleep again," he remarked.

"I guess you must have," agreed Auntie.

With a rather uncomfortable glance at Auntie's back he shuffled out of the door and across to the barn.

At breakfast he was silent, almost morose. Auntie made a few cheerful remarks, but they evoked only monosyllables in answer from Jennings. He seemed pre-occupied. Usually he was only too ready to hold forth on any subject whatever under the high heavens. Auntie remarked the difference, but said nothing as she watched him finish his tea with a gulp, push back his plate, reach for his hat and, lighting his pipe, start for the barn. Thought Auntie, "He should pretty nearly finish the hay today."

An hour passed and then another one without any apparent movement around the barn. Auntie was wondering what the matter was, and was just on the point of starting to find out, when she saw Jennings' figure emerge from the door, and shuffle toward the house.

"I ain't feelin' good, an' that's a fact," he stated with gravity, upon entering the kitchen. "I'm sick. I've been ailin' for the past week. I think it's 'ammony or somethin' settin' in."

Auntie thought that he had been eating remarkably well for a sick man, but waited for him to continue.

"I oughtn't to be tryin' to work," he went on, "An' I wouldn't have kept up as long as I have, only I knew you needed the help." By this time his voice was showing signs of weakening in sympathy with his body, but he continued bravely to the end: "But the time has come, Mrs. McIntyre, when I simply have gotta give in an' go home an' rest. I hate to, but I can't help it."

After a slight pause Auntie said, in a rather matter-of-fact tone: "I'm sorry, Mr. Jennings, if you are ill. It must have come on rather suddenly, but of course if you aren't well you can't work. How much do I owe you?"

"Six full days; started last Toosday. That will be thirty dollars," promptly answered the sick one.

Auntie took down the old china tea-pot from the back of the cupboard and counted out thirty dollars, and turning, she put the money into his outstretched hand.

"Surprise Mrs. Jennings by getting her a new dress with it when you get home, won't you, Mr. Jennings?" she said, as he stuffed the bills in his pocket.

"Prob'ly will," he grunted. Then, turning to the door, "Well, guess I'll be goin', so long."

"Good morning," said Auntie, as he slouched out through the door.

"Now what do you think of that?" asked Auntie of nothing in particular, as she watched the unkempt figure turn into the road. "He's no more sick than I am. It's downright laziness, that's what it is. I knew he was lazy, but goodness gracious, he was making good money and I'd have thought he would have been glad of the chance. But no! As soon as he has made a little he gets tired of it and quits! And that poor wife of his just slaves from morning till night, week in and week out to keep the worthless creature. Who would have thought that Jenny Evans would have come to that?" she said as she remembered what a bright, happy girl Jenny had been.

"WAL' NOW, you're workin' pretty hard for a hot day like this, ain't you, Auntie?"

"Mercy sakes! Uncle Bill! You nearly scared the life out of me, comin' up so quiet!" exclaimed Auntie, rising from her knees in the onion patch, and coming over to the gate where Uncle Bill was leaning.

"It sure is hot, isn't it? But the weeds are going to get ahead of me if I don't get after them. The shower a couple of nights ago just seems to have started them all going again. It does beat everything where they all come from. I thought I had that onion bed clear of them, but just look at it now!"

"They sure do grow something fierce," agreed Uncle Bill. "I've lost track of my parsnips and beets altogether, but say! those new peas that I got this spring are corkers. The vines are just loaded with the biggest pods I ever seen, and more

Continued on page 61



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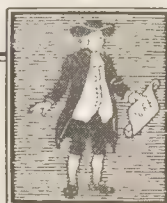
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Quaker Puffed Wheat



Quaker Puffed Rice

blossoms comin' all the time. We've been using them all the time, and yet they're ripenin' in spite of us. They sure are dandies."

"I noticed you didn't bring Mrs. Kelly back with you from town yesterday. What did you do with her?" asked Auntie, just to keep the conversation going.

"Hang Mrs. Kelly!" snorted Uncle Bill, remembering breakfast, "I left her in town."

"Left her in town?"

"Yes, she quit."

"You mean she has left?" asked Auntie, in surprise.

"That's what she did all right," answered Uncle Bill, "quit me cold, or I guess it would be nearer the mark to say hot! You know that little red calf o' mine gets kindo' playful and I guess it had sort o' riled her a few times before, but I guess yesterday mornin' was the last straw," he said with a chuckle, and went on to tell Auntie the events of the preceding day. "And that reminds me," he finished, "that I came over to see if you could let me have a loaf of bread for dinner. Yesterday I guess was Mrs. Kelly's baking day."

"Why yes, Uncle Bill, a couple of loaves, or as much as you want," instantly Auntie offered, leading the way to the house, "and if there's anything else whatever that I can do why you just let me know."

"Thank you, Auntie," answered Uncle Bill, "I don't know how I would ever have got along since Maggie died if it hadn't been for you. You've sure been a good neighbor and friend. Seems to me sometimes as if I am 'most as much bother to you as a whole family would be."

"Well," said Auntie quietly, a wistful light coming into her honest kind eyes as she thought of two little graves and one larger one in the churchyard, "Since I was allowed to keep none of my own to do things for, it just seems as if I had to help others. But I guess I'm not the only one," she said, brightening, "just look at all you have done for me."

"Well, sit down till I get the bread," she invited as they entered the kitchen.

Soon he was ready for home again with a package of bread under his arm.

"How is the hay coming along?" he asked as he was turning to the door.

"Oh, I clean forgot!" exclaimed Auntie. "I'm in trouble nearly as bad as yours," and she went on to tell of Jennings' sudden illness.

"Wal, I'll be durned," observed Uncle Bill as Auntie finished. "It's a corker the way some fellers will act up. Still," he continued, "he worked steadier here than he usually does. Last summer when Jack Henderson took him on for harvest he quit the second day. But, look here!" he said suddenly, looking at Auntie, "I have nothing to do over home for a couple of days, so there's no reason at all why I can't finish up that bit of hay for you and welcome. I can come over for an hour or so this afternoon."

"There you go again," said Auntie with a smile. "But really I couldn't think of you doing that. Besides you have your own hay to harvest."

"Now, Auntie, you just let me do that. If I wasn't here I'd have nothing to do, as I said. I'll have to wait till Hen has raked up what hay is cut before we can haul it home. I'll be over after dinner."

"You'll be able to stay for supper, won't you?" Auntie called after him.

"Oh yes, I can leave things ready for Hen, thanks."

TRUE to his word, Uncle Bill had returned in a couple of hours and soon had old Toby and Ted hitched to the wagon with the hay rack on it ready to go to work. The old boys, faithful servants for many years, were quick to recognize the gentleness of the hand that patted their necks and rubbed their shoulders as they had been to sense the violent nature of Jennings and they rubbed their big soft noses against him in trust and confidence. What thoughts passed through their minds men cannot know, but the large, faithful eyes were sufficient index to their willingness to perform patiently and well whatever toil might be asked of them until, what time their worn-out muscles unable longer to obey the will, they would at last go to the rest so abundantly earned.

Under Sunny Skies

Continued from page 58

All afternoon in the shimmering heat of the July sun Uncle Bill toiled steadily among the "coils" of fresh, sweet-smelling hay, stopping only occasionally to wipe the perspiration from his face on a large bandana, and all afternoon the old horses obediently drew the wagon from coil to coil and from coil to barn to his "cluck" or "whoa," until at last, with a grateful feeling of work well done, he saw that the thin haze of the westerling sun had cast its peaceful spell upon the field, grove and hollow near at hand and upon the rolling hills in the distance, giving a dreamy sense of cool tranquility to the lately heated landscape and telling him that evening was come. A family of prairie chickens whistled to each other from the edge of a wheat field; a locust rasped lazily in the grass near by; a cow-bell rhythmically tinkled in the distance as a neighboring boy drove the cows home to milk. As Uncle Bill let the horses take their way home he felt that life had indeed its compensations for any sorrows it might hold.

Supper that evening, across the table from Auntie, in her cosy little dining-living-room, with its rag mats, homemade easy chairs and picture-covered walls was a happiness that Uncle Bill was not slow to appreciate. Auntie's biscuits were well known all over the neighborhood. The potatoes, baked in the oven, would have tempted a much less healthy appetite than Uncle Bill's. The tea cakes were little wonders to which Uncle Bill did ample justice. His after-supper pipe tasted even better than usual, and he said as much in a kind of a clumsy way to Auntie.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," she said, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Perhaps I should apply for a job as your housekeeper now that Mrs. Kelly is gone," she said with a smile.

Uncle Bill gave her a quick glance and seemed as though he was about to say something more, but if he had intended to he must have thought better of it, for he settled deeper into his chair and resumed his smoking. Clearly though, he was thinking of something that had entered his mind and was holding it pretty strongly.

After a few random remarks, he stuffed some more tobacco into his pipe and rose from his chair.

"Well, I guess it's about time I was gettin' home," he remarked. "I'll be back in the mornin' and finish up that bit of hay."

"All right, Uncle Bill," Auntie answered, "and I'll tell you what," she went on as an inspiration struck her, "I'll go back with you and tidy up the house and do a little cooking."

"Wal, now, Auntie, thank you," said Uncle Bill, "that sure will be nice, that certainly will be nice," he repeated. "Wal, good night."

"Good night!" answered Auntie, as he went down the steps.

On his way home Uncle Bill was deep in thought, so deep was he, in fact, that he didn't even stop to pet Henderson's dog when he trotted out to give his friend's legs a sniff of good fellowship. As he came to his own gate he gave a little chuckle and said, "Gosh!" His own dog, Rover, saw him safely close the door, and then sought his own bed in the wood-shed.

"MY goodness gracious!" remarked Auntie, the next afternoon as she started in to "clean up" Uncle Bill's house. "It does beat everything the way those boys leave things lying around. Just look at that now!"

"That" was Hen's "Sunday" hat, which was brought to light when Auntie picked up a coat from the corner of the kitchen. Numerous other articles of clothing, some pieces of harness, a hand saw, some chisels and a hammer as well as a couple of pails, an axe handle and a broken hoe were soon relegated to positions of less conspicuousness, and the work of cleaning up was started in earnest.

Uncle Bill decided that this afternoon would be a good time to fix up the hog pasture fence. The day he took Mrs. Kelly to town, the pigs, headed by a particularly courageous and enterprising youngster, had rooted a hole under the fence and spent the afternoon exploring. Uncle Bill had persuaded them to return and had temporarily stopped up the gate of egress, but, as he said to himself,

"Pigs is pigs, and as long as that place isn't mended good and strong those beggars will be watchin' and plannin' for a chance to get out again."

Accordingly he selected a good stout post, took the spade, a hammer and some wire staples and started for the breach. The pigs, seeing Uncle Bill approaching and hoping that he was going to give them an extra feed that day, took one look to satisfy themselves that it was he, then started towards him as fast as they could gallop, emitting at every leap the most unexpected explosions of concentrated grunts. Squealing hungrily and climbing over each other in their eagerness to crowd against the fence they threatened to break through entirely until Uncle Bill, using his hammer handle, drove them back, when they lingered around for a while whining miserably, but failing to get any sympathy, they soon took themselves off to other parts.

Soon Uncle Bill had the post firmly set in, some rocks solidly tramped into the hole scooped out by the passage of the pigs, and the wire safely fastened. He was just giving a last twist to a stray end when the treacherous edge turned sharply in his hand, giving him a nasty cut in the finger.

"Dang it!" exclaimed Uncle Bill, seizing the injured finger and squeezing the blood from it, "guess I should wear gloves when I'm handlin' this wire. Gosh, that hurts for the size of it. I'd better go in and put some salve on it."

Upon entering the kitchen he found everything spotless and shining, and Auntie putting the finishing touches on a nice big fruit cake. That cake, he knew, had been made just because Auntie knew it was his favorite. He gave an admiring glance around the clean tidy kitchen and then turned to the author of the transformation.

"You certainly have made an awful difference, Auntie," he said, heartily. "I would scarcely have known the place. It's a corker the way it gets all littered up when Hen and I are here alone."

"Look at the blood on your hand, Uncle Bill!" exclaimed Auntie. "What have you done to it?" she asked with deep concern.

"Oh, I just scratched it a bit on some wire," he explained. "I came in to put some salve on it."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Auntie. "Here, let me fix it up."

With a practised hand she soon had washed the finger and bound it up with a neat little bandage.

"There," she said. "It will be all right now, I think. Be careful not to get any dirt in it," she admonished as he thanked her and went out.

THE dusk of evening found Uncle Bill again seated in the old armchair on the verandah, but across from him, instead of the old rocker vacant and unused, was the old rocker with Auntie gently swaying back and forth in it, her busy hands for once lying idle in her lap. Uncle Bill's pipe was going as usual, but his thoughts seemed to be somewhere else. Often his glance rested upon the old rocker and its occupant.

Again the liquid notes of the belated robin floated through the gathering dusk from his tree by the well; again the lone frog by the creek ground out an occasional lament. Except for these sounds all nature seemed asleep.

After a few minutes of silent drawing of his pipe Uncle Bill stirred uneasily in his chair, cleared his throat and said: "Auntie?"

"What is it, Uncle Bill?" answered Auntie.

"I was just wonderin' if Margaret or Jim would mind if we—well, that is if I—I mean would they mind if we were to—oh, shucks! You know what I mean! Couldn't we—"

"Yes, Uncle Bill, I know what you mean, dear old friend," said Auntie, quiet tears of happiness filling her eyes, "and I know they wouldn't mind. They will both be glad to know that at last neither of us is alone any more."

The robin and the frog were both silent, but the droning hum of a night-flying insect from away back in the gloom gradually drew near, then receded into the distance as two toil-worn hands clasped each other in silent thankfulness.



England's Greatest War Memorial

THERE are many beautiful war memorials to commemorate those who gave their lives in the Great War, but it has been left to the Rock and Fell Climbing Club of the English Lake District to perpetuate the memory of their fallen comrades in the most novel and permanent fashion. They have recently purchased some 3,000 acres in the heart of England's mountain solitudes and handed them over to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and National Beauty to be preserved as a great National Park forever.

It is not the first time that a portion of the Lake District has been set apart as a memorial: only recently a plot of land by the shore of Derwentwater was purchased and handed over to the National Trust in memory of its originator, the late Canon Rawnsley author of "Literary Associations in the English Lakes," "Round the Lake Country," etc., but this last acquisition is much the biggest and the finest.

The new memorial consists of the highest peaks—above the 1500 ft. contour line—to the north of Scafell and in the neighbourhood of Sty Head Pass. These include Great End, Great Gable, Kirk Fell, Green Gable, Lingmell, Broad Crag, Allen Crag, Glaramara, and most of Gillercombe. It is a district of deeply scarred precipices and rocks thrown together in wild confusion, lying midway between Seathwaite—noted for being the wettest place in England—and Washtwater with its tiny church and hamlet of half a dozen houses. The view of this lake adown Wasdale is one of the most magnificent in the world.



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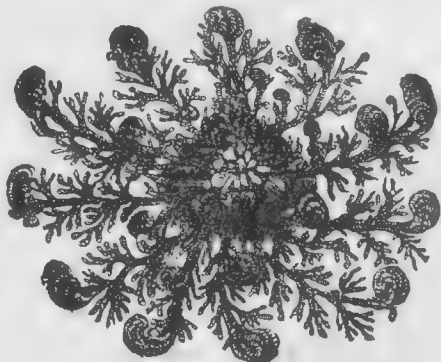
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SAMMY CANUCK—Continued from page 16

WHAT interests Canadians in Canada more than the actual number of their fellow-citizens who have crossed the line, is the answer to the questions: "Have these men and women lost their interest in Canada?" and "Why have they turned their backs on the land of their birth and become citizens of another land?"

While thinking over the preparation of this article the writer was undecided from just what angle it should be written. Should he cater to the desires of the Canadian reader and hide his actual feelings, or should he speak the truth and let his friends in Canada see and understand just how great a majority of Canadian-born Americans feel toward the land of their birth and the land of their adoption?

The writer has been a Canadian living in Canada; a Canadian living in the United States, a citizen of the United States living in Canada; and a "Yankee at home" if you will. He has seen both peoples from their own viewpoint and from the viewpoint of the other, and feels that perhaps he has a better understanding of how the Americanized Canadian feels toward Canada and how the Canadian feels toward America than he could ever have secured without his varied experiences in both countries.

The Canadian who comes across the line finds a smooth road ahead of him. In business circles, his reputation has preceded him for being willing to hold a position until he has succeeded—and therefore opportunity awaits. He is not urged to become a citizen of his new country. He is not twitted with being a citizen of a great empire that once was at war with the country in which he now resides. In fact, he soon learns that there is a certain asset in being a Canadian in the United States. There is a lure about Canada in the mind of the American that reflects itself in the way the visitor is treated. The people among whom he is thrown are friendly. There is no animosity, hatred or bitterness. Soon, without urge and possibly without even suggestion, he decides to become a citizen of this country in which he is earning his living. He feels that this is but right and knows that the people among whom he has come to live should expect this of him just as he and his boyhood friends expected the Americans who came to prosper in Canada's wheat fields to become citizens of their new land.

He becomes a citizen—almost invariably. But he does not lose his love for the land of his birth. Perhaps the best proof that men and women of British birth cling together and honor the lands where they were born is to mention the British and Canadian societies in Philadelphia alone.

These are: The Canadian Society—with its Woman's Club; Albion Society; Philadelphia Scottish Border Club; British Society of the University of Pennsylvania; Caledonian Pipe Band; Germantown British-American Beneficial Association; Sons of St. George; Daughters of St. George; Tam-O-Shanter Club; Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club; Daughters of the British Empire; Scots Thistle Society of Philadelphia; St. Andrews Society. Undoubtedly there are many others about which the writer knows nothing.

Truly the Britisher—and the Canadian especially—retains a love for the land of his birth. Perhaps this love is best described in an editorial in "The Border Gateway," a magazine appearing for the first time in December, 1921, issued for the express purpose of developing friendly interest between Americans and Canadians. Practically every man connected with the magazine at the time—if not every one—was born in Canada. Here is the initial editorial of the first issue:

Our Purpose

Across the unfortified border dividing the United States and Canada, nearly two million Canadians have come during the last fifty years. Across that same border an ever-increasing army of Americans wends its way to the grain fields of the Canadian Northwest.

Canadians become Americans; Americans become Canadians. In the two countries there are now millions of these men and women, retaining a love for the lands of their nativity, yet bound heart and soul to the lands of their adoption.

And above all else on earth do they seek the retention of friendly relations between the United States and Canada; a cessation of provincial jealousies that are too easily fanned into flame by those who are looking primarily to personal gain; a broader knowledge on the part of Canadians of things American, and vice versa; and an ever-increasing trade between these two English-speaking countries of the New World.

As spokesman for two million Canadian-Americans we make our bow. We do not seek to urge or stem the human tides that flow across the border. Editorially we care nothing for the political questions that mean so much to many on both sides. Race, color and religion do not enter into our editorial mind. But we who are here know America. We want the millions we left in the North to know it too. And we want Americans who know little of the real Canada to realize and appreciate its wonders and resources.

When this is achieved, better trade conditions will result; provincial jealousies will have died out, and there will be a greater friendliness between the peoples. We seek to develop respect, confidence and love not as Canadians; not as Americans, but as a body of two million men and women who have lived the lives of both Canadians and Americans. know each better than either knows the other, and seek to make each realize that in the other is a potential social and business friend.

This, then, is the feeling toward Canada held by her sons and daughters who have renounced their allegiance to the land of their birth. What is the feeling of the American-born man toward the Canadian and his land? Let a recent editorial in the Public Ledger of Philadelphia answer that question:

Canada's Dollar at Par

Canada's dollar has come back to par. It is the first of all that host of currencies depreciated by war to rise again to the American level.

The United States dollar remained like a rock moored to parity during and since the war. It has been for eight years the sole standard of money for the world.

It is a highly significant thing that this dollar of Canada should beat the pound sterling of England back to where they stood in July, 1914. This means that the Dominion's credit is higher than the British Empire's credit, although the Dominion is part of that Empire.

Who have brought the Canadian dollar back to an equal value with the American dollar? The business man and the farmer of the United States. Our country is carrying on an immense trade not only with Canada itself but through Canada for the mother Empire. It has become the fashion for large American concerns to establish plants in Canada and do their exporting from that point for the reason that other portions of the British Empire grant better conditions in the way of tariffs to Canadian trade than to the United States trade.

Besides that, the direct business done between Canada and the United States has become enormous. It is necessary to cite but one example of this. While our farmers will have a couple of hundred million bushels of wheat to sell this year, we shall nevertheless buy from Canada tens of millions of bushels of their especial kinds of wheat.

Canada also profits heavily from the American tourists who crowd the forests and fishing waters more and more every season, carrying our gold

SAMMY CANUCK

Continued from page 62

eagles with them. Now with her money at par again, Our Lady of the Snows is headed for a prosperous future and none will wish her a brighter destiny than her big Southern neighbor, Uncle Sam.

And that is what the American editor thinks of Canadians and of their land. No bitterness; no irony; no jealousy. It is this universal good fellowship toward Canadians on the part of the cultured people of the United States that induces hundreds of thousands of Canadian men and women to so soon take out their American citizenship papers.

BUT in spite of the fact that the Canadian-born man in the United States becomes a good citizen of his adopted country, he still retains a love for the land of his birth and desires to instil that love into the hearts of everyone with whom he comes in contact. He tells of Canada; its winters; its sports; its flowers and fish and lumber. He is prone sometimes to become just as boastful regarding the land of his birth as is the Londoner in Canada, the New Yorker in London, and the Torontonian in Chicago—it's the Anglo-Saxon trait of speaking of one little speck of earth as God's chosen footstool—which accounts for the fact that most English-speaking races hold just a little bitterness toward all of the others. One branch of the family dislikes the boastfulness of another branch and refuses to recognize its own.

The Canadian in America will continue to revere the land of his birth unless the people of that land cause him to cease. The remark has often been made that Canadians coming to the United States seem to forget their homeland. Despite the fact that I may bring the wrath of many upon my helpless shoulders, I feel it my duty to speak the truth. There is yet enough provincialism, at least in the small towns of Canada, to wreak havoc with even the intense love borne those towns by their native sons and daughters who have migrated. The writer of the editorial in "The Border Gateway" mentioned "provincial jealousies" twice, and realized sorrowfully that there was a feeling against Americans and especially against Canadian-born Americans, prevalent among Canadians—at least in the smaller towns and cities, and among the "smaller" people in the larger cities.

The Canadian who has migrated to the United States pays his first visit to his home town. Without knowing it his accent has changed to one approaching that of his new friends. To his hometown Canadian friends, however, this accent has not been acquired—but is affected. His tales of the great cities are boasting. The fact that he is contemplating becoming a citizen of the United States is rank heresy. Of course Americans who come to Canada, become Canadians, but this visitor to his old home town should by no means renounce his King.

The visitor feels this—he is made to feel it. On his second visit it is still more noticeable. On his third, he is perhaps asked what his stand would be in case of war between his homeland and his adopted country. To him the question is ridiculous and the questioner as well. He has never thought of such a thing as war between Canada and the people who have treated him so kindly in the land of his adoption. He finds far more criticism of his actions, his dress, his accent, and his viewpoints in his home town than he has ever found among the strangers with whom he mingled when first he migrated.

Gradually his desire to visit the homeland periodically fades away. His visits become less frequent—and then the remark is made that he is "forgetting the land of his birth."

He has not forgotten it—but he has become disappointed in its people. It is embarrassing to realize that although Americans have always treated him as a friend, his own people are prone to ridicule him and express displeasure over some of the habits or customs of Americans. He does cease his visits home—

Continued on page 69



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haunting minor notes to a light tripping measure. The old man seemed to be living again some experience of the past, and an eager light came into the faded eyes as his fingers flew. Wilder and wilder grew the measure as if accompanying a strange dance—was it a dance of death? There was a fierce exultation in the playing. Kingsley was sure that the musician was improvising. No printed notes could catch such furious abandon. Kingsley felt the wild sweetness of it quivering through his whole being. Then he became aware that the old man, though still playing, drooped forward with a look of exhaustion. The bow was less obedient to the long, sensitive fingers. Kingsley took a step toward him and Stephanie rose from her knees, but before either could reach him he had fallen back on the pollows, the violin still clutched in his hand. Kingsley knew instinctively that he was dead. The girl uttered no sound. She kissed the hand that held the violin and then buried her face in the bed-covering.

KINGSLEY had never been in the presence of a great sorrow and he felt strangely helpless and inadequate. He could think of no word to say. At last when the silence had become unbearable, he put his arm about Stephanie and gently drew her away from the bed and out through the door into the sunshine, now incongruously bright.

"Have you any friends I could bring?" he asked.

"None. We are refugees."

"A priest then?"

"There is no priest of our church here. You might bring Father Neman of the Roman Catholic church. He has been very kind."

"I shall bring him, and I'll attend to the—to every thing else if you wish."

She nodded sadly. "There is also the violin to take back, but that can wait. You have done so much, and yet there is something else that I must ask of you. We have scarcely any money. My father made his living mending musical instruments, as you see." Kingsley had noticed the battered sign with the legend, "L. Sosinsky, Musical Instruments Repaired," and he remembered that the room they had just left was littered with fragments of guitars, violins and other stringed instruments. "There is one treasure that I have kept through all our wanderings." From her bosom she drew a small chamois-covered packet, from which, when she had unwrapped it, there flashed forth a ring set with a magnificent ruby. "Do you think you could sell this to some jeweller for enough to pay for the funeral? I know so little about business affairs."

He blinked in sheer surprise. "You have never seen me before. You do not know my name. Why do you trust me in this way?"

"Ah, I see your face, your eyes. That is enough."

A warm glow suffused Kingsley. The world seemed incomparably brighter in spite of the tragedy so nearby.

Having interviewed the priest, and the undertaker, he proceeded to the largest jewellery store in the city, believing that there he would be most likely to find an expert capable of valuing the ring. The manager into whose private office he was shown took the ring in his hand and gave him a swift searching look through narrowed eyes.

"This ring is your property?"

"No, I am selling it for a client."

"Who is she? How does she come to own such a priceless ring? Why does she wish to dispose of it?"

Kingsley caught the suspicion in word and look, and became foolishly defiant. "I do not see how that can in any way concern you."

The manager shrugged. "A firm of our repute cannot afford to have any questionable dealings."

At the insulting words Kingsley's eyes blazed. He snatched the ring from the jeweller's fingers and departed in a rage. His angry exit only increased the suspicion already raised by the magnificence of the stone. But the jeweller's pique at his failure to secure such a treasure was chiefly responsible

for what followed. His visitor's outraged coat-tails had scarcely disappeared, when he lifted the telephone and gave an account of the interview to the police.

Kingsley, not wishing to risk another such interview, at least till he had reached his normal state of complacency, decided to keep the ring for the present and advance what money was needed from his own funds. When he entered the bank, his flushed appearance and the unusual size of the cheque he wrote, led the discreet teller to draw conclusions not entirely complimentary.

From the bank Kingsley hurried back to the gray cottage, and, not wishing to hint at the jeweller's suspicions, he simply stated that he had had a little trouble finding someone to value the ring, and in the meantime would advance her what she needed from his own funds, the ring being ample security for the loan. The priest, who had arrived, was witness to the transaction.

There remained the violin to return, after which he purposed putting in an appearance at the office, promising Stephanie that he would call again in the evening.

He did not come.

NEXT day as Stephanie sat listlessly in a crowded car on her way to town, her eye caught the headline of a paper her neighbor was reading:

PROMINENT YOUNG LAWYER ARRESTED FOR THEFT OF STRADIVARIUS

She read on incredulously and learned that the misguided youth had evidently thought better of the deed for he was in the act of returning the violin when he was arrested. It was further stated that a second charge might be brought against him unless he could give a satisfactory explanation as to how he had gained possession of a valuable ruby which he had attempted to sell the very morning of his arrest. The paper kindly added that Mr. Dell had hitherto lived a most exemplary life, as could be vouched for by the other members of his firm and a host of clients and friends. His strange conduct appeared quite incomprehensible and might be explained by a mental lapse. He himself refused to give any explanation. The case was to be tried in the police court before Magistrate Danders today.

The trial was already in progress when Stephanie reached the police court, Kingsley, who had employed no lawyer, had evidently just finished speaking in his own defence.

"You consistently refuse to admit that you stole this instrument," the magistrate was saying. "You insist that you borrowed it for a client who had authority to commission you so to do, yet your language to the servant would seem to indicate that you had no intention of returning it. Moreover you refuse to divulge the identity of your client. What reason can you offer for withholding this information?"

"My Lord, she is in great trouble. Her father died yesterday, and till the funeral is over at least, I refuse to drag

her into any police court proceedings. If you will grant a remand for two days, I will agree to produce my client as witness and give a full explanation of the whole affair." He did not see fit to add that at the present moment he was as much in the dark as they were.

"This is most extraordinary," said the magistrate. "I suppose you are aware that in refusing to give your client's name, you are liable to a penalty for contempt of court?" and he adjusted his monocle and glared at Kingsley. "Nevertheless, out of consideration for your hitherto unimpeachable record, I am willing—"

HE did not say what he was willing to do for his attention was suddenly arrested by a girl clad in deep mourning, who had made her way to the front of the room. In answer to his inquiry she stated that she was Mr. Dell's client.

"You are willing and able to explain Mr. Dell's conduct?"

Before she could reply, Kingsley rose excitedly. "My Lord, I protest," he began. But Stephanie turned toward him and spoke as naturally as though they were alone and not the centre of interest for scores of curious eyes.

"Of course I shall explain. I should have foreseen all this, but I was too overwhelmed to think of anything except my own sorrow." Their eyes met and held for a moment and then her long lashes drooped and for the first time she appeared confused.

The magistrate broke in coldly with the request that she be sworn in. He then proceeded to question her.

"Did you give Mr. Dell authority to borrow the Stradivarius violin from the home of Mr. Lorimer?"

"Yes."

"What right had you to do this?"

For answer she produced a paper which she handed up to the magistrate. He read it, polished his monocle with much energy, and then read aloud to the court the following curious document:

"I, James Lorimer, having this day purchased from Count Sosinsky a Stradivarius violin, do hereby agree that before the death of said Count Sosinsky, the Stradivarius shall be delivered into his keeping for one day, delivery to be made on his request without delay or question."

Signed, James Lorimer.

"Who is Count Sosinsky?" asked the magistrate.

"My father," said Stephanie simply, and added in a low voice. "He died yesterday."

"Why did he wish to have the Stradivarius in his possession before he died?"

"Because it had always been his dearest treasure. We were refugees from the Russian Revolution. In the old days my father's chief interest had been his music, and through all our wanderings, however poor we might be, he refused to part with the Stradivarius. When he played on it it comforted him for all his sorrows."

"Why, then, did he consent to sell it here?"

"He received word from friends in Russia that a large sum was needed to rescue his youngest brother from prison there. That was the saddest day of all the sad days we had lived through." She put her hand to her heart with the gesture Kingsley remembered. "We had only managed to earn a scanty living by all our efforts. My father played for a time in theatres, but he would not, could not play what they call jazz, so he did not fill the requirements. He did not know English well enough to teach music. He was familiar with instruments of all sorts and so as a last resort he opened a little repair shop for musical instruments. I was able to get on as usher in the Capitol Theatre. It left my mornings free for housekeeping, but the pay was very small."

Kingsley shuddered at the incongruity of it—his Lady of Sorrows in usher's uniform—rose velvet trousers and tam, black velvet coat with gold braid. He had probably seen her there many times without giving her a passing thought.



FOR LADY FAIR

Continued from page 64

HER voice went quietly on. "The violin was his only means of raising the money so it had to go. Mr. Lorimer considered it a great find. He was quite willing to agree to my father's stipulation, and if he had been home when Mr. Dell called, there would not have been any trouble. The night he took the violin home, my father wept as he had not done since my mother died. After that he began to fail rapidly. He would sit at night with empty arms and stare for hours into the dusk. The money was sent to liberate his brother and we waited for months, but no word came. Then my father knew his sacrifice had been in vain and it broke his heart. He became very ill. The doctor came and went, but could do nothing. All night I sat with him, and in the morning he opened his eyes and asked for his Stradivarius. He was so ill I dared not leave him, and there was no one to send. On one side of us is a Chinese laundry and on the other a great warehouse. I decided to hail some passerby. Several passed but their faces were hard or cunning or indifferent. Then Mr. Dell came and I knew I could trust him."

"You had known him before?"

"Not till that moment."

A little murmur ran through the crowded room. This was really quite romantic. Stephanie went on unheeding.

"He did not wait to ask questions, but brought the Stradivarius in an astonishingly short time, so that my father was able to hear its voice again and die in peace."

There was a long pause, and when the magistrate spoke it was in a strangely softened voice:

"Then there was the ring—you can explain about that too?"

"It was my mother's betrothal ring. I asked Mr. Dell to sell it for me, to pay for my father's funeral."

The magistrate again polished his monocle furiously.

"Very well, Miss—I should say Countess Sosinsky, that is all we wish to know. We are grateful to you for coming here of your own accord to set things right. Young man," he went on, turning to Kingsley, "your conduct may perhaps have been lacking in discretion, but I am sure we are all grateful to you for proving thus beyond all doubt that the days of chivalry are not entirely over. The case is dismissed."

Kingsley hurried down the aisle, skillfully evading greetings and congratulations from friends in the audience. He overtook Stephanie and drew her arm through his in a gently proprietary way. As they passed out into the afternoon sunshine, their conversation was scarcely worth recording—stammered words and unfinished sentences helped out by expressive eyes, lips and hands. They walked slowly along past the police station with scarce a glance at the building where they had so recently been the chief actors.

The clerk of the court and a middle-aged lawyer watched them from above as they passed under the court-room windows.

"I shouldn't wonder if that betrothal ring has a second term of office before long," said the clerk of the court who was something of a sentimentalist.

He was right. It did.

Dry

Scout Bill (on a summer hike). "Say, Jack, let's divide our rations.

Scout Jack. "Let's. I have a canteen of water."

Scout Bill. "And I have dried tongue."

Scout Jack. "Now that you have had your share of the water I'd like a bit of that dried tongue."

Scout Bill. "I haven't got any now."

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ANNE'S MELODRAMA

Continued from page 10

one of which seemed of doubtful usefulness. Then she slammed the door. As Anne went down the steps she heard the key turn in the lock.

After another walk of half a mile, Anne reached her house. It was now nearly dark. The key was that of the back door, and turning it in the lock she found herself in the kitchen. It had that familiar yet strange appearance that a familiar room takes on when it has not been lived in for a long time. All the furniture of value had been sold years ago, but there remained a wobbly table, a rusty and cracked stove, and a shaky chair with broken back. A box behind the stove was full of wood. Anne started a fire, and went to the well for water, wondering if it was fit to drink. She decided it would be all right if boiled. She took off her wet outer garments, and put on kimona and slippers, reflecting that it was fortunate that she had brought some food in her suitcase. There was a little oil in a small lamp with a cracked chimney which stood on a shelf back of the stove.

"I can sleep on the floor, I suppose," Anne thought. "I am beginning to think I've been a fool."

Someone knocked at the door. "Perhaps Mrs. Green has repented of her churlishness, and sent over to ask me to spend the night at her place," Anne thought, as she went to open it.

"I saw a light here, and came across to see if tramps had broke in, or what," came a determined feminine voice from the rainy darkness. "If you haven't any right to be here, I shall phone the game warden."

"Is he the guardian of life and property at the Point?" Anne asked. "But come in out of the rain, while I satisfy you of my right to occupy my own house."

THE woman who stepped into the kitchen was tall, angular, and about fifty years of age. Her severe expression changed as she studied Anne. "Why, I believe you're little Anne Morrison," she said at last.

"Yes, but I'm afraid I don't remember you," Anne replied.

"I left school before you were old enough to start, and went away to teach. I'm Patty Lake—probably you remember my younger sister, Mary?"

"Why, I remember you now," Anne exclaimed. "Mary and I used to be great friends. Sit down, won't you?" She offered the chair to her guest, seating herself on the woodbox.

"Are you staying here tonight?" Miss Lake asked. "I thought the place was unfurnished, with the exception of these few things in the kitchen."

"I'm afraid I'm not a very good manager," Anne confessed. "I've got some dishes and things in my trunk, and I bought a cot and an oil stove in Barton, but the mail carrier said he couldn't bring the trunk out until the roads got better, though he would try to get the other things here tomorrow. But I shall manage somehow."

"You'll come right home with me," Miss Lake ordered. "I may be poor, but I've still got a spare bed and enough to eat."

Anne confessed that she had not been unduly anxious to sleep on the floor. She struggled into her wet shoes again, and accompanied Miss Lake along the short cut across the fields.

"Mind the ditch there," the latter warned. "Now we have to climb over this fence. And here we are."

Anne thought Miss Lake's kitchen a very pleasant place. It was evidently living-room and dining-room as well. The hooked rugs on the painted floor, flowered curtains at the window, a glass-doored cupboard full of pretty china, and two long shelves of books, gave a pleasant and homely effect. During supper the two women talked of old times and old neighbors.

"Didn't old Mahala Green ask you to stay the night?" Miss Lake demanded.

"She said she thought some of the downstairs rooms in my house were dry," Anne laughed, "and she lent me three matches, one of which wouldn't light. I heard her lock the door before I was off her doorstep."



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg Manitoba

ANNE'S MELODRAMA

Continued from page 66

"Since she got rich she suspects everybody," Miss Lake remarked. "They say she hides her money in all sorts of places, and is afraid of being robbed."

"She didn't look very prosperous," Anne ventured.

"She made a lot of money in shipping property during the war—most of the people here did," was the answer. "They all look down on poor people like me."

"Then you didn't speculate in shipping property?"

"No, I had to pay doctor's bills instead of buying shares in schooners. Do you remember Joe Brown—Little Joe, the old people call him, to distinguish him from his father, who has been dead thirty years?"

"I'm afraid not," Anne confessed. "I suppose he is a descendant of old Theron Brown who gave his name to this place."

"A grandson. Probably he went away before you grew up. Let me see—you must be thirty-two, and Little Joe is forty," said Miss Lake, with the uncanny memory for ages that seems inherent in dwellers in long-settled country districts.

"And what about this Little Joe?"

"Oh, nothing, except that he came home this spring, for the first time in more than twenty years. He has been a fur trapper, I hear. He lives on the Brown place, and seems to depend on what game he shoots for food. I should think he could find something better to do than just loaf here. Some folks think he's hiding from the police, on account of something he did out West. But I guess you want to go to bed. You can have the room that opens off the kitchen."

A WEEK later Anne was settled in her own house, except that she had not got her garden made. She had tried to hire somebody to dig up the ground, but it seemed that to work for wages was beneath the dignity of the local men.

The day was hot, and Anne had been digging for nearly two hours. She dropped her spade, and went across the fields to the shore. She had not yet been down to the beach, and longed for a sight of the sea. But she had forgotten the tides of the Bay. When she reached the shore brown mudflats stretched on all sides. Between the mudflats extended the rocky point which gave the place its name. Anne made her way seaward along the rocks, keeping her footing with some difficulty. Little pools of sea water lay in every depression, and there was a pleasant smell of dulse and seaweed. Anne remembered the smell, and sniffed delightedly. For the first time she felt at home.

At a little distance to one side of the point a man was building a fence with brush. Memory told Anne that he was making a weir. She sat down on a large rock and watched him. After a while he strode over to her.

"You're Anne Morrison, I guess. I should not have known you, for you were only a little girl when I went west, but I heard you had come home. I'm Joe Brown."

"I had heard you were living here. Mr. Brown," Anne replied, offering her hand.

"I'm more used to being called Little Joe," the man said. "It seems hard to live down a nickname. Out west I'm more used to answering to 'Big Joe.'"

"That does seem more appropriate," said Anne.

The man whom his neighbors considered a failure and perhaps something worse was undeniably big. He did not carry himself awkwardly, or with a failure's slouch. Nor did he look like a drinking man. His eyes were clear and frank, and his skin tanned a healthy brown. His manner was bluff and independent. Anne decided that the theory that he had come here to hide from the police was improbable.

"Sizing me up?" Brown asked, with a smile that transformed his stern face, and robbed the words of offence.

Anne flushed. "I was trying to remember you, but I'm afraid I can't," she said.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Anne's Melodrama

Continued from page 67

"No, I went away when I was eighteen, and I'm forty now—nearly twice your age, I should think."

"I am thirty-two," Anne said, and felt pleased at his evident surprise. "You are making a weir?"

"Yes; it seems to be hard to find enough to eat, and I thought a weir might help some. Even where people have things to sell, they seem to doubt my ability or willingness to pay. I came home expecting to be received like the prodigal son, and I'm treated more like a black sheep. But I must get on with my weir before the tide turns."

"And I must go home and dig up my garden," Anne said, with a rueful look at her blistered hands.

"Digging is much too hard work for you; why don't you get help?" Joe Brown asked.

"Nobody wants to work for wages, and I'm regarded as a black sheep, too," Anne said. "I suppose I could get along without a garden, but I want one, and the vegetables will be welcome."

"Well you let the digging alone; I'll come over after supper and work at your garden, Anne."

"Thank you—Joe," Anne replied.

AS she picked her way back over the rocks she reflected that the man was really good-looking, in a rugged way, and had the manners of a gentleman, whatever his past might have been. Remembering the suspicion that met her at every turn, she was not inclined to believe in a lurid past for any other returned wanderer. If Mrs. Green should learn that she had been on the stage, for instance, she would probably refuse to sell her any milk. Anne had to fetch the milk herself, and pay a city price for it, but she was made to feel that she was lucky to get it at all.

She sat on a box that evening, and watched Joe Brown dig her garden. As he worked, they talked of many things; of books, of cities, and of the waste places. He knew New York, he said, but did not like the city.

"Though you can hear good opera there, providing you can persuade the speculators to let you have a seat," he added.

"I haven't been to the opera very often though I've lived in New York for years," Anne said. She was about to add that she was not musical but Brown misunderstood.

"It is rather an expensive luxury, when one is poor," he said. "This piece is ready to plant; where are your seeds?"

It was nearly dark when he consented to stop work, promising to come and finish the garden the next evening. He laughingly declined Anne's offer of refreshments.

"I had my supper before I came over, and you must remember that I am a black sheep. You can't be friendly with me. Working your garden is different—the natives will think you hired me."

Anne drew herself up, and spoke with dignity. "I do not intend to allow Brown's Point to choose my friends for me," she said.

"But since you have to live here, won't it be wiser to get along with as little friction as possible?"

Anne was about to say that fortunately she did not have to live there, and that she was already feeling that she had made a mistake in coming. But Joe Brown continued before she could speak.

"A woman without friends is a helpless creature, unless she has money. Look at poor Patty Lake, and what she has to put up with."

"I like Miss Lake," Anne rejoined. "I am hoping she will let me be her friend."

"I hope so too, for she is very lonely. She was my teacher long ago. Then she went to the city to teach. Two years ago she had a serious illness, and lost her savings by investing in fake oil stock. I don't think she has anything now except her house and a tiny income, and people here resent the fact that she is better educated than they are, and has seen more of the world. Well, goodbye until tomorrow."

When he had gone Anne spent some time in planning how she could help Patty Lake, of whom she was growing fond. Why not take her back to the

city with her as a companion? Probably Estelle would be on the road during the coming winter, and Anne disliked living alone. Patty would be surprised to hear that Anne had an apartment in a good locality. Anne wondered why everybody had taken it for granted that she was poor. She had not intended to give a false impression; perhaps her comfortable old clothes were responsible. "They can think what they like, and I shall see as much of Joe Brown as I want to," she decided at last.

DURING the summer she did see a good deal of Joe Brown, and the more she saw of him the more she liked him. She wondered why a man like him should be content to stagnate in poverty at Brown's Point. He was well educated and well read, had travelled widely and seemed energetic, capable and industrious. Why had he retired beaten when only on the threshold of middle age? "But I thought you were a fur trapper," she said once, when Joe had spoken of some incident of his life in California. "Only now and then, to get a stake," he explained. "I am a prospector."

"You mean you go about looking for gold?" Anne asked.

"Gold, silver, antimony, platinum, lead—anything that is worth the trouble of finding."

"But I thought each prospector looked for only one kind of mineral," Anne said.

"Usually, unless the prospector happens to have a technical education. I learned all I could about minerals and where one might expect to find them when I was in college. Lately I've been looking for oil, up north."

"Have you ever found anything worth while?"

"Oh, a prospector has his ups and downs," Brown said carelessly.

"I wonder how you can endure this place, after your varied life," Anne remarked.

"I wondered that myself three months ago," Joe replied.

Anne colored; she knew very well what made the place endurable to him. It was the same mutual attraction that kept her from returning to New York. But she changed the subject, for she had not yet made up her mind regarding Joe Brown. She liked him, but why was he a failure?

"Don't you sometimes miss the theatre and opera up north?" she asked.

"Oh, the northwest isn't entirely barbarous. You can hear good music in Edmonton now and then, and you find movie versions of popular plays everywhere. I saw 'The Moving Finger' in a movie theatre up in the Peace River District—saw it three times, in fact. You know the play?"

What would he say, Anne wondered, if she told him she wrote it? "Yes, I saw it, and wondered why it was such a success," she answered, truthfully enough.

"It is the sort of play that takes people out of themselves, and that is what most of us go to the theatre for."

Anne remembered that the same opinion expressed by her friend the dramatic critic, had been the cause of the play being written.

Joe Brown did not take up all of her time. He never came to her house, and though he often contrived to meet her, the meetings always had the appearance of being accidental. Anne spent much time with Patty Lake, and their friendship grew quickly. Patty had read widely, and her comments on books were full of insight. She confessed one day that she had always wanted to see the world.

"But there was never any money to spare, and then I was tempted to put my savings into some worthless oil stock. The venture failed, and then there was less money than ever."

Anne suddenly decided to let the New York apartment that winter. She and Patty would travel. Her bank account was growing like a gourd, for royalties continued to pour in, and she was spending almost nothing. She must decide soon about the future, for already it was September, and she had no intention of spending a winter at the Point.

If only there was no Joe Brown to complicate matters.

Joe himself solved the problem by leaving without a word of farewell. Mrs. Green retailed the news when Anne went to get her daily quart of milk. She was now admitted to the Green kitchen on sufferance, as it were, and only when her shoes were free from mud.

"Yes, Little Joe went out on the stage this morning," Mrs. Green said. "I had to go to the post office with some letters, so I saw him. Told the mail carrier he had got an important letter, that called him away, but I don't know who would be writing important letters to Joe Brown."

"Did he take his trunk?" asked Anne, trying to speak carelessly.

"No, just a suitcase, but I guess that would hold everything he owns. My opinion is we've seen the last of Little Joe, and good riddance, I say."

ANNE took her milk and went home.

She felt suddenly very old and disillusioned. She had been foolish to think that any man would fall in love with a woman of her age—a woman of ungainly height, who had red hair. But had she made her infatuation so plain that the man had been obliged to slip away, without even saying goodbye? Anne bit her lip angrily, and decided that she would go back to New York that very week. She would take Miss Patty. They would go to California—no, not to California; that would remind her too much of Joe Brown. They would see Florida, the West Indies, perhaps even South America. She would see Miss Patty after breakfast.

But when Anne had forced herself to eat, and had set the house in order, she realized that she had a depressing headache. She yielded to it and went to bed. She felt better the next morning, and after breakfast went across the fields to the Lake place. A note on the door informed the world that Miss Patty had gone berrying.

Anne went home, wrote some letters, tried to read. The day wore on. At five o'clock she realized that she was hungry, and started a fire. She went out to get a pail of water, and stopped to stare at an automobile, turning in at her gate. In the car were Estelle, Joe Brown, and a chauffeur.

"I made up my mind to come at a minute's notice, so there was no time to write," Estelle explained as Joe helped her to descend. "The train dumped me at an awful place called Barton, and the station agent said I should have to stay at the boarding house there all night, as some man had hired the only car in the place. Luckily for me the hirer of the car turned out to be Senator Brown, so here I am."

"Senator Brown?" Anne repeated looking at the confused Joe, who in his shabby suit looked very little like a senator. He took the pail from her hand and went for water.

"Yes, I met Mr. Brown in Los Angeles some years ago; he was only moderately rich then," Estelle said. "I saw him again last summer when I was playing stock in Winnipeg; he had just been made a senator then. Fancy your not speaking of him in your letters. But have you anything to eat? I'm starving."

Joe refused Anne's rather cold invitation to stay, saying he had some business with Miss Lake, and must see her as soon as possible.

"She wasn't home this morning," Anne said. "She left a note on her door."

"If she is not home yet, I'll add a line asking her to come over here, and return after supper," Joe Brown said. "I am keeping this car for a day or two."

When he had gone Anne went about getting supper. She was dying to learn what Estelle knew about Senator Brown, but as she had never mentioned the man in her letters, she did not want to show too much curiosity. Estelle was immersed in her own affairs.

"I have had a splendid offer—to create a character part in Edna Barham's new

play. It opens in November, and rehearsals start next month. If I make a hit, my fortune is made. No more one-night stands for little Estelle."

"Of course you will make good, Estelle," Anne assured her friend.

"When are you going to leave this place?" Estelle asked. "I'm fed up with it already. Seems sort of dead."

"It died and was buried half a century ago," Anne answered. "And I am willing to go away whenever it suits you to return. But I don't think I shall be in New York next winter, Estelle."

"Not stay in New York?" asked Estelle, who could not believe that anybody would voluntarily winter anywhere else. "Why, where are you going?"

"I may travel," said Anne, vaguely. "But I have made an interesting friend here, a Miss Lake, and I was thinking that if you play in New York this winter she would be a fine companion for you."

"Miss Lake is the person the Senator wanted to see, isn't she?" Estelle remarked. "If she comes here this evening I shall have a chance to size her up. Here she is now, I think."

Miss Patty arrived by the field path just as Joe Brown drove his car in at the gate.

"I have good news for you, Patty," he said, as soon as they were in the house. "I suppose you have those oil shares yet?"

"Yes, I was looking at them the other day. I was tempted to burn them, but it is good to keep the evidence of one's folly before one, I suppose. Does somebody want to take the worthless things off my hands?"

"The property was never worthless, Patty," Brown explained. "There were traces of oil, but no money for development. I bought it last year, as a speculation, and two days ago received word that the well had come in. That is why I had to go to Barton on such short notice. I sent off a lot of telegrams, including one refusing an offer of a quarter of a million for the property."

"Then I may really get my money back?" Miss Patty asked.

"The shares are already worth ten times what you paid for them. But I would advise you to hold them. I am going west as soon as I can arrange my affairs here."

If Miss Lake had not been so upset by this sudden good news, she might have wondered what affairs he had to arrange in Brown's Point. He had followed Anne out to the garden.

"We all thought Joe was very poor, and now it seems he is a millionaire," Miss Lake remarked. "Won't it be fine if he and Anne should take a fancy to each other? She is too fine a woman to struggle with poverty all her life."

"Do the natives think Anne poor too?" Estelle asked. "Why she has to sit up late thinking of ways to spend her money."

JOE found Anne in the garden, where she was making a pretence of picking some late sweet peas. He came to the point at once.

"Anne, will you marry me tomorrow, in Barton? I must get back at once, and I don't want to go north alone. You'll like the north, Anne." Then, as she was silent, he added, "Of course, if you would rather wait and have a New York wedding, that is for you to decide."

"You seem very sure of me," Anne flashed. "And you made me think you were poor."

"Well, what did you do? Here I've been wondering how to break the truth about my real position, and now I learn you are rich yourself."

"I wrote 'The Moving Finger,'" explained Anne, "and the money just poured in."

"So Miss Sinclair tells me. But let's talk about something important. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"And you haven't been hiding from the police? Not that I ever believed that," Anne added hastily.

"I didn't know quite such lurid stories were in circulation," Joe Brown laughed. "No, I'm just a successful mining man, who got pitchforked into the political life of a young country. This

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SPIRIT LAKE—Continued from page 5

They shook hands. Their canoes parted, one fading away into the misty screen, the others gliding into sunshine. all day long they paddled, stopping to have some tea. When evening overtook them, God's Lake was far behind, and for the night they turned their canoes upside down upon the banks of the Bear River. While the women cooked cupper and erected the shelters, Standing Wolf set a gill-net for fish, and the boys shot a few ducks and a beaver. Early next morning the dunnage and dogs were fitted with greater care into the canoes, and to each person was assigned the proper position for the trip. Standing Wolf, alone in his little two-fathom hunting canoe with old Nookum, or The Happy One, Standing Wolf's mother; Mi-na-ce, or The Berries, his oldest daughter, a girl of twelve; The Snow Bird, a girl of ten, and The Mink, a boy of eight. Then followed the three-and-a-half-fathom canoe containing Koko-hay, or The Perfect Squaw, the wife of Standing Wolf, with her three youngest children and her oldest son, The Marten, and At-tick, or The Caribou, a youth of sixteen.

Day after day they voyaged up the winding river. The current was sluggish at first, but in a few days they came to a series of shallow rapids, up which they decided to pole and track. Going ashore they cut a number of poles seven to eight feet long, and while Standing Wolf was able to pole his way up the rapids, the others were obliged to resort to tracking. At-tick took a tracking line which he fastened to the thwarts of his canoe and looped around the bow, and made his way along the bank towing the canoe, while The Marten stood in the bow and worked with the pole, and his mother sat

in the stern and plied the paddle. The roughness of the river-bank made the work hard for At-tick as he scrambled from boulder to boulder, or swung around an overhanging tree. Once he fell head foremost into the foaming water, but after much toil he at last gained the quiet waters above the rapids.

He went back to help Mi-na-ce, who was tugging away at her tracking line without making much headway. By their combined efforts they made better progress, and had almost hauled the canoe clear of the rapids, when the line suddenly snapped in two. Every one was dismayed except the old grandmother, who was standing in the bow of the unlucky canoe, and poling with all her strength, when the accident happened. As the canoe began descending, she dropped her pole, sat down and seized a paddle. The force of the rushing water sent the frail craft plunging among the sharp-edged rocks and threatened to capsize it. The old woman remained perfectly calm, with her pipe gripped tightly between her gums, and her paddle swiftly and skilfully working to save the precious living freight. Down, down they rushed, here shipping the crest of a swell, and there grazing the edge of a boulder by a paddle's breadth. The frightened children, crouching on the bottom of the canoe, helped to ballast it, as the old woman dexterously guided it stern foremost through the seething waters. When the brave craft finally came to a standstill beside the bank below the rapids, Standing Wolf and At-tick went to her assistance with a stouter line, and soon the runaway was hauled up to the quiet river above.

Continued in the July issue

SAMMY CANUCK—Continued from page 63

and because he has been disappointed in his home people, he ceases to interest Americans in vacation trips to that land of his birth which he has been extolling for years.

It is hard to say how common this experience is. However, Canadians can quite easily see to it that it becomes unknown. The Canadian boy or girl is born with the wanderlust of the Anglo-Saxon and a certain percentage will always migrate to other lands. Men and women in whose veins the same blood flows are living in the United States, England—yes, and in Australia and New Zealand too—and the time will never come when all the native-born of any of these countries will remain at home. We are all alike—so much alike that we see each other's faults too easily and fail to realize that they are our own faults too.

Let us migrate if we wish. And when two million of us who were born in Canada are citizens of the United States, let us be two million men and women who boast of the beauties of Canada every day of the year and die with a love for the place of our birth. And if by that time there be two million Americans in the Canadian wheat fields, treat them so that they, with us, will work untiringly to bring about a spirit of friendship between the peoples of these two great countries of America.

With two million working on each side of the line, the spirit of friendship is bound to reign in the hearts of all—Canadians and Americans—and the migration of Canadian sons and daughters to the cities and towns of America will have been to Canada nothing more serious than a blessing in disguise.

COME LET US READ AWHILE—Continued from page 57

them are readable and redolent with local color and human interest.

Treasure-Trove for Booklovers

THERE'LL be many a booklover endeavoring to find room for "just two more" volumes on the already overcrowded shelves now that McClelland and Stewart of Toronto have issued Bliss Carman's "Ballads and Lyrics," with a companion volume, an appreciation and life of Bliss Carman by Odell Shephard. I do admire the "get up" of these volumes—beautifully printed on paper that is pleasant to the touch; hospitable looking margins, and compact in size, easily handled and well bound. I am finding Odell Shephard's volume of great interest, original and helpful. The manner in which he has subdivided his analysis of the poet's output and given poems to emphasize some point in style, or thought, is, I think, excellent and distinctly valuable to the serious student of this great Canadian lyricist.

A Guide to the Study of Poetry

It is clear from this volume "The Appeal of Poetry" (McClelland and

Stewart) that the author Donald G. French is not only a great lover of poetry, has an intimate knowledge of the best poetry in the English language, but he is also capable of helping others to appreciate it. More than this, he has analysed for us the basic principles of the art of poetry so that we need not say "I love this stanza but do not know why," but "I love this stanza because it appeals on account of the picture it evokes, because of the music of its lines, or because of the thought imbedded in the words." Another thing to the credit of this volume: it is not, what it might have so easily been, technical. Anyone who is able to derive any pleasure from reading a poem, will be equally able to derive pleasure and profit from this series of little lectures on "The Appeal of Poetry." Teachers, I am sure, will find this publication of inestimable value when introducing their pupils to the beauties in poetry and to the great joy to be derived from recognizing these beauties. I've a feeling that Mr. French enjoyed writing this book. It has that appeal which emanates from a book conceived in pleasure and written with enthusiasm.

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ASK THE



ANNE'S MELODRAMA

Continued from page 68

spring, when parliament adjourned, I suddenly decided to revisit my birth-place. I had visions of myself as a public benefactor, scattering hospitals and libraries about the well-remembered countryside. You know how I was received, and was about to admit I had made a mistake and go away, when I met you. You knew very well that was what was keeping me here. Are you going west with me, Anne?"

When they returned to the house Estelle informed Anne that Miss Lake had consented to come to New York as her companion.

"I am glad, Estelle," Anne rejoined. "No, I won't be in the city this winter; I am leaving tomorrow for the Athabasca River Country."

"You're going to marry the village outcast, who turns out to be a highly respectable millionaire; and you're going to live on the edge of civilization," Estelle exclaimed. "And you always said that there was no drama in real life."

"What did I know then about real life?" asked Anne, scornfully.

WHEN THE WORM TURNED

Continued from page 26

baby was awake again, and this time he proclaimed in no uncertain manner that he was a very much neglected young man, and that his teeth were troublesome.

"Oh! for heaven's sake be quiet," Marjorie cried. "I simply must have my breakfast now, I am so hungry."

Martha washed the fruit from her hands, and taking the baby up she bathed and dressed him, and put him out on the verandah where it was cool.

When she returned to the kitchen once more, it was still in disorder, and Marjorie showed no signs of clearing the breakfast table, instead she was busy in the pantry. She had lighted the kitchen stove, to add to the already high temperature of the kitchen.

"I am going to make a cake, and make some candy, mother," she announced, cheerfully.

"Couldn't you wait, dear, until I am doing the canning, and have the dinner on? It is so hot with the fire in here. Or couldn't you used the oil stove?"

"But mother some of the girls are coming over this afternoon, and I must have cake and candy to serve with the iced tea. But if you don't want me in the kitchen, why just say so—"

"Of course I want you dear. You know I do, but it is so hot here, and my head aches so. If you like I'll make the cake while I am getting dinner, and couldn't you go down to the store and get the candy there? I wish you would go down to the garden and get me some green peas for dinner first—down by the back fence—"

"Oh mother! In this hot sun!"

Without a word Martha closed off the stove drafts and went about her work, weighing out her fruit and sugar. Marjorie went to the garden with very bad grace. Then Martha raised her head in time to see Elsie crossing the yard with her baby. She remembered the church picnic, and that she was expected to keep Elsie's baby for the afternoon. She felt suddenly old and tired, and longed for some quiet cool place where she might flee. Oh for one good day's rest, away from all her cares. That was a heaven which she never expected to find in this life. She thought of the sign on some doors down town "No Admittance." What if she should put a similar sign on her door? How long would it be allowed to remain there? And how long would she have peace?

"My it is terrible hot in here mother, how do you ever stand it?" was Elsie's greeting.

Patient and gentle as usual, Martha took the baby, and settled him on the sofa where she could watch him as she worked. "It isn't a case of how can I stand it daughter," she said, "it is a case of having to stand it."

WHEN THE WORM TURNED—Continued from page 70

Elsie was off, and Martha worked swiftly. The breakfast dishes disappeared as if by magic; the fruit boiling; the cake in the oven; the dinner cooking; the two babies fed and quieted once more, and the telephone answered several times, calls for Marjorie.

The kitchen had by this time taken on a heavy odor of steaming fruit, mingled with the odors of the cooking dinner. Her head ached steadily now, and as she filled the fruit sealers her hand was not as steady as of old, and much of the fruit juice escaped by way of the sides, and ran down onto the clean whiteness of her floor. This was without a doubt the hottest fruit season she could remember since her marriage, and she seemed to have reached the taut end of her rope of endurance. She felt that at any moment it might snap now, and what —

The whistle of the incoming train broke in on her thoughts, and she went to the kitchen door. She could see the crowd gathered there on the platform. Some going away, others down to meet friends. People of leisure, who could know nothing of the worry and trials of her life. Some on holiday bent were happy and carefree. How good it would be to go away for a little while, she thought wistfully. To sit still and watch the green field whizzing by. To sit in the diner and be served with a meal that she had not cooked herself. Oh that would be luxury!

Then she saw him. He descended from the parlor car with a lordly air, the inevitable cigar in his mouth. A cool-looking palm beach suit, and a panama hat. He was still handsome and good looking, Jim. Yes, unmistakably Jim, and even at that distance she could see the patronizing smile, and feel his grand air of assurance.

Martha sagged weakly against the door jamb, a strange look in her mild blue eyes, despair written on her face. All that must be done before Jim came up to the house! For a moment her brain ceased to register, the task before her was so great, appalling, in fact. The fruit must be put out of sight, Jim hated anything mussy. The house must be tidied. The children must be kept quiet, and all their belongings put out of sight. And there must be pie for dinner. And just one pair of willing hands to do all that.

Then suddenly thoughts of the contrast between Jim and her crept in like a serpent in the Garden of Eden. Jim well-dressed, smug and well-fed, no worries. And she—just a little old-fashioned woman who was growing stout, with graying hair and a fresh crop of wrinkles. She was only forty. But Jim no longer cared, he sought his pleasures far from his home, and she was forgotten for months at a time. It was the irony of—

A CRASH startled her, and she turned to see one of her freshly filled sealers of fruit on the floor. Evidently the shaking of the house when the train came in had moved it to the edge of the table. The noise and the sight of the dirty floor awakened some long dead force in her—a force which her love and her strong will had kept buried deep down in her heart all these years of sacrifice.

Without a parting glance at the chaos of her always immaculate kitchen, she ran upstairs to her room. Jim would not come right home. He never did. He would have to go to the hotel and talk to all the townspeople who gathered there, and pause here and there along the street to shake hands with the neighbors. Yes, Jim was a good fellow all right.

She would have a few minutes grace. She put on her silk dress, now four years old, and a rather shabby little black hat, a veritable antique. She dragged on old suit case out of the hall cupboard, hastily threw in a few necessities. Ran to Hubert's room, gathered up his good suit, a few handkerchiefs and other apparel. They too went into the suitcase, and she closed it and buckled the straps. She ran down the back stair and out across the back yard and in at the doctor's back door.

"Oh doctor!" she called, "I am running away. I cannot face the music this time. Am taking Hubert with me. I must hurry as I have to call at the drug store for him."

"Good for you Martha!" Dr. John laughed, "A vacation is the very thing for you this hot weather. I'll run over to the train and see you off, so run along and get Hubert." He tried to be matter of fact, but what he really wanted to do was to toss up his hat and whoop like a school boy. He had also seen Jim on the station platform, and, well—Martha's rebellion was doing him good. He felt like a boy once more, not the settled down small town doctor, whom the people all looked to for counsel and advice, and sometimes aid.

Martha ran into the drug store and breathlessly told the astonished Hubert her plans. The druggist agreed to let Hubert away, and also very kindly cashed a cheque for her. They arrived at the station just in time to board the train. The doctor, true to his word, was there, and slipped a card into Martha's hand bearing the name and address of a very great friend of his.

"When you arrive in the city go straight to Mrs. Gray at this address," he said. "And have a good rest. That is what you need first of all. Then have all the good times you like after. Call Dr. Morton if you feel that you need medical attention. And just forget about the folks at home. I'll write often and give you all the news."

She had scarcely heard him then, but now as she sat in the parlor car, watching the other travellers curiously, his words came back to her. A complete rest! How wonderful that would be. She still had to make plans as to how they would spend their time, but let them wait. She would go to Dr. John's friend tonight, and then she would have time to think.

She sat silent for a long time. She felt like a spring that on being wound up too tightly had broken—and let go with a mighty whirr. She could see the fruit on the floor, the crimson rivulets running over her clean white floor; the unfinished dinner; the crying babies, and their incompetent mothers; and Jim, poor helpless Jim with all his fine stories of how he had put another big deal over on the unsuspecting business men. She could not mother him and minister to him this time. She would not be there to send him off again, soothed and comforted, with his bag packed with snowy linen laundered as he liked it. No, she had rebelled at last. Had broken down and run away, like a horse whose load had been too heavy. All her gentleness and her patience had left her. She wanted to get away, never to see Jim again, never to see the girls or their crying babies again. Had she suddenly gone insane, or was she just plain wicked?

"Isn't this grand, Hubert?" she broke the silence at last, "Just to sit still and watch! Nothing to do. If it could only last forever."

To Hubert who had never been away from his boyhood home before, this was a very wonderful experience, and the city with all its delights could not be reached too soon.

ON his way home Dr. John looked at the Curtis home with rather a guilty air, then he went slowly up the path and into the kitchen. There he found a distracted Marjorie trying to save the remains of a scorched and burned dinner from the stove. The babies were crying lustily, Marjorie's husband on his knees scrubbing up the floor, while Jim was trying to pacify the babies. He could scarcely believe his eyes but Jim actually had one of the babies in his arms.

"Martha's gone away for a little rest," he said casually enough as he leaned against the door frame, "I was just speaking to her now as she got on the train. Hubert was with her. Pardon? No she did not mention where she was going, or when she would be back. She'll write though I am sure."

Unable longer to conceal his smile, he turned and went quickly out and down the path to the gate. He was

Continued on page 72



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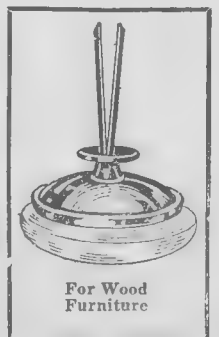
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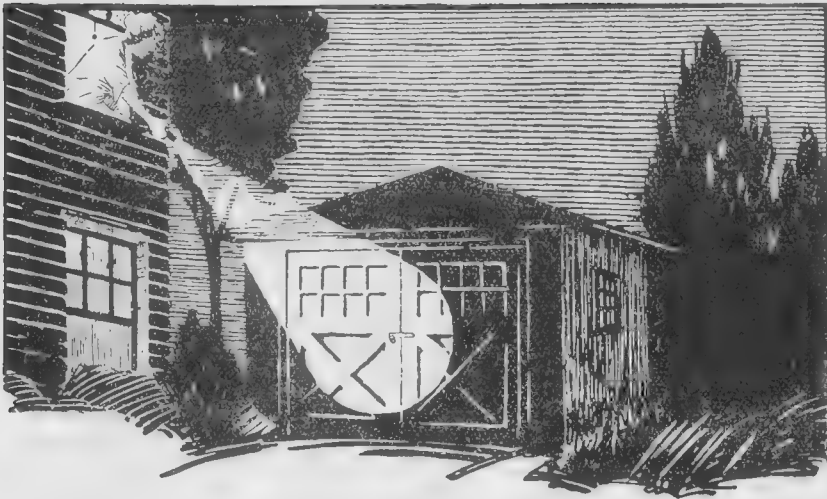
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WHEN THE WORM TURNED—Continued from page 71

going to enjoy this rebellion of Martha's, that much he knew. Their utter bewilderment, their incredulity, the complete dismay. It had given him a great deal of satisfaction—and Jim as a baby's nurse, it seemed almost to good to be true.—There were changes in Martha's little home already, and apparently Jim was not to be the god of that home any longer.

"I'll sure enjoy seeing how this little venture works out," he chuckled to himself.

But things did not turn out quite as the merry little doctor had expected. Martha would be back in a day or two, he had decided. Instead she wrote him a long newsy letter. It was most remarkably cheerful, too, for a woman who had never even been separated from her family before. They were down at Grand Beach, she said, and she had sat around on the sands, until she could no longer endure even the thought of being idle. Then she had heard of a vacancy up at the hotel. She had applied for the position, and had secured it, with a weekly salary which would put all thoughts of financial worry out of her mind. She liked it. She had made many friends. She had bought a bathing suit, and went swimming every day. She also danced down at the big pavilion, where they had a wonderful orchestra. She had plenty of magazines and books, and what was more she had plenty of time to read them. Hubert was having a wonderful time swimming, dancing and sleeping mostly. And wouldn't he write soon and tell her all the home news? Was every one all right at home? How were the babies? And was Jim feeling better? Had he stayed home long?

And would wonders never cease?—Jim Curtis really stayed home this time. The first week he walked about town, pretending to be happy and at ease. A slightly puzzled look in his eye gave him away, however. Then one day he received a telegram from his firm, and was gone on the afternoon train. Back to work everyone supposed. A week later he returned, gay and debonair as ever. This time in his automobile. But to Dr. John, at least, after he had gone home and found Martha still missing, it seemed that his old carefree assurance had slipped from him. He seemed slightly older, just a little careworn. And this time he did not go away again.

Yes! An amazing fact, but true nevertheless. Jim Curtis the wanderer who for the past fifteen years had not passed more than ten days consecutively with his family, seemed to have turned over a new leaf. He was becoming a family man. Why he even went so far as to wheel the babies about town. Three weeks passed. A month—two months.

At first he went about with his bustling air of importance, and seemed as if he were about to rush away at a moment's notice. It was a puzzle to the neighbors. As also was Martha's sudden decision to take a holiday. He had not lost his job. The Postmaster could vouch for that, as he still received long letters from the firm. He watched the trains wistfully. He became less cheerful. The cigar was missing. He was not so careful about his appearance, and now went about in his shirt sleeves. And the shirts lacked the nice appearance of old. The girls had not inherited their mother's knack of laundering shirts.

Then one morning he was working in the garden. "Wonderful exercise," he explained to an inquisitive neighbor, as he wiped the sweat from his brow. He even went down town on errands for Marjorie. And that young person had said she would never stand for what her mother had stood. She did not believe in coddling any man, no matter who he might be. It was not good for them. And her father was no exception to that rule.

Dr. John watched all these happenings next door with wonder, and daily waited for the next wonder to unfold. One day he met Jim coming out of the Post Office. The expression in his eyes was that of a hurt child. One who

had been reprimanded and could not understand why.

On his way home again Dr. John arrived at a solution of the mystery of Jim's sudden love for his family. "I know now. At last I see daylight. It is easy to see why he stays home." He chuckled. "If Martha but knew what is going on, or how her Jim is being abused, she would undo all the good that has been done."

IT was November, a beautiful hazy afternoon in early November, that reminded one vaguely of a July day, when Martha came home. No one knew she was coming, not even Dr. John, although he was at the station. As she stepped from the train Dr. John noted with satisfaction that her smart suit and little close fitting hat were very becoming. She looked years younger. She called to him gaily as she came running down the platform.—Why even that little gay laughing note had returned to her voice. She was the Martha of seventeen who had married Jim Curtis. "Dr. John," she began, "you have been a dear to write all those lovely letters, and you have been so busy too, how did you ever get time? But if you had not I could never have stayed away so long."

"Why, that was nothing Martha, it was a pleasure to me to be able to help you enjoy a little rest," he answered.

"I'll come over tonight after tea, and tell you all about everything," she said. "I must go home and see everyone."

"But where is Hubert?"
"Why Dr. John I left him in Winnipeg. He is going to college now, and I hope someday he will be a nice reliable doctor like you," she called back as she tripped up the street.

It was so very soon after supper that he knew some one else was doing the dishes, that Martha came to his office door.

"Come on out here among those few late flowers, Dr. John, and talk to me," she called.

As she strolled about exclaiming over the beauty of the few flowers the frost had spared, he noted a new air about her, a carefree air, an air which suggested that some of her old habits, especially that of catering to the wishes of others always, had been left behind, discarded like an old garment. He felt that very soon there would be some changes in the Curtis home.

"Do you know I think your vacation has done you a world of good Martha," he said, "but I did not quite like the idea of your working. I wanted to think that you were having a complete rest, a rest that has been coming to you for years now."

"The work was both a change and a rest to me," she answered with a smile, which somehow seemed so full of assurance. "I have worked too hard and too long to be content to sit idle for any length of time. They were good to me at the hotel, and it was better for me to be busy. It kept me from thinking, and the idea of earning real money, being worth a sum of money every week appealed to me."

She went on to tell him all about her work, her friends, the dances, the wonderful beach. It was a wonderful place to go to, so quiet, yet so—well there was life there, too. The orchestra down at the pavilion was wonderful, and large crowds came out from the city every night to dance. And bathing, how she had enjoyed that. It had been a wonderful experience for her. An entirely new world had opened up for her. She had come to look on herself as no ordinary individual. She had grown away from her husband, and her family, and now as with the eyes of a stranger, she could judge them and pick out their faults, although her love for them had in no wise diminished.

"I have had my eyes opened, and I see my mistake now, Doctor," she said softly.

"Mistake! Martha, and pray what was your mistake?"

"A selfish unselfishness," she answered quietly, "I wanted to see my children happy, not to know cares and troubles of this life as I have known them. I only made them selfish and thoughtless."

WHEN THE WORM TURNED—Continued from page 72

and oh, so dependent. I wanted Jim to be comfortable and happy, and to love his home, to look forward to his return there each day. It was all wrong. He had no responsibility—He finally ran away from even the thought of responsibility. And how often has he returned since? Marjorie and Elsie did not know what it felt like to stand on their own feet. I cared for their babies and eased all their trials. A mother must necessarily sacrifice a great deal for her children, but if she sacrifices too much it is just as bad as if she sacrificed too little. It is no good. She robs them in so doing."

"Getting away from the old ideas, eh Martha?"

"Yes! but it seems almost too late in life for me to attempt to change the habits of a life time, and learn how to give to my family, and at the same time have them also give to me."

The lamps were now lighted in Martha's house. The baby was crying. Everything seemed much as of old. But the sound from the baby's protest against evident neglect did not cause Martha to run as of yore.

"I can't save them from the hard knocks of this world," Martha said wistfully, "but I can teach them how to receive them, and I think I am a wiser and happier woman now, Dr. John."

Then she laughed softly. "The girls say I spoiled their father, but they did not spoil him by any means. He was so pathetically glad to see me back, poor man, that I almost cried, and that would never have done. But I do not understand why he stayed home so long Doctor. Can you suggest a reason for his long stay?"

So that was really what she had come over to talk about, eh? "I think he stayed, Martha, because the anchor that had always held the ship to her moorings had slipped away, and he was afraid to desert."

"Afraid! Doctor, why do you use that word in connection with Jim?"

"Martha, I have come to know from experience that most of the men who

like to wander, are the men who have good homes, with good wives, and every comfort. That very fact adds to their delight in wandering, for there is always the thought of a safe harbor to come back to, for rest and comfort, to forget the knocks of the world. It adds to the zest of the game. Goes back to the days of exploring forefathers, who wandered off and discovered new lands, I expect. Jim is still a good deal of a boy, Martha. He is not sure of himself, or of anything else in fact, except you. He will never grow up, that boyish streak will always show. He brags, and bluffs a lot, Martha, you won't mind anything I say about Jim will you, because—"

"No Doctor," she said slowly, "I know him, and I know his weaknesses."

"So you see this time when he returned to find you gone, it was as if that anchor had been swept away by a storm. His harbor of rest now a very uncertain thing, he clung to the wreck, as if he were afraid that he would venture far away again, even that would have vanished when he next returned. He thought he was taking a rest. But in reality he was doing a great deal of thinking, and he was suffering too. In fact, it will be some time before he recovers from the effects of a scare such as he never experienced in his life before. Why he looked facts squarely in the face for the first time in his life, and it did him good."

She smiled thoughtfully. "Yes, I felt sure that was the way. And I knew it was good for him to have a little worry after so much sunshine. He is all right again though. He goes back on the road again tomorrow."

"Did you try to stop him?"

"No Doctor."

"You were very wise Martha. It's his nature and he cannot help it," the doctor said wisely.

A silence fell between them, broken only by the noise of the engines shunting down in the yards.

"Well, Dr. John," Martha broke the silence, "I haven't the heart to try and keep him. After all it is his life. Jim

craves noise, life, excitement. Something new all the time. This time it is different. He is my boy too. Like Hubert. And I rather like being an anchor. I understand things better now. I've found myself too, you see. I have discovered that I am an individual too, just like you, or Jim. And from now on I am not going to forget that fact either."

"Good! I am glad to hear you speak that way, Martha."

"And Doctor, the manager at the Hotel, wants me to go out to Jasper Park next summer and do the same work there as I was doing at the Beach Hotel. He will write me when he wants me. So now I know I have other prospects, and if I should ever grow rebellious again I will be off. I am only forty, I know my own weaknesses, and I know my own strength. I have arrived at the point where I can see my family as others see them, and I feel as if I had just begun to live."

A door slammed over at Martha's house and a tall figure came slowly down the path and leaned on the gate.

"Jim is out looking for me," Martha said as she rose to her feet. "I'll be there in a minute, Jim," she called to him. Then she added in an undertone to the Doctor, "Jim is going to take me back to the city tomorrow, and we are going to take a suite there, if I like it, and Hubert will stay with us,—If I like it—sounds funny, eh, Doctor? But Jim does not notice it himself."

"Really! Martha, I am glad for your sake."

"Yes and if I like it well enough, we will live there altogether." A little note of triumph ran through her voice.

"It's a safe bet you told him about the Jasper offer, Martha?" the doctor questioned.

Martha only laughed and ran down the walk to where her husband waited quietly in the shadows. And the Doctor noted with satisfaction that Jim's arm was about her shoulders as they went slowly up the path to the house. Like two lovers, he thought.

Martha had come into her own at last.

THE DOG OF ABDUL THE RUGMAKER—Continued from page 8

night-sky canopied a colony of tents and a group of pack-laden camels. New scenes indicated other lands to which he had journeyed. Instead of the palm there was the vine and the fig tree and later the cypress and the cryptomeria and the lime, the ilex, the camphor, the acacia.

Animals and ships appeared from time to time, and once a battle waged warmly. There was a shipwreck, too, but if the rug itself had been in this the colors had held. Lines of proverbs broke the design here and there and represented passages of time and the tale drew on at length to its close. Abdul was working down to where there would be at last the sunset—his sunset. The rug, like his life, was checkered and very well filled. Only a little more remained to either. Then some night he would hear as in a dream the voice from the minaret calling him to this last prayer and soon afterward—praise be unto Allah—he would be buried in the kind, cool earth, buried deep under the palms, his face toward Mecca....

ABDUL woke very suddenly, his senile dreams scattered like mist. A hulking shadow barred out the moonlight and moved slowly across the bare room, throwing a little cone of light before it. Behind it the window gaped, half open—Abdul drew the slender curved knife from underneath his bed—which was a mere pallet of straw and some quilts on the bare floor—and waited.

"Son of a dog!" he muttered soundlessly. "It is even as Hassyn prophesied."

The thief's dark-lantern sent its rays over the beautiful rug. He paused for a moment of gloating and Abdul rose to his knees. The thief's hand, fat and covered with rings, reached forth and snatched the prize. Abdul was now on his feet, his weapon ready. It was only a step to the low window and the thief

made it and had thrown one leg over the sill before the old man, uttering a hoarse cry, struck.

The knife missed. Abdul was a very old man.

"Dog! Son of a pig!" he screamed, tottering back. "Help—Help! Po-leece!"

The next instant, just as the other was about to drop to the ground, a galvanized yellow streak sprang from somewhere and a cry of pain was wrenched from the robber. The tan-colored dog was at his throat! The lantern flew into a corner and Abdul seized it and turned its rays on the strugglers.

"Hassyn Sulai!" he cried, hoarsely.

But Hassyn was gone, the dog with him, clinging tenaciously to wherever he could find purchase.

Abdul fell upon his beloved rug. With it in his arms he went to the door and, unfastening it, gazed down the narrow street.

Presently the dog came back, trotting slowly, panting a little. He stopped once to paw something that clung to his muzzle—a section of cloth from the nether garment of Hassyn Sulai. He came and stood before Abdul, wagging an apologetic tail.

Abdul looked at the dog. He snapped his dry, withered fingers endeavoring to coax him forward, but the dog stood where he was.

"Come, thou little one," he called in a wheedling voice, "for this thou shalt eat."

The stubby tail gave an uncertain wag. Abdul reached forth a hand, not ungentle. The dog cringed.

"Poor brute," the old man said. "I shall teach thee never again to fear me. Come! From this hour thy bed and mine shall be one! Were I twenty times a son of the prophet, it should be even so!"

Early in the morning the patrolman on his beat paused to look in through Abdul's window. Nothing in particular had prompted him, but what he saw rewarded him, and he paced on with a half smile.

The old man lay slumbering on his straw, and at his feet slept the yellow dog.

Prairie Wind

Wearying, wearying, wild west-wind!
What is it, that you seek in vain?
You tear at the casement relentlessly
And hurl yourself, shrieking, adown
the lane!

What have I done, thou wild, west-wind,
To be punished thus to appease you?
When will you cease of your weird
lament,
Blowing and wailing the long day
through?

You swirl the leaves in a constant stream
Through the door yard, and over the
hill,
And out of sight in your wrath supreme.
Wind, wind, will you never be still?

With a moan you sweep around the
house,
Till I feel I must either scream or
faint.

Pulling the door from out of my hand,
And filling the rooms with your wild
complaint.

Wind, wind, will you never cease,
Blowing and blowing the whole day
long?

You have blown to fragments my calm
and peace

With your never-ending, heartless
song!

Anna M. Walker.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Flowers

AS this is June, the month of roses, and as we have a competition about flowers I think we will have a short talk about them. I found on reading over your lists that many of you didn't know some of the oldest and dearest flowers we have. I wasn't surprised that many of you didn't know the azalea because it is a greenhouse plant, a small shrub, covered with pink or white flowers like little double roses, but I was surprised that some one said heliotrope was a flower of many different colors, that Indian Pipe was a garden flower, and Indian Paint Brush blue and white! Some of you are like the young kittens we see in a basket; your eyes aren't half open to see the beauties of the world, and one of its greatest beauties is the flowers. Next time you go to the woods, hunt around at the foot of the trees where it is cool, and shady and mossy and see if you can't find the ghost flower or Indian Pipe. Snowy white with flowers like tiny pipes it is a beautiful thing almost too lovely and fragile to gather. And out on the prairie in the bright sunlight you can't miss the flashing red of the Paint Brush that looks so much like its name. Last summer I saw fields of this lovely flower 6,000 feet above the sea on the top of a mountain where the snow lay in patches in August and the flowers grew right up to the snow.

The more you look at and think about flowers the more lovely they seem. To begin with, there are their colors—every shade of color in the world from the black of pansies and some hollyhocks, and even roses, to the snowy white of our little daisies and all the colors in between. Then there are the perfumes—heavy wonderful perfumes that come from orange blossoms, hot-house roses, bulbs, such as narcissus and hyacinths, and faint sweet perfumes that come from mignonette when the sun is on it, and sweet little wild pink roses. There are the different ways they grow, on bushes, on fine hair-like stems, on long sturdy stalks, and last of all there is their honey. To these beautiful store-houses come the bees and swaying on the velvety perfumed petals they curl their long tongues into the heart of the flower, fill their honey bags and fly home to the hive, and you and I have honey on our breakfast tables!

I want you boys and girls to be so interested in growing things that when you are older you will not be content just to have a row of sunflowers and a few sweet peas in your garden, but you will try to grow more flowers and lovelier flowers every year.

The prize this month is won by Joey Gibson of Saltcoats, Man., and I hope his garden will be improved by the seeds he receives; the second prize is won by Eveline Harding, of Devonia Glen, Kelfield, Sask., and we are going to give an extra prize of a package of seeds each to Eva Teverington, of St. Lazare, Man. (whose information was fairly correct, but her work rather untidy), to Mina Fesser, of Graham's Landing, Arrow Lakes, B.C. (whose work was beautifully neat but not very accurate as to flowers), and Laura C. Gross, of Hodgeville, Sask., Esther Skalin, and Mollester Hovelson, of Pretty Hill School, Alta., whose information was correct but too much copied from the seed catalogues. There were other lists too which showed a great deal of work in gathering information but which were really too untidy to be considered for prizes. I'm sorry we can't print these lists. Some flowers you nearly all fell down on and one was the freezia. This is a bulb that, planted in the fall, blooms in the early spring indoors. It sends out narrow tubular leaves, and suddenly one of the leaves opens out and a flower stem emerges, and a beautiful cluster of

white or pink bell shaped flowers on a tiny stem appears. These flowers have a most wonderful perfume; you should try to grow some next fall.

Something to Do for the Summer

THIS summer I want you to keep a diary in a neat little note book, and, oh, neatness is going to count in this diary, and in it I want you to enter every flower that you see during the summer. Now think what this means. You will go on a picnic to the woods one day, and that day your diary might have eight or ten entries; another day you might go to visit the experimental farm or some one's beautiful garden, and then you would have a lot more entries. Perhaps some one will be lucky enough to go to the lake, and then there will be still more entries.

Every summer day will give you a different flower if you keep your eyes open. They must be entered this way: May 9—Saw a crocus growing on a sandy hill.

May 11—Saw red tulips in Mrs. Blank's garden, there were ten out.

May 15—Found a violet in the pasture, and a small yellow flower—have not yet found its name.

May 16—Found the name of yellow flower is buttercup.

I want you to begin your diary as soon as you see this notice in the W.H.M. and keep it until August 20, and then I want you to send it in to Bobby Burke, Children's Cosy Corner, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. There will be two prizes for these diaries, a Brownie camera and a book on wild flowers, and you may take your choice of these prizes and when you send in your diary write in the last of it: "If I win a prize I would like it to be....."

Cut-Out Competition

LAST month we promised you a paper doll coloring competition, and here it is on the opposite page. Follow the rules carefully, and send in your finished work as promptly as possible.

Rules

1. Children up to eleven years old may compete.
2. All work sent in must be your own.
3. Put your name and address plainly on each page. You may send in more than one page if you wish to but you may only win one prize. Neatness and care will count largely in deciding the prizes.
4. All dolls should be in by June 30th, and the prize winners will be announced in August.

Color this Dolly

When you have done so as neatly as you can, cut or tear out the page and mail it with your name and address to: Bobby Burke, The Western Home Monthly, Bannatyne and Dagmar, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Twenty-four prizes of Cut-Out Doll Books containing six pages of dolls and dresses, etc., to cut out, will be given to those who send in the best work.

All contestants will be furnished with a duplicate set of cut-outs for their own use.

A special prize of a Large Cut-Out Toy Theatre or Large Washable Crayon Book, will be given to each one of you who sends in one subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

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The washable Crayon Book has pages on which you can draw pictures with the crayons which come with the book. When you have used a page just wash off and start again.

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COSY CORNER CUT-OUT CONTEST

(See rules on opposite page)

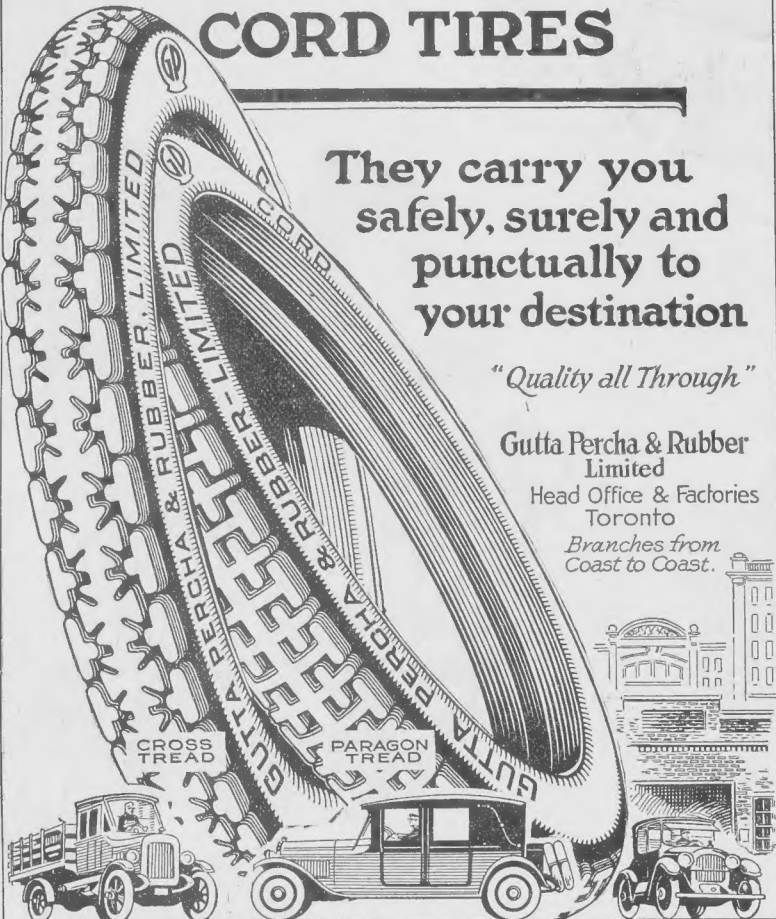
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Then There Were Five

By J. G. Pearson

TO some men the affair might have been pleasant. To Wallace it was a catastrophe, and he groaned as he cast the last of the invitations on to the pile beside his plate. And what was the cause of his tribulation? Briefly, four of the city's leading society girls were to be married the next day, at almost the same hour, and Wallace had received invitations from them all.

No doubt editors are wonderful men; but, it has been said, they are human. Hence the impossibility of Wallace's attending all four of the weddings, and it was equally impossible to accept one of the invitations: for to do so meant offending the other three parties, all supporters of his paper. To attend none of them, without an iron-clad excuse, would offend all.

But why should his presence be so eagerly desired? Partly because he was a likeable young man, but—and Wallace knew it—chiefly because he was editor of the city's best newspaper; which fact would give whoever's wedding he attended the most elegant write up, and top place in the wedding column.

As his mind wandered over all this, he heartily wished he had waited till after breakfast before opening the invitations. He smiled rather grimly as he reflected he had read them after breakfast, for with such a burden on his mind he was too much disturbed to eat all he had intended eating when he sat down at the table. Therefore he did not try, but proceeded on his way to the office.

Before he reached it a dozen plans whereby he might escape the weddings, had presented themselves to his mind and had been rejected. The idea of leaving town on business received a very gracious consideration until he reflected that all four would be up in arms against him for putting outside business before local—for business it was, to him. Playing sick offered another way out, but too many complications might arise out of it. The remaining ten were dismissed with much scantier entertainment.

He spent a miserable morning, forgot lunch, and started the afternoon at odds with everything and everybody; and at four o'clock he grabbed his coat and hat and left the Banner to take care of itself. The problem had to be settled at once, he was determined, or he most certainly would not be able to attend a wedding or anything else for several days.

IF the tangle could be straightened out, there was one person he knew could straighten it out. That person was Miss Nellie White, one of the best

known girls in the city; and it was partly, I say partly, for this reason Wallace now directed his footsteps to her home. He was sure Miss White had received at least two of the invitations, and thus doubtless would be in a quandary similar to his own. As she was a very energetic young lady, it was quite possible she had devised a way out of her predicament: in which case, Wallace was certain, she would be glad to pass the recipe along.

"Rather unusual to see you away from the office at this hour, Wallace, is it not?" questioned Nellie, when the pair were comfortably seated on a lounge in the White parlor.

"It is," Wallace agreed, "But I'm in trouble, Nellie, and I've come to you for advice."

There was sympathy in Nellie's eyes as they rested for a brief moment on Wallace's, and she sighed as she said, "I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place for it, for I, too, am in trouble and needing advice."

"That's why I came to see you," replied the editor. "I expected, and hoped, you would be in trouble."

"Really!" cried Nellie, beginning to wonder if editors were human, after all.

"How many wedding invitations did you receive this morning?" was the next surprise.

"Three," the wondering almost changing to disbelief.

"You're lucky. I got four."

A peal of laughter broke from the fair damsel's lips as the truth broke on her, and Wallace forgot his trouble long enough to join her in it.

"And what are you going to do?" she asked, when Wallace had explained the seriousness of his situation.

"That's what I wish your advice on," stated the unhappy one.

A pretty frown gathered on his companion's brow.

"Have you thought of anything?" she asked.

Wallace mentioned a few of the excuses he had considered, at each of which Nellie mournfully shook her head. Then for a while there was silence. But not for long.

"If this were only a story," mused Nellie.

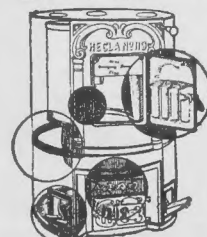
"And we the writers instead of the characters," suggested Wallace.

"The hero would—," Nellie paused; a twinkle, mischievous and illuminating, in her eye, which quite took Wallace's breath away.

"Will you?" he whispered, and Nellie softly answered, "Yes."



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